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THE GOLDEN AGE OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

WORKS BY

J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM

THE SURGEON'S LOG

(*7th Edition*)

THE NIGHT NURSE

(*5th Edition*)

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

BY

J. P. OLIVEIRA MARTINS

TRANSLATED, WITH ADDITIONS AND ANNOTATIONS

BY

JAS. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM

AND

WM. EDWARD REYNOLDS

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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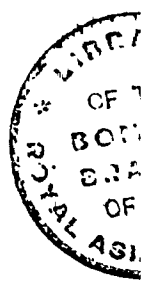

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LONDON
G. BELL & SONS, LTD.
1914

26160

This Edition is issued for circulation in India and the Colonies only.

TRANSLATORS' PREFACE

THE following work is an account of the lives, adventures, discoveries, dreams, and ultimate fates of that wonderful family of brothers, the Portuguese Grandsons of John of Gaunt—sons of John of Aviz, and Philippa of Lancaster.

In its pages will be found living, moving pictures of grim old John of Aviz himself, as well as of his sons, Duarte the Eloquent, Peter the Traveller, Henry the Navigator, John the Unfortunate, Fernando the Martyr, and last, but not least, Barcellos "le bâtard," head of the future Royal House of Braganza.

The glimpses it gives of the colour and movement of the fifteenth century, when Moslem and Christian fought fiercely for dominance in Europe, when grim mediæval barbarism, cruelty and lust, mixed and mingled with the pomp and circumstance of knightly chivalry, with child-like Christian piety and budding transcendentalism, makes it read more like a cunningly devised historical romance than sober history. Yet all the facts presented have been carefully verified; and often the very words of the original documents have been interwoven in the text: for the aim of the author has been to attempt, as it were, a resurrection, striving to make his readers see events, not with their own sophisticated modern eyes, but as they appeared to the men and women of the time in which they were happening.

In the Iberian peninsula the work is now a classic. It has been drawn upon freely by foreign writers in the compilation of histories of discovery and colonisation. But up to the present it has never before been presented to the English public.

In this translation we have used the last edition published during the author's lifetime (*Os Filhos de D. João I*,

Lisbon, 1901), following as closely as possible the original text, adding notes only when such appeared to us necessary. Certain liberties of suppression must, however, be acknowledged: one complete chapter dealing with the political constitution of the country has been entirely omitted as of no interest to English readers; an elaborate appendix giving *in extenso* the text of many of the documents cited has been left out; and various carping references to the late reigning house of Braganza, due to the author's strong Republican bias, have been deleted since the recent Revolution has rendered them obsolete.

It will be found that the impression of Henry the Navigator here presented differs considerably from the classical view as found in the works of Major and Beazley. To appreciate this properly it must be remembered that the author looked upon the Portuguese colonies as the main cause of the poverty and decadence of his country, a continual drain upon the nation's life-blood, an incubus the removal of which would at once bring new life, new hope, new prosperity to the land that he loved so dearly.

Holding such views it is natural that his mind should be biassed considerably against the man who was mainly responsible for that enormous outburst of colonising energy which raised Portugal, for the time being, into the position of the foremost nation in Europe, and likewise caused her eventual decay through inability, owing to her meagre population, to defend and maintain the enormous possessions she had acquired.

Remembering these opinions, each reader must decide for himself how much of truth there is in the picture here presented of Prince Henry. Our part has been to offer in the text the author's views without further comment.

J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM.
W. EDWARD REYNOLDS.

Carlingford Lodge,
Tunbridge Wells,
October, 1913.

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

CHAPTER I

THE COURT AND COUNCIL

THIS is the story of the Golden Age of the expansion of Portugal, during which it rose from the position of an obscure struggling Principality to that of the great pioneer colonising power of Europe; and to appreciate properly the narrative that follows it is necessary briefly to recapitulate certain details of history assumed as common knowledge by the Portuguese author in his original version of the work.

For two hundred years the country had been gradually finding its nationality, driving back the Moors, often with the help of English Crusaders, rising from the position of a mere fief of Galicia to that of an independent kingdom.

Frequent treaties with England from the time of Edward I onwards marked the growing commercial prosperity of the country; family alliances with the kings of Aragon and Castile allowed it to expand safe from the attack of its nearest Christian neighbours. Its sons had been trained by constant warfare with the Infidel to a high pitch of courage and adventure; and thus we arrive at the period when its King, Fernando I, lay dying, leaving no heir except an only daughter, Donna Beatrice.

To safeguard the succession, therefore, and at the instigation of Queen Leonora, his wife, he signed a treaty

with John I of Castile, by which John married the Princess, and it was arranged that Donna Leonora should be made Regent till Beatrice's eldest son came of age—thus the thrones of Portugal and Castile would ultimately be joined.

On October 22, 1383, Fernando died, and Donna Leonora accordingly assumed the Regency. But the whole nation hated her. She was not of royal blood; she was living openly with her lover, Andeiro, Count of Ourem; the national feeling of Portugal was outraged by the thought of the contemplated union of the two Crowns; and this feeling found expression and a leader in the person of Dom John, Grandmaster of the Knights of St. Bennett of Aviz, a natural brother of the late King Fernando. He headed an insurrection within two months of the King's death, slew the Queen's lover, Andeiro, in the very precincts of the Palace at Lisbon itself, and forced Leonora to fly to Santarem, where she called upon John of Castile to come to her aid in defence of the rights of his unborn child.

Thus the revolution, eventually successful, was started, and a new dynasty arose which was only formally acknowledged in 1411, five years after the death of Henry III of Castile, when his widowed Queen finally signed the treaty of peace with Portugal.

The war, however, had not been actively carried on all this time. Indeed it ceased on a large scale after 1387, when the marriage of the Master of Aviz with Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster brought much needed help to the struggling kingdom; and so, for some ten years before the formal peace, there had been little more than those intermittent guerilla conflicts between the combatants, so characteristic of European warfare before the close of the eighteenth century, and possible only in a time when the political mechanism of a country was much less sensitive to disturbance than it is to-day.

This marriage of the Master of Aviz with Philippa of Lancaster was the outcome of an agreement, between John of Gaunt and the new Portuguese King, by virtue of which

Lancaster gave up all claims to the Portuguese throne in exchange for help in furthering his pretensions to the Crown of Castile, which he claimed through his wife Constance, daughter and heir of Peter of Castile and Leon—a title which had been usurped on Peter's death by the illegitimate Henry of Trastamara, and was now maintained by his son John I of Castile—the John who had married the Princess Beatrice, and now claimed the Portuguese throne through her.

It was obvious that John of Gaunt and John of Portugal were both natural enemies of John of Castile, and that this contemplated marriage of Philippa would give each of them an added interest in the other's fortunes.

A treaty was accordingly made between England and Portugal in 1386; and in the following year John of Gaunt set sail from Plymouth with a powerful fleet in furtherance of his claims to the barren title of King of Castile, taking with him also the strong approval of his nephew Richard II, who was only too glad to have his dangerously powerful uncle thus far out of harm's way.

Two years before, the Master of Aviz had been helped at the Battle of Aljubarotta (1385) by levies of soldiers raised in England, companies of adventurers who in those days of violence wandered from country to country in search of spoil. As Portugal had secured her independence largely by the help of English Crusaders, and there was frequent intercourse between the two nations, the Master of Aviz (John I) at the beginning of this crisis naturally sought the aid of such English mercenaries as he could get, and these were readily forthcoming. Under the leadership of Lord Cobham, Cressingham, Blithe, Grantham, Dale and others, a large number were recruited, men careless for whom they fought, eager to help any one who paid them to conquer any country in which spoil was to be had—for the age was one which as yet had felt only the first faint glimmerings of light in the mists of mediæval barbarism, and men's minds alternated between a fear of death and the Final Judgment, held up to their trembling souls by

the prophecies of Holy Mother Church, and wild orgies of bestial sensuality in which for the time being they mocked at their former fears.

These English mercenaries proved invaluable at Aljubarotta; and the archers whose name was to become a terror in Europe after Agincourt (1415) were mainly responsible for giving the Master of Aviz the victory, scattering the Castilian cavalry and wounding the King himself.

The sense of comradeship following on the flush of this victory, and the additional aid brought by John of Gaunt, was further strengthened by the conjugal union of the two Royal Families, a union which was to have a far-reaching influence as yet undreamt of amongst the nobility of the country and the Portuguese Court, which up to then, it must be confessed, had not risen above the semi-barbarism born of violence, and nurtured by a pursuit of the pleasures of the senses, untrammelled by any of the common law-abiding instincts of later days, given over as it was to orgies shocking even to the lax morality of the age, kept in check only by the universal belief of the approaching end of the world which was one of the main stimuli in mediæval Europe for those frequent crusades against the Infidel Saracens so characteristic of the times.

It was largely due to the influence of Philippa that in the next quarter of a century all these things were changed; but, nevertheless, before her time the first faint glimmerings of the new era had their harbinger in the person of the Constable Nun'alvares, a man of commanding personality to whom is due the credit of stimulating the genesis of the coming Golden Age which is the subject of this work, and which was to add such a glorious chapter to the history of his country.

In this, however, he had little help at first from his King and pupil, the Master of Aviz, who in his youth, though brave and fearless, was yet devoid of almost every moral sense, taking his pleasures freely where he found them, and having no love for the elaborate rules of Chivalry so treasured by his Constable.

It was while in the first flush of early manhood he gave a characteristic glimpse of this disposition. Returning from the pursuit of a wolf during a hunting expedition in the Alemtejo, he came across the daughter of a farmer of Veiros in the forest, and immediately fell madly in love with her passionate black eyes. With him then to love was to act; and, with the licentious freedom of the nobility of the time, he had the girl seized and carried off, finally making her his mistress and placing her in a convent near his Palace.

Though the girl herself was probably little loath, her father was so incensed at the shame thus cast upon his family that he swore never to cut his hair until he had revenge, thus earning for himself the sneering nickname " Barbadão " (hairy one).

The future King heard of this resolve, and once on passing the homestead drew rein and called out, half-laughingly, half-resentfully: " Have you not got over your anger yet ? " The farmer hearing the question, came out, and gazed at him with sullen eyes. Then suddenly, overcome with rage, he jumped at him with his knife, crying furiously :

" Not till I have finished with you."

The Prince, however, had been watching him, and a touch of the spur sent the horse careering out of reach. He might have slain the old man where he stood, baffled, inarticulate with rage at the futility of the stroke. But instead he had sufficient grace to ride away; and afterwards history relates the pair were reconciled.

But none the less there came from this liaison the fruits of bitter trouble to his Royal House, for as the result of this youthful indiscretion a son was born, the Count of Barcellos, ancestor of the future House of Braganza which afterwards aspired and eventually managed to raise itself to the very throne of Portugal itself.

Even in his youth the boy showed something of his future disposition, for, nurtured in the rough school of his father's campaigns, and morbidly conscious of the inferiority of his birth in a Court which later on became almost prudish

in its morality, he was soured in character and poisoned in mind by the seeming slur thus cast upon him. Consequently, instead of attempting to rise superior to his upbringing, he allowed the seeds of envy to germinate in his soul unchecked, and strove to imitate the arrogance of his superiors by haughtily trampling on the feelings of those beneath him, unconsciously betraying thus the base blood that flowed in his veins. Unscrupulous and eager to obliterate the stigma of his birth he managed, nevertheless, by the aid of his wealth and position eventually to wriggle himself into a position of equality with his two more noble brothers, Henry Duke of Vizeu, and Peter Duke of Coimbra, managing to obtain for his son the title of Duke of Braganza, a rank that, as we have stated, eventually served his descendants as a stepping-stone to the Crown itself.

He was scarcely ten years old when his father married—in fact, he was little more than a child when Oporto in 1387 was called upon to rejoice over its King's marriage, though in reality there was but a very meagre enthusiasm in Court circles for the new-made bride, whose father and whose newly wedded husband somewhat ungallantly left her immediately after the ceremony, being more eager to pursue the war than to linger in her company.

Philippa was then in the very prime of womanhood. She was twenty-nine years of age—a year younger than her husband—beautiful, gentle and fair. But she appeared phlegmatic like all the women of her country, though deep down in her nature she was in reality passionate and full of sentiment—two characteristics, however, which were resolutely controlled by a keen sense of duty. It was this seeming coldness, perhaps, that at first made her fail to attract the more passionately expansive character of her husband; and yet, perhaps, again, it was for this very same reason that she influenced him so profoundly later on, and transmitted to her sons certain Saxon qualities—a racial amalgamation producing a generation that was to be for ever famous.

[*To face p.* 6

JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER

It is possible, moreover, that the King, though welcoming the union for political reasons, may have hesitated somewhat in choosing as a wife the daughter of such a man as Lancaster. He may have doubted, naturally, whether the gentleness of expression, the distant coldness, the air of reserve of the Princess, might not have been merely on the surface, knowing as he did that she had been brought up under the worst possible environment. For Lancaster's life was far from beyond reproach; he kept his wife and his mistress Catharine under the same roof; and nurtured in such an atmosphere the Princess could offer no other credentials for her character than her saintly airs.

Events, however, proved otherwise; for the very example of the paternal scandal, as is often the case, reacted in the opposite direction, and had a salutary effect in the development of the daughter's character. Instead of the innocence of the child, she possessed the wisdom of the woman who had been warned by example to avoid evil; and for the very reason that she had been brought up in intimate association with sin, she was all the better able to avoid its snares.

This resisting power, this moral energy, which, without doubt, moulded the character of the new Queen and gave her such an air of gravity, is one of the priceless heritages of the Saxon people; for unlike the Latin races, prone to express themselves emotionally, their natural reticence makes them chary of betraying their inner feelings by their actions, they tend to live within themselves, and strive to hide excess of joy or woe whatever fate befall them. A certain Northern stiffness prevents them from unbending to the little joys and sorrows that so potently move the more responsive Southerner. A temperament ruled by the laws of self-analysis makes them incapable of such a thing as natural frivolity. The Saxon character is subjective, essentially that of a thinker; the Southerner on the other hand, is a born actor, preferring to play with the joys of life that run riotous in his veins, obeying only the laws dictated by nature itself. Life to one is a task—a solemn

duty. To the other it is a banquet, or else a sacrifice. The tendency of the one is to produce an even eminence; that of the other great saints or else great sinners.

It was natural that John at first was blind to the deeper, rarer qualities of his bride. He saw no other beauty in her than that of the unaccustomed, nothing beyond the difference between her and the women of his own country. Her hair the colour of ripe wheat in June, her delicate complexion, her thin red lips, too compressed to have the beauty of a natural curve, her small blue eyes, apparently cold and incapable of affection, all failed to attract him. As a woman she did not rouse in him a man's emotion. As a bride he distrusted her when he remembered what he knew of her father. The match was purely political, the last article in the agreement against Castile; and the wedding was therefore hurried through between two military campaigns.

Until the eve of the wedding Philippa occupied the Palace of the Bishop of Oporto, a great castellated stronghold closely surrounded by the black fortified walls built by Dom Muninho after defeating the Moors. These immense walls, grey with age, cyclopean in size, built of immense blocks of granite held together by their weight without mortar, were flanked by substantial towers surmounted by battlements, and defended the stronghold of the powerful Bishops of Oporto, who often in those days vied with the petty Portuguese Princes themselves for power.

Silhouetted like some great spiny monster, grimly serrated against the sky, the walls crowned in those days the top of the hill where the town was built, descending from thence on one side in an almost straight line to the banks of the Douro, while on the other they extended as far as the ancient Celtic castle of Porta-ventosa, before turning down to the river again, where a small wicket formed one exit.

The whole tremendous structure thus towered over the

town whose tiers of shaded streets and small white-washed houses formed with it a throne of masonry on top of which the Palace seemed to reign imperially.

Outside the walls a bridge gave access to the hostile burgh that Queen Theresa had granted to Bishop Hugo; and, deep down between, the river Douro wound a dark and sinuous way between high banks of granite made more gloomy still by the dark green foliage of the pine woods that bordered its edges. On a level space of ground in front of the bridge an arena for tournaments in honour of the wedding had been laid out. The bridge itself, beginning by the Church of S. Domingos, marked the boundary between the Episcopal territory and the land belonging to the Priory of Cedofeita, whose church the ancient Chapel of S. Martin of Tours was the traditional site of the christening of Theodomiro[1] in the remote period of the Roman expulsion. The Priory lands on which the modern town of Oporto is now built consisted in those days only of a few villages and scattered cottages. Eastward where pine-woods stretched towards the marshes of Campanhã could be seen the monument raised to the Leonese Count Dom. Hermengildo who, in 920, defended the city against the Moors, whilst nearer the horizon lay a more level landscape of divided fields named the Rio Tinto because of the bloody battle fought there when King Ordoño defended the city, arriving by forced marches just in time.

Such was the scene that must have greeted Philippa's eyes, and such was the history that probably occurred to the minds of the good citizens of Oporto when the Master of Aviz arrived amongst them; and looking upon him also as the champion of their national independence they were only too willing to celebrate the occasion by general

[1] Theodomiro was the famous Bishop of Iria who, guided by visions and led by a star, discovered the sacred relics of St. James the Great at Santiago in Galicia in A.D. 835. The shrine of this saint was one of the most famous in Europe during the Middle Ages, gathering crowds of pilgrims from many distant parts, and making the city of Santiago de Compostela the centre of religion and diplomacy for the kingdoms of Galicia, Aragon, Navarre, and the Castiles.

rejoicings. So, on the night before the wedding, when the King arrived with his Constable, the clamorous bells of the Cathedral were joyfully answered beyond the ragged pine-clad hills by those of Cidofeita, and the night became riotous with feasting, dancing and games. The good citizens of Oporto in their sad grey town broke for once the monotony of their lives, feeling the fitness of the occasion; sounds of merry-making penetrated far into the night; and in the morning, the sunshine flooding the narrow streets found only smiling faces as the people flocked o'er pathways strewn with rosemary and myrtle to watch the happenings of the day.

The King had spent the night in the burgh of S. Francisco; and early in the morning he set out for the Episcopal Palace to greet the Princess. Already the confined space between the Palace and the Cathedral was dense with faces; and when the crowding throng saw their King and his bride presently emerge, mounted on white chargers covered with gold-embroidered saddle-cloths, they made their multitudinous welcome resound again and again above the blasts of the Heralds' trumpets.

At the head of the procession came the Archbishop of Braga leading the horse of the Princess by its bridle; and behind her walked her two maids-of-honour. Following them came the King and his Constable.

On the threshold of the Cathedral the Bishop of Oporto, gorgeous in his robes and mitre, and surrounded by a cloud of priests and acolytes waving incense-burners, awaited the bride and bridegroom, ready to conduct them to the altar.

After the service they all returned to the Palace to a banquet. Here the aged Constable acted as Master of the Ceremonies, and joined in the general rejoicings of the guests with as lively a spirit as the youngest of them all. As was the custom, an immense quantity of food and wine had been provided; and as the banquet progressed girdles were unbuckled, wine-cups were emptied, and the various sweetmeats became rapidly scantier. The maids-of-honour sang in the choir, and round the tables eager page-boys

stood on tiptoe, or even climbed the ropes of the decorations and pillars in the hall, to get a better view of the proceedings.

Thus the day passed; and the long-drawn-out banquet was followed by a round dance in which all joined, lords and ladies, the King and Queen. Even the Constable himself, infected by the gaiety, forgot his years, his long grey beard, his troubles of State, his irascible temperament, and became as light-footed as Mercury himself.

The bishops and prelates alone looked on smiling. Outside the delirious cheering of the people gave an added stimulus to the dancing. From streets, orchards, and fields, came the sound of revelling. In S. Domingos there were tournaments. From every quarter came the same festive note. With the spacious manner of those days the rejoicings lasted for a fortnight; but the real ceremony ended when on the approach of night the bishops blessed the royal pair, and these retired to leave their loyal subjects to carry on the revels till the break of day.

In 1390, three years after her marriage, Philippa's first child was born. This was Prince Affonso, who died in 1392. In 1391 Prince Duarte (Edward), so-called in honour of Edward I of England, was born. He eventually succeeded his father, and his book, *The Loyal Counsellor*, is the best witness we possess of the history of his times. It has been largely drawn upon in these memoirs.

In 1392 her son, Prince Peter, began the life which was fated to such a tragic end; and in 1394 Prince Henry the Navigator first saw the world wherein he was to play such an important part, deservedly earning for himself the name of "The Portuguese Scipio," by establishing the vast future Colonial Empire of his people. The Princess Branca, who died in infancy, was born in 1395; and the Princess Isabel, afterwards the wife of the Duke of Burgundy, in 1397. Prince John was born in 1400; and the Ill-fated Martyr of Tangier, Prince Fernando, in 1402.

This was Philippa's last son. She finished her duties by generating a saint after producing a race of heroes. Little

did she think as she gazed upon this last and dearest in her arms that he was destined to be sacrificed by his brother on the altar of that Semitic tendency inherited from his Phœnician ancestry—the desire to explore the unknown in search of adventure and of gain.

But while Philippa was thus doing her best to consolidate and perpetuate the succession of the new dynasty, she was at the same time making almost fundamental changes in the atmosphere of the Court, having gradually gained an all-powerful influence over the mind of the King. She found the Court a sink of immorality. She left it as chaste as a nunnery. We have it on the authority of Prince Duarte's own pen that she induced the King to order the marriage of more than a hundred people;[1] no other form of union was recognised than that of the Church; and the Court henceforth became almost a school of morality. Philippa, wearing the veil of a chaste bride, and with her eyes directed heavenwards, was remorseless in her gentleness.

No one became more altered than the King, himself. He was now completely under her influence. Once, according to tradition, while the Court was at Cintra he so far forgot himself as to kiss some lady of the Court, when the Queen, entering unexpectedly, looked at him with such a frigid expression that, completely taken aback, he pointed to the ceiling above him where the motto "Pour bien" was emblazoned, and muttered lamely that this too was "Pour bien." Philippa without a word, but with a look more eloquent than the most violent reproaches, left the room and the King to his own conscience, with the result that her victory was absolutely complete, and he surrendered at discretion.

Her influence indeed lay in this puritanic exclusiveness

[1] "If it be said that few were virtuous I say that many became so; for neither do I hear, nor do I know of, any nobleman who is other than loyal, notwithstanding that more than a hundred have been ordered in marriage by my father the King, and my mother the Queen, whom may God protect. Further, our Lord hears me when I say that I know not of any one thus married who afterwards fell into sin."—*The Loyal Counsellor*, XLV.

of temperament which is so characteristically English—that unconscious mixture of pride and convention which, though much below the level of religious duty, is nevertheless the opposite of hypocrisy. It was a feeling that kept Philippa above all attempts at subterfuge. When she disapproved her nature did not permit her to do otherwise than express that disapproval. There are no more despotic characters than those possessing such a temperament. The Queen came to rule the King as with a rod of iron. The easy tolerant guidance of the Constable became changed to that almost of the cloister; and when Philippa fixed him with her cold blue eyes the King felt bound to do whatever she wished him to. Fortunately she was as sensible as she was good. Under her tutelage the King became another man. In his desire to please her he sometimes even became unnecessarily active, because the Queen remembering the state of affairs in her father's house, was inclined somewhat to exaggerate in her own mind the sinfulness of anything distasteful to her.

Accordingly she constituted herself censor of morals at the Court. She watched the dalliance of lovers, kept a sharp look-out for any surreptitious love-making amongst those whom marriage debarred from such things, and frowned unfavourably on any match-making in which she thought the people concerned unsuitable to one another. With the almost unlimited power of the King behind her she herself chose the brides and bridegrooms, totally disregarding as something quite negligible any secret inclinations on the part of the unfortunate victims of her marrying instincts.

Thus any day some one or other might receive the following command, impossible to disregard—

"The King and I expect you to hurry your wedding. It will be held to-morrow."

"But to whom, your Majesty?" would be the startled answer.

"Never mind. You will know at the altar," would be the invariable response.

In this startling manner the whole Court was not only paired, but actually married, an extraordinary example of the enormous power of mediæval despotism. The curious thing was that, strange as it may appear, the result seems to have been an almost unqualified success, for the generation that followed stands out as one of the most virile in Portuguese history.

That this strange subservience, however, could not have been brought about without at least one tragedy is only natural. Witness the fatal story of Fernando Affonso, and one of the Queen's maids-of-honour. Fernando was a favourite of the King, and the story of his liaison getting about the King had reproached him, but probably, as is often the case amongst friends, only in a playful way. Consequently when it was suggested that he should marry the lady he did not take the advice seriously to heart. Feigning instead that he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Maria de Guadalupe, he disappeared from Court, and to the Queen's annoyance was discovered instead to have secreted himself in an alcove of the church where his lady habitually performed her devotions, no doubt with the tacit connivance of the lady herself. Word of this was brought to the King; he was summoned to the presence; and again, perhaps with a smile, dismissed with a warning to fulfil his duty towards the lady. The warning, however, was interpreted by the amorous courtier as a dismissal to the lady's chamber; and here unfortunately he was found and arrested by the King's command. The situation by now had become serious; Fernando recognised his risk, and awaiting his opportunity managed to escape and conceal himself in the Chapel of St. Eloy. This brought matters to a climax; the Queen was openly affronted; and the Court, in a state of deep but suppressed excitement, waited to see if she or the courtier would win the day. The Queen, herself, feeling that if she did not succeed in this battle of inclinations all her influence would be gone, was determined to make an example of the culprit. Perhaps it was she therefore who induced the King to

leave the Palace in pursuit of the irresponsible youth. At any rate the fact remains that John, wakened from his siesta in the afternoon, set out half dressed in a towering fury, and in the church, seeking sanctuary behind a statue of the Virgin, found the author of all the uproar. There and then, totally regardless of all the laws of Sanctuary, that safety-valve invented by the ingenuity of faith to mitigate the acts of violence characteristic of the age, he ordered his rearrest. The order was obeyed, but not without damage to the statue, which fell with a crash on the soldiers struggling with the prisoner, who now stood accused of the awful act of sacrilege as well.

On the following morning, without trial, the King had him burnt at the stake; and with this sharp salutary lesson the power of Philippa was firmly established.[1]

The modern mind shrinks from deeds like this with horror; but before we condemn Philippa or the King we have to remember that civilisation and customs as well as our nerves have changed, that mild-mannered men in those days, and even later, as witness the burning of heretics in every country in Europe, looked upon such things without any of the horror which modern humanitarian teaching has developed in us.

There is no doubt that John was immeasurably elevated by the influence of his consort, and ended by acquiring a character which had a strong influence and served as an example to his sons. They were splendidly educated; their spare time was employed in translating the classics of other languages; and all the young Princes, more especially Duarte and Peter, developed a taste for the finer flowers of mediæval literature.

Thus through fire and blood the mists of mediæval ignorance began to scatter; and the world at length slowly appeared as a place where law and righteousness must ultimately reign over, and govern, even the minds and the actions of kings; though spiritual thought, still in its in-

[1] A romance founded on this tragedy, *Monge de Cister*, has been written by the Portuguese poet, A. Herculano.

fancy, was not yet capable of curbing the turbulent passions bred of centuries when might was always right, and the law of the jungle still held good. In the mind of the Master of Aviz, the view that the King could do no wrong faded; and in its place came the newer, deeper belief that his office entailed a sacred duty, a duty to the people whom God had called upon him to reign over as well as to himself.

The King, his son informs us, felt the weighty responsibility of his office so much that he ordered a banner to be embroidered with the figure of a camel—he chose the camel because it was a powerful beast of burden—carrying four sacks, each one of which bore an inscription. The first had the words, "Temor de mal reger" (The fear of an unwise rule); the second, "Justiça com Amor e Temperança" (Judge justly); the third, "Contentar curações desvariados" (Console the afflicted); and the fourth, "Acabar grandes Feitos com pouca Requeza" (Accomplish great deeds with economy).[1]

In those days symbolic signs of heraldry were becoming popular; and in these four mottoes we see the true spirit of the time. We find this love of economy transmitted in the character of his son Prince Peter; this desire to be just in the King's actions; and lastly, this entirely new sentiment, fear of an unwise rule, a sentiment capable of breaking even a royal back, giving rise to a conception of duty in his successor, King Duarte, which marked the birth of the new thought destined to transform the world.

It showed that the King was beginning to feel the rights of the people; that the days of barbarism when kings were no more than the blind instruments of violence were gone for ever; and lastly, and somewhat unexpectedly, that the fetichism that made even such kings bow down trembling before the threat of eternal punishment, fulminated by the clergy, too, had seen its climax. The new philosophy had been born, a philosophy yet in its infancy, destined still to bear the stigmata of superstition, but, nevertheless,

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, L.

a true philosophy based on a love of knowledge and a desire to regulate conduct according to the dictates of reason.

The introduction of crests and mottoes from England by the King's marriage was a feudal convention that originated in Normandy, and for that reason the mottoes were in the French tongue. This fashion is in itself of little significance; its importance, however, lies in the fact that the crests and mottoes of the House of Aviz reflect, as in an heraldic mirror, the spirit and the new order of ideas at the Portuguese Court. Moreover, this ritual of chivalry under the inspiration of the Constable Nun'alvares was destined to bear fruit, starting as it did a new ideal which was afterwards abundantly displayed in the history of the country, forming a race of men who, like the Constable himself, were not less worthy of the name of noblemen than those who were later nurtured on the legends of Amadis of Gaul.[1]

The Master of Aviz was the first Portuguese King to rescue the nobility of his country from the opprobrious title of cut-throats which they had acquired in Europe; and it was largely through the teachings of the rules of chivalry this improvement was accomplished.

It is interesting, therefore, to study the crests and mottoes adopted by his house because of the lessons they teach.

The Queen chose as hers the two words "Pour bien," words which the King had gilded on the ceiling of the throne-room at Cintra. It was this, it will be remembered, that suggested to him a means of evading Philippa's anger when she caught him in the act of kissing one of the ladies-in-waiting: "Pour bien" was the sum total of her life. She lived solely for her sons, her duty, and her religion. "Désir" was Prince Peter's motto, vague and enigmatical

[1] This famous mediæval romance was originally written in Portuguese, possibly from forgotten French legends, by Vasco de Lobeira of Oporto, who died in 1403. A century later it was translated into Spanish, and added to, by Garciordoñez de Montalvo. Succeeding commentators added more, and yet more, until in 1540, when it was translated into French by Nicholas de Herberay, it had assumed enormous proportions. The best English version is the abridgment of Southey. (London, 1803. 4 vols.)

like himself, ever preoccupied with the burdens of life, and the fleeting intangible desires of his supersensitive imagination. After his return from Ceuta he adopted a crest representing a hand emerging from a cloud—again the characteristic mysticism—holding a dagger thrust through a rock with the motto "Acuit ut penetrat." Prince John's motto was "J'ai bien raison," a sentiment which he followed during his short life; while Prince Henry chose the words "Talent de bien faire." He was partly the means of stimulating Christian Europe to resist and finally overcome the spread of the Moslem faith.

"Il me plaît" was the King's motto, and he had every reason to pride himself upon its suitability, for few can claim to have had a greater measure of success in this world than himself.

By the strength of his own right hand he had wrested from his enemies the throne of his country, securing, at the same time, his people's independence and firmly establishing his own dynasty. His marriage had been a happy one. His sons, in the words of the country's poet, Luiz de Camõens, were "an illustrious generation of noble princes."[1] In his declining years, surrounded by these same sons he invaded and conquered Morocco, and began the famous era of Colonial expansion that was to leave his kingdom on the very threshold of glory. In addition, during his long reign of nearly half a century he reformed the customs, laws, and even the calendar. Thus a people whom he found steeped in ignorance and superstition, lawless and scattered, without any national cohesion, he left to his successors a nation, conscious of itself, and proud of its own name.[2]

[1] Lusiads, IV. 50.

[2] "The Cæsarian Calendar, or the Safarense Calendar as the Arabs called it, was abolished in Portugal in 1422, when the Christian Calendar, as propounded at Pisa, was adopted—the year one corresponding with the year thirty-nine of the Arabs. Aragon adopted the Christian Calendar in 1350; Castile-Leon in 1383.

"There were several versions of the Calendar—that of the Birth of Christ, that of the Incarnation, that of the Ascension—besides the Florentine and the Pisan, the difference between these two latter being that

In 1426 he further granted a Royal Charter to the City of Lisbon, with two books containing the Justinian Laws, and a glossary and digest "so that, with the aid of these, deeds may be drawn up, and sentences passed."[1]

Thus was the dawn of a just government founded which was to set a century later under the shadow of the Inquisition, bringing with it all the evil results of the former disorder. Fortunately for the faith of the people, however, this later misfortune had not yet cast its blight over the land; hope and enthusiasm ran high; freed from the thraldom of dogmatism by the fresh breezes of the larger thought, the nation grew accustomed to looking forward to enormous power and wealth in the new lands being discovered by its intrepid navigators; and the spirit of chivalry acquired a native shape, the crest of the day becoming a galley-of-war with its sails distended by the sure winds of Hope and Science.

Such was the spirit of high adventure permeating the nobility when the treaty of peace was signed with Castile in 1411.

To celebrate the occasion the King suggested that an International Tournament be held, in which his three sons, Duarte, Peter, and Henry, should compete. But these

the Florentine began one year after the Birth, the Pisan marked the Birth of Christ as the year one."—Cf. J. P. Ribeiro, *Diss. Chron. e Crit.*, Vol. II, Chapter VI.

"King John of famous memory made the following laws in his reign—

"I, the King, command all workmen and clerks of the kingdom that from henceforth all writings and documents must be dated from the birth of Christ, our Lord Jesus, in similar fashion before dated according to the Cæsarian era. This is the King's command. If disobeyed the penalty will be forfeiture of office.

"*N.B.*—The above law was published by the King's command in Lisbon by me, Philip Affonso Loguo-Teente, writer to his Majesty's Chancery, before Diego Affonso de Paão, auditor to his Court, and witnessed in August A.D. 1422.

"This law is duly witnessed by us, the undersigned, and we order it to be obeyed."

[1] "And ye place these books in the Council Hall, bound by a long chain; and allow no one to read therein other than those who are Procurators, and those who have deeds, or those who wish to prepare and draw up new deeds."—*Ann. do Munic. de Lisbon*, Vol. I, p. 312.

immediately answered that such a tournament as proposed would not be anything like so worthy an object as an expedition against some valorous foe, whereby they might gain some real chivalrous distinction infinitely greater than was possible by any mere formal ceremony.

"But what sort of an expedition?" naturally inquired the King; and his high-spirited sons, itching for battle, and not knowing in the fulness of the country's prosperity and their own superabundance of chivalrous energy where to turn for a sufficient answer, were dumb. It was then, at the psychological moment, that one of the three advisers of the crown, John Affonso de Azambuja, whispered the magic word "Ceuta" in the King's ear.[1]

At first he jumped at it. To conquer Ceuta, the door that the Moors had always used in their invasions of Spain —that surely would be a glorious expedition. The more he thought of it the more it grew upon his mind. To attack the Moors in Granada would have been most inadvisable, as it would involve further hostilities with Castile, which already looked upon Granada as part of the territory it hoped to possess. Indeed, any expedition, no matter where, required the utmost circumspection if they were to avoid exciting the fear of jealous neighbours; and the further away, in consequence, such an expedition was the easier for all concerned. All these considerations the King turned over quietly in his own mind. Finally he consulted some of his most trusted advisers; and finding that they heartily agreed, he now thought it high time to sound his sons upon the project.

The three elder were then, in 1412, almost full-grown men. Duarte was twenty-one, Peter twenty, and Henry eighteen. The three others were still too young to be consulted on matters of State, being yet in their mother's care. The King himself was then fifty-four, and already beginning to feel the weight of his years, worn as he was by the hardships of his early campaigns and the cares of State. Moreover,

[1] *Chron. de D. João*, I. iii. 71.

he had been suffering for some time from rather alarming attacks of pain and faintness which were then attributed to the bite of a rabid dog, though it is much more likely that he was really subject to "angina pectoris," an hypothesis all the more likely when one remembers the active life he had led.[1]

His three eldest sons brought up together, and almost of the same age, like branches of the same tree nourished by the same sap, resembled one another closely. But, as in nature there are no two branches ever alike, so there are no two characters; and already the different dispositions of the three Princes were showing their future mould. Prince Duarte even then began to show signs of that over-conscientious sense of duty that afterwards caused him to sink into an early grave, overburdened by the cares of State. Prince Peter, already deep in the study of philosophy, was seeking to subordinate his life and actions to the dictates based upon the conclusions he had arrived at. Last of all, Prince Henry began to show himself a typical man of action, following the impulses that guided him with a blind obstinacy totally regardless of the rights of others.

Of the three, Peter's was undoubtedly the master mind—Duarte being too gently considerate for the rough customs of his time, while Henry was for ever dreaming of mighty conquests beyond the seas, and so, a slave to his imagination, this fixed idea made him afterwards strive by every means fair and foul, heroic, cruel, or the reverse, in order that his great objective might be accomplished.

It was probably he who cunningly induced John Affonso de Azambuja to suggest the idea of an expedition to Ceuta. Be that as it may, the fact remains that for him, at any rate, the capture of Ceuta meant not a mere expedition against the Moors, but the beginning of a conquest which was to

[1] "For five years he suffered greatly, having been bitten by a mad dog. So much indeed did it affect him that once, when landing, on being handed a letter, not knowing its contents, a sudden attack seized on him, and caused him to drop it, his attempts to open it giving him so much agony that he broke into a perspiration and lost consciousness."—*The Loyal Counsellor*, XX.

open to the arms of his country the golden gates of the mysterious east, where it is true there were many Christians already, converts of Prester John,[1] but where also, in addition, gold beyond the dreams of avarice could be obtained, precious stones, perfumes, frankincense and myrrh, silks, and spices, all the multitudinous luxuries that returned Crusaders talked about with bated breath.

Portions of this fabulous wealth trickled into Western Europe, brought across the desert in caravans from the mouth of the Red Sea through Egyptian Tripoli to Morocco, of which Fez was the nominal capital and Ceuta the chief seaport; and, in his eagerness to control the outlet, there mingled in Prince Henry's mind an odd medley of greed, chivalry, and proselytising zeal.

The early voyagers looked upon themselves, with a curious naïve simplicity, not only as merchant adventurers, but also as harbingers of the Cross of Christ, sent to bring light out of darkness. They were as eager to save the souls of the heathen from the danger of eternal damnation, which they firmly believed would be otherwise their fate, as to seize upon their lands, their riches, and their daughters.

As soon as his sons were old enough, King John taught them to take an interest in the Government of the country by making them members of his State Council. Thus was formed a unique assembly of four men united by family

[1] The legend of a great Christian Empire in the Far East, ruled over by an Emperor named Prester John was current in Europe from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. "Every one apparently believed it; and a letter was actually written and possibly an embassy sent from the Pope Alexander III to this mythical monarch in 1177. His dominions were supposed to be of enormous extent. His wealth was reputed to be boundless. Within his kingdom were the Fountains of Perpetual Youth, mountains of gold and precious stones, rivers whose sands were diamonds. In his realms also was to be found the worm called "salamander" which lived in fire, and worked itself an incombustible envelope from which robes were made for the Emperor which were washed in flaming fire. At first his country was supposed to be in Asia; but later it became identified with Abyssinia, and Vasco da Gama in his famous voyage northwards from Mosambique heard of him as dwelling there, and endeavoured to get in touch with him by order of John II of Portugal. Twenty years later, Alvarez, in his history of Abyssinia, invariably calls the King Prester John.

ties, animated by absolute faith in one another, cemented together by the bonds of natural affection, and presiding over a people who loved and were proud of them all. Brought up to respect and revere their father, the younger men, naturally more open to the reception of new ideas, brought the invaluable adjunct of youth, and the high courage associated with it, to the aid of this family council, modifying and to some extent combating the more cautious opinions which the conservatism of habit, and increasing infirmity, naturally produced in the King. The family council thus, as it were, established, by this constant method of rejuvenescence, a form of immortality transmitting its ideas, thoughts, and wishes from one generation to another. Rallying around the King the young Princes with the celerity of youth saw that his decisions were quickly executed. By suppressing irritating details of the worries of the Government, by lightening his labour as much as possible, they tried to make his rule, instead of a fatigue, as near a pleasure as they could. By leaving him the appointing of the times of meeting, and the order of business, they tactfully led him to believe he was still directing the administration, while actually he was ruling through them.

When, therefore, he confided to them this project for the invasion of Morocco, giving them his opinion of the difficulties that lay in the way of its accomplishment, they listened to his views with all the respect due to a father, determined none the less to overcome all difficulties, formidable as he made them appear. Stating in the first place that there was not enough money in the Treasury for the expedition, he pictured how cruel it would be to tax the people further, since they had already suffered so severely in men and money carrying on the long war with Castile, now happily ended; and pointed out that even if the tax could be raised without any hardship to the people, the very fact of it being raised would put a possible enemy on the qui vive, thus immediately vitiating their plans, the success of which depended so much on the secrecy with

which they could be completed. He reminded them, moreover, that the country did not possess a fleet capable of transporting the army to Ceuta, and that the army itself was not nearly large enough for such a formidable undertaking—in fact, that they lacked the most essential materials for the success of the scheme.

Turning to the political side of the question, he said that "even in the event of victory the honour of being a nobleman of this city of Ceuta may do me more harm than good," for the kingdom of Granada seemed to him easier to conquer, and, if they did not attempt it, Castile most certainly would do so, especially when they were thus otherwise occupied. From the standpoint of Portugal a conquest of Granada by Castile was an evil to be avoided, as it would disturb the balance of power in the Peninsula, augmenting the strength of their old enemy. Lastly, he urged that fighting the Moors in Morocco would expose their own possessions in the Algarve to counter-attacks from the Spanish Moors; and moreover, it would close their own door to the Mediterranean, where Portuguese vessels traded in oil, wine, and fruit.

With this weighty indictment he ended; but to his sons it seemed as though he were purposely exaggerating the difficulties so as to dissuade them; and after he had expounded his doubts they pointed out that it was unnecessary to levy taxes, as the money could be readily raised by means of a loan from the merchants of the kingdom, and, in any case, the sums earmarked for the suggested tournaments certainly could be thus employed. With regard to transports, they argued, it would be quite feasible to use the merchant vessels trading in salt and wine to Galician, French, and Flemish ports, the sailors already manning them acting naturally as crews. Finally, they assured him that, given peace with Castile, it would be a matter of no difficulty to raise sufficient men for the prospective invading army.

The King appeared difficult to persuade, especially on this last point: for after the first exhilaration, the idea of a

naval expedition grew more and more disturbing to his mind, already becoming conservative through increasing years. All his days he had been fighting and conquering on land; he understood, and could practically forecast the chances of such warfare; but in this enterprise the thought of the intervening sea daunted him. So he still hesitated, although he was forced to admit that to attack Granada would only be courting future trouble, since Castile would eventually be united to Aragon, and when this occurred the new kingdom would be compelled to attack whoever then held Granada in defence of ancient rights never legally abandoned to the Moors, whom now they would feel sufficiently powerful to sweep from out the holy land of Spain.[1]

All this the King saw clearly. But when one reaches to the verge of sixty it is not easy to grasp new ideas; and in such circumstances one is apt, therefore, to practise old follies under the delusion one is following new inspirations—hence his procrastination. Fortunately, however, he had around him the fresh eager minds of the young Princes; and thus was added to his more sober survey the stimulus of their more buoyant outlook.

They made light of all the difficulties; and Prince Henry in particular was most insistent in his attack on the idea of invading Granada, the only alternative outlet suggested to employ the superabundant spirit of adventure possessing them. For this reason the King discussed the matter fully with him alone on the following day, and finally, overborne by his impetuosity, consented. Beside himself with joy, Prince Henry rushed immediately to tell his brothers that the expedition against Ceuta had been decided upon, and there was much rejoicing amongst them all.

For purposes of State, however, it was necessary to keep

[1] Aragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and Isabella in 1479, and as anticipated by King John war was soon after declared against Granada. It began in 1481 and continued to 1492, when Granada was conquered. Thus the long reign of the Moors in Spain ended in the year in which Colombus discovered the West Indies, and gave to the newly consolidated Spain its great empire in the West.

the matter as secret as possible, and the real object of the expedition was therefore disclosed only to a favoured few. Some plausible explanation would, however, have to be given to their immediate neighbours to account for the collection and arming of such a large fleet; and it was absolutely essential that they should become secretly acquainted with the strategic position of Ceuta, its anchorage, etc., so as not to precipitate matters, and, by allowing the enemy to prepare, thus court disaster.

The methods employed to attain this knowledge were typical of the tortuous ingenuity of the time. A certain military priest, the Prior of the Hospitallers,[1] famous for his shrewdness, was entrusted with the secret; and it was given out that he was proceeding to Sicily to arrange the marriage of the widowed Queen with Prince Peter.[2] He actually did sail from Lisbon to Sicily; but there he purposely failed in his supposed mission: for it was only a plausible excuse to permit him to visit Ceuta either on the outward or the homeward journey. So well, indeed, did he play his part that he actually managed to land both going and coming back, thus acquiring all the necessary information as to the character of the coast, the anchorage, the defences, without arousing the faintest suspicion on the part of the Moorish authorities.

Meanwhile from the moment the campaign was decided upon the King became a different man. He seemed to be living his youth over again, to have become rejuvenated by the mere prospect of hearing once more the clash of arms. Already he imagined himself leading the attack,

[1] The Knights Hospitallers or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem shared originally with their great rivals, the Knights Templars, the duty of defending the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, founded after the first Crusade. The Prior of the Hospital, or the "Hospitaller," was the keeper of the house or "Hostium," a lodging for sick pilgrims. The most noted institution of this order of priestly Knights was in Jerusalem itself, before it fell again to the Saracens. The headquarters of the Order in Portugal were at Crato. After their expulsion from Palestine they held Rhodes, and finally Malta. The latter island was taken from them by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798.

[2] Widow of Martino I, whose death caused the annexation of Sicily to the throne of Aragon, leaving her without a kingdom.

sword in hand, at the head of his devoted followers. He threw himself heart and soul into the preparations for gathering together the most powerful army possible, leaving the conduct of the country's affairs entirely to his eldest son, Prince Duarte, calling, however, upon the two younger Princes, Peter and Henry, to help him in his own chosen part.[1]

So conscientiously did Prince Duarte take it upon him to fulfil the duties devolving upon him in matters of State that, lacking the endurance of his father, he soon began to feel the fatiguing strain of the weighty responsibility cast upon him.

Rising early he would first attend Mass, and then afterwards appear in the High Court of Justiciary where he would hear cases until noon. At the mid-day meal he would talk business with some official; and, this finished, would only very occasionally indulge in a short siesta, for frequently at about two he would be interviewing some Surveyor of the Royal Household, or else some member of the Council with whom he remained closeted till 9 p.m., at which hour he had his evening meal. Afterwards he would discuss business with some official of the Household till 11 p.m., at which hour he went to bed. His father's Palace he only visited when the exigencies of business demanded his presence there. He rarely went to his own estates, or indulged in hunting, neglecting all bodily exercise, and accustoming himself to a life entirely sedentary. Thus for the first time in the annals of Portugal we come upon a bureaucratic Prince.

Considering the natural feebleness of his constitution, it is not to be wondered at that the Prince's health became permanently undermined by this over-zealous attention to duty; but with the morbid conscientiousness of the type he refused to acknowledge the fatigue he suffered from. Staggering under the weight of the responsibilities

[1] "So many things had to be accomplished for this expedition that other great matters of pressing urgency could not be attended to." *The Loyal Counsellor*, XIX.

his mind came to exaggerate every little difficulty, making mountains out of molehills. The greater the difficulty appeared the more he martyrised himself; till finally, under the burden of his work he became a victim to anæmia and chronic dyspepsia, developing all the symptoms now grouped under the head of "neurasthenia," and which he himself refers to under the name of "Melancholy humour."

His medical advisers urgently pressed upon him the necessity of relaxation, couching their advice in this typical mediæval form:

"Your Royal Highness, instead of devoting yourself exclusively to Minerva, should, instead, rather offer sacrifice at the altars of Bacchus, Orpheus, Venus, and Morpheus."

But this sage advice apparently was not acted upon. The Prince developed a constitutional melancholia, which made him the prey of an unaccountable sorrow, a victim to the terror of impending death; and the condition lasted for fully three years, beginning to leave him only after the painful shock of his mother's death roused him again out of himself.

In him were all the elements of greatness had his feeble frame been equal to the burdens thrust upon it. Methodical, painfully conscientious, utterly devoid of arrogance, this Prince, neglected by Fortune, became instead a warning example of the fate of those rulers whose passive qualities deny them the gift of an easy conscience, thus making them miss the fruits of the tree of Success—fruits that fall often instead to the lot of the bold and unscrupulous who have had the courage to rise to opportunities when offered, and so have seized upon them.

Thus it came about that the megalomania of his brother, Prince Henry, infinitely his intellectual inferior, resulted in those glorious conquests of which the world now knows. Kindled by the torch of Faith, his grandiose imagination raised high the fire of Hope in the breasts of his fellow-countrymen, casting a brilliant searchlight into the darkness of the great unknown world, till then spoken of only

in bated whispers by even the most venturous spirits amongst the navigators of mediæval times.

Thus the characters and the different fates of these two brothers were already foreshadowed by their actions in this early period of their history; and we, looking back through the vistas of time, can see and marvel at the blind workings of destiny. To one was given an early, almost forgotten grave; to the other a name that will endure as long as the tale of those golden days of pioneer discovery can find a listening ear and a responsive eye.

CHAPTER II

THE CAPTURE OF CEUTA

EVER since the time of the Chaldeans, Fortune has been represented as a wheel, and a circle formed by the figure of a snake devouring its own tail has been symbolic of Life, representing as it does the beginning and the end, the cycle of Fate finishing where it has begun.

So it is in Life; and so it has been in History: for, after all, History is but a record of many lives. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find many places have become historically famous because they have been in turn the scene both of the prelude to some great triumphant movement, and later on of the last act wherein the curtain drops on the ultimate defeat and ruin of this selfsame undertaking.

In the Palace of Cintra, in a small blue-tiled room, there is to be seen to-day a divan, also blue-tiled, built out from the wall. From this room and from this same divan came the resolutions which began and which ended the cycle that surrounded the various Portuguese invasions of Morocco. History tells us that here sat Dom Sebastian when he decided the plans of the fatal campaign in Alcacerquiber, the last expedition against the Moors; and here it was in earlier days that at the point we have arrived at in this narrative, King John and his sons sat waiting to receive the report of the Prior sent to spy out the land, the report that determined the commencement of this same cycle, the first expedition against the Moors.

Already, despite the utmost attempts at secrecy, talk of a Holy War against the Infidel was current everywhere; and people began to relate various signs and omens,

visions and dreams, concerning the imminent downfall of the Moslem power. There was in those days a firm belief in auguries of every kind. Men looked upon them as serious things not lightly to be laughed at. To them the workings of Nature were still an unfathomable mystery; they saw signs and wonders in every natural phenomenon; and Satan and his angels were an ever-present, almost visible, daily menace to their souls.

It was known at the Court that there was some secret behind the Prior's ostensible mission; and his silence on arrival heightened the interest to boiling point—an interest in which he seemingly luxuriated, so much so that even when closeted alone with the King and his sons he did not then seem anxious to begin.

Their eager curiosity, however, was not thus to be baulked; and, finally, on being questioned directly, he made the following curious reply:

"Sire, with all due deference, I feel that I would rather not speak of what I found, and have seen, until I have beside me here two sacks of sand, a reel of ribbon, half a bushel of beans, and a porringer."

"Are you a wizard preparing an incantation?" said the King laughingly.

The Prior of the Hospitallers bowed gravely.

"I would not dare jest with your Majesty; but I would beg to repeat my request," he replied, solemnly.

Again the King laughed.

"Do you hear how he answers me?" he said, turning to his sons. "I ask him for an account of Ceuta; and he replies in terms of astrology and magic. Who would have believed that a priest could have been capable of bringing back such a reply!"

Then, with a smile, he ordered what the Prior asked for, commenting in mock plaintiveness on the expense he was putting the State to.

To this the Prior made no reply. He waited gravely till the curious articles he had asked for were brought to him. Then after they had been taken into the adjoining

room he followed, leaving the King and his sons to content themselves in patience till he should be ready to unveil the riddle to their understanding. At length the door between the two rooms opened, and the Prior appeared.

"Now, your Majesty," he said, "the result of my labours can be seen. I can not only answer on any detail you may question me about, but I can also show by ocular demonstration what I mean."

He stood aside respectfully as he spoke; and the King and his three sons, their curiosity now whetted to a keenness fitting the occasion, trooped past him into the room.

What they saw amply repaid them for the time of waiting they had so courteously endured. It also fully explained the curious request of the Prior.

On the stone floor of the room moulded in sand was a large relief map of the Straits of Gibraltar. It showed the southern coast of the Iberian peninsula, with the Bay of Algeciras and its range of mountains in the hinterland. On the other side of the Straits was the promontory of Ceuta, crowned in front by the eminences of Mount Musa and Mount Almina, where the Arabs once had contemplated building their city. A small isthmus joined it to the mainland. The city itself was indicated by rows of beans; and a piece of unwound ribbon showed the contour of the walls. Below, the beach offering ample anchorage and landing facilities was indicated in sand; and the Prior pointed out the places around the city where there were gardens, lime-groves, and fields of sugar-cane, expatiating on their fertility, and showing where the coast around was rich in coral and tunny (a kind of mackerel).[1]

[1] "The city of Ceuta or 'Septa' is situated on the African coast opposite Algeciras or the 'Green Island.' It is built on seven hills; and is a populous city extending over an area that measures from East to West approximately about one mile. Djabal Musâ (The Mount of Musa) named after Musâ ibn Noçair, who was the first to conquer Spain for Islam, rises about two miles from the city, which is surrounded by gardens and orchards where the Pomegranate trees produce their fruits in abundance. There are also fertile fields of sugar-cane, and lime-groves that supply the city with the means of export to surrounding neighbourhoods. This fertile area, with its springs of crystalline water, is known as Balyunich. Westward

While the others openly expressed their admiration and delight over the Prior's ingenious idea, Prince Henry remained pensive, thoughtful. With his arms folded across his chest, and his right hand stroking his chin absent-mindedly, he watched this cartographic lesson in silence; for the enormous future possibilities of the plan were already fermenting in his receptive brain. He saw how, following this idea, the whole world, its convolutions, irregularities, and multiplicity of shapes, could readily be depicted by graphic means; and immediately he began to ponder how this knowledge could be turned to the acquisition of tangible wealth. It was probably at this very moment, therefore, that the first glimmerings of the idea formed in his mind which afterwards gave birth to the great nautical school at Sagres which he established, and which marked the commencement of all modern scientific navigation. Little wonder, therefore, that he kept silent while his brothers eagerly questioned the Prior on all the multiplicity of detail they wanted explained to them.

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can be seen the mountain called Djabalo L'Mina, on whose plateau-like summit can still be found the walls constructed in the time of Mahomet ibn abî Amir after his return from Spain. He had intended to transport the city to this summit; but he died just after the defensive walls of his new city had been built; Ceuta remained where it was; and the new city on the mountain has been for ever since without inhabitants. The walls of Al-Mina remain even unto this day, and are possessed of such extraordinary whiteness that in clear weather they can be seen plainly from the Spanish coast though almost hidden by the luxuriant vegetation that has sprung up around them since. In the heart of this dead city there is a spring which supplies water all the year round. The name 'Septa' means an island, and was given to the old city because it was built on a narrow-necked peninsula surrounded on all sides by water except where a bridge over a strip of marshy land connected it with the mainland. Ceuta is an excellent seaport; and there are no better fishing grounds than those in its immediate neighbourhood. There are over a hundred different kinds of edible fish; and the tunny is especially abundant thereabout for harpooning. The immediate vicinity is also very rich in coral which surpasses in beauty that of any other neighbourhood. Consequently in the city bazaars one may see this coral being cut, polished, pierced, and threaded—for it is one of the chief exports, and the finished article is sent by caravan to Ghâna and other towns in the Soudan."—Edrîsî, *Desc. of Africa and Spain*, 167–8.

"*N.B.*—In Dozy's and Goeje's translation of the above (Leyden, 1866) we do not find Edrîsî's original footnote on the derivation of 'Septa.' Edrîsî derives it from the seven hills, called 'Septem Fratres.'"

After the first flush of delight over the success of this initial movement in their campaign faded, it now became necessary to divulge the secret to the Queen and the aged Constable, as on their willing consent so much of its future fortune depended. It was John, himself, now an eager convert, who, knowing the difficulties, undertook the task of enlightening the Queen and his trusted adviser.

When she was informed Philippa was in a quandary. Openly she applauded the scheme; but in her heart she was afraid of the results of such an expedition: for, remembering the weight of his years, she did not wish the King to go, thinking that he who had spent the greater part of his youth in harness ought surely to enjoy the calm of a peaceful old age rather than adventure forth again upon such unknown perils, and that his duty now was to remain beside her administering the affairs of the kingdom he had held so successfully against all comers. For her sons, on the other hand, she was more than willing they should go. With the high heart of a mother of Kings she felt indeed that it was their duty to endure such hardships, fight valiantly against fearful odds, gain all possible honour and distinction, so that at the last they might show themselves worthy of the race from which they sprang. But for the King, their father, her husband and lover, she wanted peace; and so, her heart palpitating beneath her outward stately calm, she pleaded with him not to go.

The King would have none of it. Like an old war-horse he sensed from afar the sound of battle; and his heart sang, and his blood boiled with the glad joy of it again. Nevertheless, her pleading eyes caused in his breast an accusing irritating consciousness of the weakness of his position; and his tongue failed him as he tried to put the matter before her in what seemed to him its proper light. For a moment, almost, he felt like yielding; and then the persistence that had stood him in such stead in his stormy youth came to his relief, and with a sudden inspiration, he said:

"Madam, I remember that in my younger days I soiled

my hands in Christian blood; and so I feel that I can only complete my penance now by washing them in that of the Infidel."[1]

This improvised argument amounted to an inspiration; for, although it was but a cloak hastily assumed by the King to cover his southern thirst for violence, it appealed with overwhelming force to the almost fanatical religious instincts of the Queen—not that she was alone in such beliefs, however, for, in part, the same feeling honestly underlay the King's own eagerness also, and, indeed, was shared by him with all the rest of Christendom; since in those days Christianity, like its great antagonist Mohammedanism, was a militant faith, and conversion by the sword was looked upon as a most fit and proper method of saving the heathen from those eternal fires otherwise awaiting them. Thus the Queen's consent was won; and nothing now remained but to gain over the Constable, who was still looked upon as the King's most powerful adviser, though now living in retirement on his estates at Arraiolós.

The Court was then at Santarem: for in those days it moved with the King, the idea of an administration fixed in the capital not having yet arisen. Kings were then perpetually upon the road, taking the primitive machinery of government with them; and like itinerant pedlars they distributed their gifts as they progressed, presiding here over a Court of Justice, settling there some dispute between civic bodies, almost independent and always very jealous of one another and their prescriptive rights, granting elsewhere some charter, and periodically calling together at any convenient centre the representatives of the three estates that composed his kingdom, and made up his Cortes.

To have summoned the Constable to Santarem would have given rise to much comment, and might have endangered the secrecy of the proceedings. For this reason, therefore, the King and the young Princes set out across the Tagus, ostensibly on a hunting expedition towards

[1] Azurara, *Chron.*, III. 18.

Montemor; and there the Constable was asked to meet them. The great affection he was known to entertain towards the Royal Family made such a meeting look the most natural thing in the world, and, consequently, it excited no curiosity whatever. When they met in the forest the King and the Constable walked slowly ahead, leaving the young Princes to follow at a respectful distance, full of eagerness to know what course events would take, feeling that if the Constable was violently opposed to the scheme all would be lost.

Consequently they watched every look and gesture of the two elders in front of them, saw how the King hesitated and appeared uncertain of himself, remembering his recent interview with Philippa. They knew the very moment when he began to unfold his plans, watched how his face clouded with uncertainty, saw him knit his brows in thought as he searched for his most convincing arguments, trembled with anxiety as they noticed how he glanced occasionally at the impassive face of the aged Constable to see how he was taking it. Finally, after the King had told him of his interview with Philippa and what he said on that occasion, they saw the Constable smile. It was an omen of victory, and, unable to contain themselves further, they rushed up to them to find the Constable saying solemnly:

"What I think, Sire, is that you, yourself, have no hand in this, nor indeed, has any mortal. It is an inspiration direct from God; and you are the instrument of his purpose."

The King, touched by a solemn awe, bowed his head before the veteran warrior, then raised it again proudly as the thought came to him that he was indeed the leader of a glorious enterprise, and that the hand of God was with him. With such help, and the confidence he reposed in the strength of his own right arm, he felt that the success of the expedition was assured. Around him the warm south wind, laden with the resinous balm of the brush-wood, sang rustling in the cork-forest; and to his enchanted ears it sounded like the roar of bygone battles

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when sword met sword, harness clashed with harness in deadly impact, and he and his companions fought shoulder to shoulder for crown and country in the days of his tumultuous youth.

The fact that something in the nature of an expedition was being contemplated by now gradually became public. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise seeing that preparations were already on foot, and the time was ripening. Naturally, seeing the smoke, everybody suspected a fire; but where the fire was, and what it was intended to burn was still only a matter for conjecture. Prince Duarte was absolutely overwhelmed with work. Prince Henry feeling within him the demon of glory continually kept entreating his father to hasten matters, begging as a special favour that he should be the first to be allowed to land on African soil, the first to attempt to scale the walls of Ceuta; and the King, in whom these affinities of character had created a preference, readily assented.[1]

The Cortes had how to be approached: for in those days the monarchy had not yet entrenched itself amid the ruins of the representative institutions of the Middle Ages—those feudal guilds which were afterwards destroyed for ever by John II.

Thus, though the initiative came from the King, he always, before embarking on any weighty enterprise, took the opinion of his people as represented by their delegates, not in any mere formal manner, but with a sincere desire that they should help him in the interests of the country; for was it not by the unanimous wish of these same people he had been called originally to assume the reins of Government, and lead them in their struggle to maintain their national independence?

The representatives of the Council met in 1414 at Torres Vedras. Nun'alvares the Constable, João das Regras, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Braga, and a few others, with Marshal Alvaro Pereira, the Constable's brother, and

[1] Azurara, *Chron.*, III. 24.

João Gomes da Silva, renowned for his wit and strength of character, formed this momentous Council.

The King in a few words told them about the proposed invasion of Morocco. The Constable almost as briefly followed, seconding the proposal; and then kneeling, he kissed the King's hand solemnly.

A brief silence followed. Every one felt the tension of the moment. Every one sat still. João Gomes da Silva glanced round at the bowed heads bent solemnly over the table. They were all grey with years, bleached with the winters of over half a century. Every one of them had taken a valiant part in the last war, the war of independence; and they were all that remained of Aljubarotta and of the many battles against Castile. Several of them had almost reached their second childhood, the age when a man again becomes the ready instrument of his own emotions, when he knows not whether to laugh or cry. All these thoughts rushed through João Gomes' mind.

Suddenly he laughed aloud; and, startled, they all stared at him.

"Sire," he cried, "forgive my levity. I know not what to say, except that to me it seems that a race of albinos (white-heads) is going to fight the Moors."

The laugh and the quaint conceit appealed strongly to their tense strung minds. It seemed as it were to break the spell of the solemnity that held them. Every one relaxed; and with a laugh, and the words, "Albinos to the front," on every toothless mouth, the assembly dispersed noisily.[1]

Immediately after this decision arrangements were straightway set on foot to get the expedition ready, for it would require fully two years to prepare all that was required. Indeed, before this certain preliminary matters had already been arranged. The Treasurer, without being admitted to the secret, had received orders to prepare the Mint, and, as it had been decided to raise a loan, as much

[1] Azurara, *Chron.*, III. 26.

money as possible had been accumulated in the Treasury, and arrangements made for importing more.

In addition all master crossbowmen had been notified to make as many enlistments as possible, and recruiting had already become active. (Soares de Barros, *Acad. Municip. Econom.*, calculating from this enlistment, estimated that in 1422 there were 252,067 crossbowmen per million of the population.)

The standing army in those days consisted of the King's troops, together with certain companies supplied by the nobility. In time of war these noblemen and their troops would join the King's army, and the local councils would further swell the forces by levies which varied in number according to the charter of the particular municipality. But, in addition, the King, his constable, and marshal, could call at any time, directly to their service, crossbowmen from every part of the kingdom.

At this period King John had for the first time established arsenals in the country; and for the maintenance of these he had made the State responsible. The permanent cavalry force at his disposal consisted of 3,500 lances, of which 2,000 were his own vassals, and the rest were raised by the nobility and local councils. In addition, all over the country there were the master bowmen; and these were held responsible for recruiting, training, and leading their companies in war. Now all these various arms were put upon a war-footing once more, and much activity and speculation in consequence arose all over the country. Provision had next to be made for the Armada. Whole pine forests were felled and transported to the shipbuilding yards, to help in the construction of new ships and the strengthening and repairing of such others as already existed, or of the merchantmen that had been commandeered for service.

Fifteen new galleys-of-war were constructed, and fifteen pinnaces. In addition, the entire existing navy was dry-docked and repaired. Affonso Furtado was in command. It was he who in 1387 had brought Lancaster

from England; and on returning back with the Duke he had remained there with ten auxiliary galleys, in accordance with the treaty of Windsor (1386). In England he had studied naval construction; and so he now came back prepared to supervise an Armada such as never had been seen before in Portuguese waters. It was he who effected the seizure of every merchant ship he could find in the ports of his country, enrolling them together with their crews in his navy, having the power to "apprehend, and imprison any one according to the fault or disobedience committed."

The post of Admiral was in those days an hereditary one. It was then held by Admiral Pessanhas; and in the event of there being no successor, it would pass to some nobleman—"one who had conscience enough not to do anything he should not do" (*Orden. Aff.* 3 LV.). By an ancient ordinance the Admiral had to supply "twenty Genoese acquainted with the sea, who shall be competent to master and captain the ships." He also had to furnish one fifth of every accessory excepting the hull, arms, and fittings of the vessels. In those days, and indeed much later in every European country, the command of a ship on an expedition lay with the senior officer of the troops on board. The captain, as we understand him now, did not exist. There was a master who was a practical seamen, and gave orders to the sailors under his command on all technical matters; but he himself was completely under the control of the military commander—a condition of affairs which was a fruitful source of trouble until sheer futility forced it into desuetude.

As it became increasingly necessary to invent some excuse for all these warlike preparations, the Council, after fixing its next session for June 1415, decided that the best device would be to send an ambassador to the Court of the Duke of Holland complaining of the treatment Portuguese ships had experienced at the hands of the Dutch pirates, and demanding satisfaction. To lend colour to this fabrication, and to make the people and more par-

ticularly the neighbouring nations connect it with the building of the Armada, considerable secrecy was pretended about the proposed embassy, while at the same time its object was quietly whispered around.

The actual mobilisation of the army was left in the hands of Prince Peter, Prince Henry, and the Count of Barcellos.

Prince Peter collected his men in Estremadura and Alemtejo, Prince Henry in Beira and Traz-os-Montes, the Count of Barcellos in Entre-Douro-e-Minho. Thus the kingdom was divided between the three; and the troops under Prince Henry and the Count of Barcellos were to take ship at Oporto, while Prince Peter's contingent came to Lisbon. To Prince Duarte was apportioned the part of looking after the affairs of State, and the nursing of his "melancholy humour."

While these preparations were going on there was much activity at the naval shipyards. In Lisbon and at Oporto, along the banks of the Tagus and the Douro, great quantities of material were accumulated; and the sound of hammering became incessant. The yards hummed with activity like vast ant-heaps. At night the work was carried on by the resinous glare of torchlights. At one spot busy carpenters planed the timbers to cover the vessels' frameworks which, still incomplete, looked like the skeletons of prehistoric monsters, their arched ribs looming in the shadows half illuminated by the fitful crimson glare of the torches burning with smoky brilliance in the night.

Further along, the banks resembled a huge abattoir: bullocks were being slaughtered, skinned, quartered, salted, and packed in barrels. There were women busily engaged in scaling and salting fish, which were then dried in enormous stacks that extended so far as to be almost lost to view. The air was heavy with the acrid smell of blood, brine, ropes, and resin. The spring was hot, and people had already begun to talk of the plague.

Beyond the victualling yards many coopers were busy; while tailors seemed ever to be cutting and sewing sails. Each man felt the importance of his trade. Each felt he was

a useful unit in the vast machinery of workers engaged on this important mission—the mission planned by their beloved King. At one spot carpenters were busy mounting mortars and other artillery gathered on the beach ready to arm the unfinished ships. Enormous coils of cordage unwound their twisted fabric along the neighbouring fields, idly awaiting not only the vessels being built in their immediate vicinity, but also those merchant ships that were to return from abroad to be equipped for war service. Pulleys groaning monotonously, ropes contorting themselves into a thousand twisted shapes proclaimed that the nation's muscles were straining in the throes of labour; and while the windlasses turned creakingly, the furnace flames of the neighbouring Mint transformed the scene into a veritable Inferno with its roaring fires, hissing cauldrons of molten metal, and the perpetual hammering and coining of money—the vital force that quickens the pulse of War.

Old men, with the leisure of crippled age, looking on the scene, discussed its meaning, trying to fathom the real motive of all this activity—the fact that there was a secret quickening the public curiosity, and freeing each individual imagination.

One would say that the Armada was to take the Princess Isabel, who was then seventeen, to be married in England; and that it would then proceed to conquer Flanders. Another would discredit this, asserting that its destination was Naples, and that it was to take Prince Peter there to marry the Queen of Sicily. A third would heatedly deny this. The Armada, he would inform his listeners with the assurance of one who was divulging a great secret, was really being built to take the King to the Holy Sepulchre, in compliance with a vow he had made should he defeat Castile. Still another would ridicule this with the superiority of one better acquainted with the happenings at Court. It was this one's idea that Holland was the ultimate destination of the Armada. Another individual was positive that it was being built as an auxiliary to Pope Benedict XIII, who was recognised as the true Pope by

Spain, but not by Portugal; and he would support his theory by relating, what was as yet little known, that both the Roman Pope and Benedict XIII had been deposed in 1409, after a council held at Pisa, and Alexander V, who was succeeded by John XXIII in the following year, had been elected. He would tell how all this discord in the Holy Church was due to the intrigues of the vile French against Italy, and almost persuade his listeners of the truth of his conjecture.

But at this mention of the French an objection would be raised by one of the listeners; and he would proffer his explanation in a cautious whisper, suggesting Normandy as the point of attack. Every one knew that the King was the grandson of the Count of Bologne, and that he claimed the Duchy on that account; and here again, some semblance of probability underlay the suggestion: for at that time France was actually at the mercy of anyone who raised a claim to her lands, monopolised almost completely by the Burgundians, and the Armagnese, and further threatened by the English, who invaded and actually conquered Normandy again in 1415 at the Battle of Agincourt.

Finally, some one would diffidently suggest that there might be something in the verses written by a negress, Philippa's slave, to her lover, Prince Peter's valet, which asserted that Ceuta was the destination of the expedition.[1] But after such magnificent versions this last appeared sadly lacking in colour. Perhaps the verses were crude—at any rate the theory was discredited, and thus secrecy was maintained. In the cloud of contradictory gossip the actual truth became labelled as a lie.

Meanwhile, the neighbouring nations began to be alarmed. Castile felt uneasy. She was hard put to it to maintain her unstable conquests in Andalusia. Aragon found it difficult to hold Sicily. Granada began to feel herself perilously surrounded on all sides. And so all three sent ambassadors, and these arrived practically at the same time. All were commissioned to ask if these

[1] Azurara, *Chron.*, III. 29.

hostile preparations were connected with their respective Governments; and all were dismissed with the assurance of nothing but the most peaceful intentions.[1]

There arrived at the same time, however, another visitor whose departure it was impossible thus to expedite. This was the plague which broke out virulently in Lisbon in the spring of 1415, claiming a heavy death-roll, and driving the Court to seek refuge in Santarem. Nevertheless, the incessant warlike preparations still went on; and these, with the ravages of the plague, acting simultaneously on the excitable imagination of a credulously pious population, stimulated the war fever to extraordinary heights.

Militant priests went about the country preaching that the plague was a visitation from God on account of the sins of the people, that these sins must be atoned for before the hand of his wrath passed from them, and that to die fighting abroad against the Infidel insured eternal happiness, whereas the equal risk of death at home from the plague brought no such hope of ultimate salvation. Then a friar of S. Domingos, rising at dawn for his morning devotions, saw clearly and distinctly a vision of the King in full armour kneeling before the image of the Virgin, whilst over him there shone a resplendent flaming sword. The mere report of this filled every breast with a burning enthusiasm, and recruits came flocking in thousands to the standard, for it was now evident that God Himself was on the King's side.

Prince Henry had been at Oporto since January, busily superintending the equipment of the Armada, and receiving the contingents arriving from beyond the river Mondego—companies of archers, and levies of men-at-arms from the retainers of the various noblemen and Councils, each under the flag of its own commander. Amongst them was a veteran warrior of ninety, Ayres Gonçalves de Figueiredo, white-haired, upright, in full armour at the head of his vassals.

"It seems to me," said the Prince, as the old knight

[1] Azurara, *Chron.*, III. 30–33.

bent to kiss his hand, "that one of your age, sir, has already amply earned repose after so many years of faithful service in the field."

"I may be conscious of my years, my Prince," came the feeble but firm answer of the veteran, "but yet am I as willing now to serve as when I first took up arms under your father. Nor can I think of any higher obsequies than those granted by the battlefield."[1]

It was animated by a spirit such as this that on July 10, 1415, Prince Henry's fleet arriving from Oporto, entered the Tagus and cast anchor. It consisted of twenty galleys-of-war, and viewed from the land, they looked more as if decked out for a pageant than prepared to face the stern arbitrament of war: for each sailor wore the Prince's tricolour, and all the vessels, their hulls resplendent with new paint, the image of their patron saints carved and gilded at the bow, flew his standard and the tricoloured flags on which the Prince's motto, "Talent de bien faire," fluttered triumphant, while ever and anon the metallic sound of trumpets came in eddies to the shore.

Outside he had been joined by the contingent under Prince Peter; and it was the combined fleet which eventually cast anchor in the Tagus before the eyes of the assembled multitudes, each ship folding its white sails as it took its moorings for all the world like sea-gulls folding their wings when they rest upon the waters and are still.

Then the two Princes, accompanied by the Count of Barcellos, their half brother, D. Fernando of Braganza, the King's cousin, and the chief noblemen commanding the ships, proceeded to land. Here, however, black news awaited them. The Queen had sickened of the plague at Odivellos, and everything at Court was consequently in confusion. It had happened in this wise. When the disease had so far increased in Lisbon that a few sporadic cases began to occur in Sacavem, where the Court had moved to, it had been hastily decided to abandon it for Odivellos. Thither the King had gone immediately; but

[1] Azurara, *Chron.*, III. 30-33.

the Queen, for some reason, had delayed her departure for another day, and on that day she began to feel symptoms of the disease. Nevertheless she decided to complete the journey to Odivellos; and so, when she arrived there she was already in a high fever, and had to be put immediately to bed.

It was at this cruelly inopportune moment that the King, not realising the danger of her condition, his mind completely occupied with thoughts of the expedition, came into her chamber and stated his intention of going with the expedition.

Oblivious of everything, he talked on eagerly, never looking at the Queen, his mind full of roseate dreams of glorious feats of arms; whilst all the time the Queen lay still with closed eyes, tears quietly welling from below the lids, the presentiment of death lying heavily on her, and behind, in the darkness of the chamber, some of the maids-of-honour were furtively weeping. Suddenly a strangled sob reached the King's ears, and startled him out of his self-complacent monologue. He turned to stare, and at the same time the Queen opened her eyes.

"Friends," she said gently to the frightened maids-of-honour, at whom the King was glaring fiercely, "friends, you should not weep for me."

Then she turned to the panic-stricken King, now fully awake to her extremity.

"May God give me strength," she said, taking his hand fondly, "to hold out until I have given my sons the swords I have promised them, and also my blessing."

Wounded to the heart, the King could endure no more. He burst into a flood of tears, and, vehemently desirous of avoiding all eyes, hurried out of the Palace, vaulted on the first horse he could find, and galloped off blindly like a wounded animal to hide himself from every one in the woods surrounding the Palace.

It was obvious to all that the Queen was dying, and messengers were sent post-haste to summon her sons around her. Her only fear, however, was that the swords

she had ordered for each of them to take on the forthcoming expedition might not be ready before the end, and she kept continually asking for them throughout the day. Meanwhile the whole Royal Family had assembled in the Palace, but for fear of the plague had not been summoned to her presence. At length the swords arrived—three precious blades, their hilts fashioned of gold, studded with seed-pearls. Eagerly the Queen stretched out her hands for them, and they were laid on the bed beside her. Then she bade them summon her sons. Prince Duarte sobbed like a child; Prince Peter tried in vain to check his emotion by the rules of philosophy; whilst Prince Henry, angered at this cruel jest of Fate on the eve of their momentous expedition, bit his lip with suppressed emotion, and worked his fingers nervously.

At a signal from their mother the three Princes knelt beside her, while she, supporting herself feebly, presented a sword to each—first to Prince Duarte, recommending him to be a just king, next to Prince Peter, urging him to wear and use it honourably, last of all, to Prince Henry, reminding him of his duties to his country. Then she asked for the King, and when he entered the room, like one in a dream, beside himself with grief, she beckoned him to approach, drawing from her bosom a gold locket which, when opened, displayed a relic of black wood carefully wrapped in silk, and said to be a chip of the original cross of Christ.

Raising the relic to her burning lips with fingers now the colour of wax she kissed the relic reverently, then handed it to her husband, asking him to keep a fragment and divide the rest amongst her three eldest sons.

Finally she asked her son, Prince Duarte, to look after his younger brothers, Prince John, and Prince Fernando, who were kept away for fear of infection, and stated that it was her wish that her daughter, the Princess Isabel, should inherit her estates.

After this, exhausted, she closed her eyes as if already dead; and the King in a frenzy of grief left the room,

refusing to see her die, taking horse instead for Alhos Vedros, where he remained until the end.

After he had gone the Princes returned to the death chamber; and the Queen hearing their footsteps opened her eyes.

A gale was whistling around the Palace windows.

"How is the wind?" she said feebly.

"Northern gale," they answered.

"It is favourable for your voyage—I had hoped to—to hear of your landing."

"So you will."

"No—Yes—I shall see it from above. You must not let my death delay you. In a week I shall see you landing."

Suddenly she shivered, pulling the bedclothes up to her chin. Then she asked for the priests. They came, anointed her, and gave her absolution. Thus the saintly Queen departed to another world, leaving, however, the heritage of her spirit behind her.

The same night she was buried; and immediately after the young Princes, heavy with grief, departed to rejoin the Armada at Lisbon on their way to the war. Death and Plague had been the funereal inauguration of the first National Armada.

Lisbon and the whole nation were plunged in gloom. The ships in the estuary, their naked masts stripped of flags and ornaments, appeared now like a forest stripped of its foliage by some relentless and devastating autumnal gale.

Only one more catastrophe was necessary to augment to the breaking point the gloom that surrounded the superstitious and plague-stricken people—and this too happened; for, strange to tell, on the same day the sun was totally eclipsed for a period of two hours.

In earlier times no one would have dared to risk such a hazardous enterprise in face of such omens; and indeed, even in those days, men of less courage would have been daunted. But in this case the common people had got it firmly rooted in their minds that this expedition had

been specially ordered by Providence, and that they were the chosen race whom He had appointed to the task. Faith closed the barrier, therefore, against fear; and no danger in consequence was sufficiently great to weaken their fanatical belief in their fortunate destiny. For this reason, at a meeting of the Council, held after the Princes had returned from Odivellos, a resolution was passed that the expedition was to sail at once, just as if the Queen were alive to bid it God-speed, and according to the original intention which she had prayed them on her death-bed not to alter.

Prince Henry, thereupon, rising to the occasion, determined to suppress his family grief, and, to stimulate the drooping spirits of his men, decided that all emblems of mourning must cease.

The next day, therefore, saw all the bunting rehoisted on the ships; the sounds of merry music floating o'er the waves was once more heard; and the festive flags waving in the breeze, and the white flapping sails bending and cracking in the sunlight roused the lowered enthusiasm of the people once more to the fever pitch. Death and plague were forgotten; and the soldiers remarked that truly the King was right when he looked upon Prince Henry as the most heroic of his sons.[1]

The King sailed from Alhos Vedros to join his Armada anchored off Santa Catharina. The fleet consisted of two hundred and forty vessels all told. Of these twenty-seven were galleys-of-war with three banks of oars, thirty-two possessed double rows; there were sixty-three transports, and a hundred and twenty other vessels probably carrying stores.[2] There were fifty thousand men on board —thirty thousand sailors and rowers, and twenty thousand soldiers. One English nobleman had brought five vessels crowded with archers.

[1] *Azurara Chron.*, III. 45–48.

[2] "Trium et sexaginta navium onerariarum, septem et viginti triremium, duarum et triginta biremium, et centum et viginti aliarum navium."—Math. Pisano, *De Bello Septensi*, "Acad. Ined.," I. 43.

The King and the three Princes, together with the Constable and the Count of Barcellos, were going with the expedition, leaving the kingdom to be governed in their absence by the Regent, Fernão Rodrigues de Sequeira.

On Wednesday the 23rd of June 1415, the vessels left their moorings, and in full sail accompanied by the swishing of oars and the flapping of canvas they foamed their way down the estuary. The brazen note of trumpets seemed all pervasive. The city appeared suddenly to have become depopulated, for all and every one remaining hurried from their homes, lining the city walls, crowding along the shores, or climbing to the neighbouring hills to see the last of the great fleet, and raise their hands and voices to God calling upon Him to aid the enterprise to victory.[1]

Women wept for their husbands. Old men mourned for their sons. It could in truth be said that all the youth of the country was sailing in those vessels. Every one was cruelly ignorant of the real destination of this their first Armada. The cry on every lip was: "Where is it sailing to?" And though some answered glibly Ceuta, others Sicily, and still others Holland, no one yet knew definitely.

And so on the shore and on the hills the watchers stood for hours, saw it sail beyond the estuary, and waited till it disappeared hull down beneath the rim of the horizon followed by the setting sun. Even then many were loath to leave. They stood listlessly gazing at the empty ocean till nightfall came and drove them, lingeringly, to their homes, to dream on their pillows the restless dreams of those who had been left behind. Such was the farewell.

. . . . . .

On Saturday the 26th of July the Armada, passing Cape St. Vincent, saluted certain Holy Relics that were kept

[1] "Cives qui remanserant atque plebei ad classem, pulcherrimum spectaculum, videndum confluxere, passis velis recedentem: quidam vero moenia civitatis, quidam loca edita scanderunt: quidam ad littora concurrere et, manus ad coelum tendentes, a Deo pro suis victoriam exposcebant."—Math. Pisano, *Ibid.*, XXXIX.

on the Sacred Promontory;[1] and that night it cast anchor at Lagos. During the four days there its destination was made public at home; but after so much preceding secrecy people still doubted the veracity of this, in spite of the proclamation of a Holy Crusade by the Pope.

On the 30th it sailed towards Faro; but here, meeting with a calm, it was delayed for a whole week; and it was not until Wednesday the 7th of August that it sighted Cape Espartel. Here, turning to enter the Straits at nightfall, it made for Tarifa, where the Governor was assured of their perfectly peaceful relations with Castile. From Tarifa they went to Algeciras which had recently been acquired by the Moors of Granada; and here they were received in friendly fashion.

From Algeciras they made straight across for Ceuta, the 12th of August being the day fixed for the attack. As soon as they were perceived in the offing they were immediately met with hostilities, for the object of the expedition had now become plain to every one.

Prince Henry's galley, being nearest the shore, received the most damage; but though a few men were landed nothing more than an unimportant skirmish resulted, for the Armada, anchored east of the peninsula, was exposed at the same time to the wind and the attacks of the enemy. For this reason, on Wednesday the 14th it was decided to sail to the west side of Ceuta; and this was accomplished on Friday, the attack being fixed for the following day. A severe gale, however, compelled the King with some of his smaller vessels to run for shelter to Algeciras; and in the confusion of the storm many of the other vessels dragged their anchors and were buffetted against the rocks, threatening disaster. In vain their captains besought the Constable to allow them to put out to sea, and thus weather out the storm in safety. The old man refused. He was no sailor, but he was a good general, and dreaded the effect such a seeming retreat might have upon his men; and so he took refuge in the excuse that he could issue no

[1] Hence the name Sagres.

such orders till the King returned from Algeciras. Accordingly they drifted thus for one day and two nights, till at length the King sent orders to make for shelter with him.[1]

This belated wisdom on the part of the King and his nautical advisers came as a great surprise to the Constable, who probably did not appreciate the extreme peril of utter destruction from shipwreck that the men under him had thus escaped. Frankly he was puzzled. He could not understand the move; and began to wonder if the attack on Ceuta had been abandoned for the safer one of a raid on Gibraltar. On board ship there was also much division of council, many wondering if an attack on Ceuta was advisable at all, seeing the number of misfortunes that had befallen them in pursuance of this aim. First of all there had been the death of the Queen. Then came the storm to add to the sense of ill-omen amongst these superstitious people. If this had not been enough there followed also the plague, which, introduced amongst the sailors from Lisbon, was now decimating the fleet. Little wonder, therefore, that many, even including the King himself, preferred rather to attack Gibraltar than to re-encounter the dangers of the first project—Ceuta. Apparently the Moors in Ceuta, themselves, believed that such councils of prudence would prevail, for on the departure of the

[1] "The following day, during a violent thunderstorm, all the captains asked the Constable to allow such ships as were able to put to sea to do so, leaving those disabled behind, pointing out that as the King had sailed for safety they should be allowed to do likewise. As an alternative they said they were equally willing to land and fight to the death; but that either one or other of these courses was imperative. The Constable answered them blandly that he would gladly accompany them to land, and suffer whatever punishment God wished; but that he did not know if that would please the King, who would thus be deprived of the honour and glory of the expedition, and therefore he could not consent to a landing. As for putting out to sea he would never do so, even to save his own life, as by such a course he might lose many of the smaller vessels. As a consequence the fleet was at the mercy of the storm for two nights and a day, until the King ordered them to join him and anchor off Gibraltar where he now was, and where the Constable joined him."—*Coron. do Condest*, LXXVIII.

fleet they ceased altogether making any more preparations for defence, believing they were now safe from further molestation.[1]

In this way an entire week was lost; and then the storm abating, and the fleet having become re-united, fresh courage came with the improvement in the weather, and the spirits of the men rose, so that the King decided to cross the Straits again on the 20th of August, during the night, and make a surprise attack in the grey of morning.

So, in the darkness before the dawn, amid the palpitating silence of the sea, to the sound of the water swishing along the sides of the ships, and the splashing and creaking of oars half seen in the mist, these new Greeks, like a second Salaminian fleet, guided by the torches reflected in the water from the city of Ceuta, opened their attack from their floating city on this outpost of the Infidel.

It was a fight against the ever-recurring eastern tide breaking on the coast of western resistance, a fight against the repetitions of history. There had been quiet since the time of Darius and Xerxes in Southern Europe; but now the great Moslem wave had swept as far as Spain, and still showed no sign of ebbing. On the contrary even, it was busily engaged, at that very moment engulfing the great Byzantine Empire, and the fatal day was not far off when Constantine's City, the heart of the Eastern Christian

[1] "And the most victorious and virtuous King, my father, may God receive his Soul, finding himself between Gibraltar and Algeciras, with me, my beloved brothers Prince Peter and Prince Henry, the Count of Barcellos, and the Constable, was told by some, who were not in favour of our intentions, that for many reasons we should not return to Ceuta, because of the danger of crossing the Straits in a storm. Moreover, many signs and omens from Heaven made them believe this: the death of the most virtuous Queen, my beloved mother, the storm which had not allowed us to stay in harbour, and the plague which we now had amongst us in our ships. He replied that his conscience would not allow him to depart until he had first proved his strength, and, moreover, that he wished to die doing his duty. Only after doing that would he depart, and signs and omens such as had occurred ought not to affect truly pious men, who should rather be convinced that it was their duty to continue as far as was in their power, and not mistake their own forebodings for the wish of God."—Prince Duarte, *The Loyal Counsellor*, XIV.

world, was fated to fall to the Infidel, and become the chief jewel in the crown of the Padishah.[1]

But even before the fall of Constantinople there was an uneasy feeling pervading Europe that, at all costs, the triumphant progress of the Moslem faith must be checked, otherwise Christianity would be doomed; and it was a sub-conscious knowledge of this fact that animated more than anything else this attempt on the part of Portugal to seize Ceuta, attacking, as it were, the Ottoman Empire on its western flank, and at the same time helping to bottle the egress from the Mediterranean against future expansion. For these reasons the taking of Ceuta was not only a turning point in the History of Portugal, but also the fulcrum on which the Christian civilisation of Western Europe was resting. It marked, moreover, the beginning of the age of maritime discovery, as well as the critical period in the duel between the Christian and Mohammedan faith, when the latter was conquering not only the East, but also Africa, where the Byzantine Greeks had been submerged by the influx of the Arabs.

Dimly, yet powerfully animated with the consciousness of the momentous consequences depending on their success, it was in such a mood the Portuguese fleet approached the African coast.

With the first grey of dawn the shrill sound of whistles rent the air, giving the signal to attack. Every man of the

[1] Constantinople, consisting of the old town of Stambul, as well as those of Galata, Pera and Scutari, is after Athens the oldest city in Europe. Ever since its foundation by the Greeks in the seventh century B.C., it has been surrounded by a tragic history. It became the alternate possession of the Greeks and the Persians, suffering severely in the Peloponnesian War. It belonged to the Macedonians before it was chosen by Constantine as the capital of the Byzantine Empire in A.D. 328. It remained in the hands of the Christians for eleven centuries, and was taken by the crusaders in 1204, and again by the Greeks in 1261. Its doubly fortified walls successfully repelled assaults of both Turk and Bulgar for many generations, until 1453, when the Turks under Mahomet II, laid siege to and captured it, massacring its inhabitants, ruining the "Oblation of Ages" in St. Sophia, destroying its libraries and priceless treasures of Art, and making it the Ottoman capital. It was threatened by the Russians in 1829, and again in 1878. Its recent history will be in the memory of all readers.

great fleet was on deck. Some were hammering on their armour, or throwing on their doublets. Others unsheathed and brandished their swords, or sharpened their daggers, after previously sharpening their wits by stretching away the relaxing effects of sleep. Yet again others held torches aloft, as the light of dawn was yet no more than a silvered streak on the horizon. The raw morning air wafted from the shore sounds that told them the enemy were similarly ready to receive them. All were prepared to meet their last day, having examined their untutored consciences, and confessed themselves to the priests who were to be seen on every ship with raised crosses, giving absolution and their blessing to the perfervid crews.

King John put out in a galliot to command the assault. He had ordered that Prince Henry was to have the honour of being the first to land, and as soon as he set foot on shore the rest were to follow. The day had now broken, and the sun was already beginning to throw its long morning shadows. Tired with their long inaction, an intense eagerness to get to close quarters with the enemy pervaded the whole fleet; and thereupon João Fogaça, the governor of the Count of Barcellos' household, no longer able to restrain himself, set out in a small boat and landed with a few men. He was thus the first to set foot on African soil, stealing a march on Prince Henry, much to the latter's anger.

Quickly the rest of the Armada followed; and with the blast of trumpets and shouts of battle the fighting began. A dense crowd of Moors opposed the landing. The invading Christians seemed to be lost in the multitude of them; but for all that, their resistance proved in vain, for in a short time there was scarcely a live Numidian or Sudanese left on the shore to tell the tale, though their gigantic stature, their savage blackness and bareness, their thick lips and huge white teeth, and their fierce bloodshot eyes considerably startled their assailants at first. Their chief method of defence was by hurling huge stones at the incoming attack, thus knocking off the visors of the armoured men, wounding and disabling them; but the thick shower

with which the first adventurous assailants were received rapidly dwindled, and became less accurate as lance and bow began to find their quarry. So while Prince Duarte, the Count of Barcellos, Prince Peter, the Constable and the King, were in the act of landing, Prince Peter and his men had already cut their way to the gates of Almina, and effected an entry into the city over a heap of dead.

The King could only walk with difficulty as he had been wounded; but it was soon evident to all that without his aid the city had already been captured; and though the castle resisted for a little longer its walls were also presently scaled, and the conquerors entered to find it already abandoned. It was an almost bloodless victory, for though many were wounded, only eight Portuguese were killed.[1]

After the capture came the sacking of the town. The booty collected was tremendously great, for Ceuta surpassed Venice in those days in riches on account of its Indian commerce, and save for the dead in the streets the city appeared one great bazaar. Into this treasure-house of riches, then, was let loose a flushed, exultant army of ignorant villagers from the mountains of Traz-os-Montes, untutored men-at-arms, illiterate archers, who in their greedy search for plunder unwittingly destroyed many priceless treasures. Coming as they did from miserable thatched cottages, or troglodytė caves merely covered by a few slates, they suddenly found themselves masters of enchanted palaces,

[1] "Inter barbaros, quidam barbarus satis deformis fuisse traditur qui viribus et corporis magnitudine reliquos superabat, crispos habens capillos, nigrum colorem, dentes admodum albos et magnos, labra grossa et ad mentum usque revoluta, qui non ex Septa civitate oriundus, cæterum Æthiopibus similis videbatur, nudusque incedebat neque prœliando aliis armis nisi lapidibus utebatur, quos tanta vi contorquebat, ... quem ipse uno ictu prostrasset."—M. Pisano, *De bello Septensi*, 49.

In the Paris Library there is also a MS. by Ant. de la Salle, which describes the taking of Ceuta (No. 10,748, *Fonds de Bourgogne*).

"The day that Ceuta was taken many Moors went to the castle together with some Genoese that were staying in Ceuta. The Prince Henry asked the Constable to guard all exit from it; so in a few hours the Genoese shouted from the walls to tell them of its surrender, and when they entered they found that the Moors had already deserted it."—*Coron do Conḍest*, LXXVIII.

walking over floors paved with the most intricately beautiful enamelled mosaics, looking up at panelled ceilings, leaning over carved marble balconies, seeing their reflections in the alabaster basins and fonts adorning the garden-courtyards, wallowing on soft feather mattresses, lying between snow-white linen or silken sheets. The greatness of the contrast made their destructive intoxication all the more intense. In their Philistine ignorance they were able only to appreciate gold, silver and jewels; so they set about tearing up mosaics, searching in the depths of the fountains and wells, breaking and destroying furniture, emptying cellars and warehouses, spilling wine and oil, ripping up sacks of wheat and rice, in their greedy search for hidden treasure; and soon the streets became strewn with broken mosaics, and furniture, torn tapestries and priceless carpets, soiled with the powder of cinnamon and pepper, stained with oil and wine, dusted with wheat and rice which was poured from the broken jars and torn sacks that the soldiers piled upon them after they had broken them or ripped them open with their swords in their search for the precious metals that they valued. Frequently they did find treasures in these jars, more frequently not. Occasionally on turning one out they would discover a terror-stricken woman concealed in its depths;[1] and often enough these would be dragged out by their ears or hair, to be roughly thrust aside by their captors who sought gold, not women, and, therefore, allowed them to escape weeping into the woods around the city. Here they found still other refugees; and so throughout the night there came a wailing of lamentation from them, bemoaning the loss of their sons, their husbands and their homes. Even on the next day a black crowd could still be seen on the city's outskirts, gathered on the fringes of the neighbouring hills, overwhelmed with sorrow, chanting desolate hymns for the golden city that had been theirs yesterday.

[1] These are the enormous "Ali Baba" jars still used in Spain at the present day to store oil and honey. The largest ones are capable of holding three men.

Perhaps this weird chorus of lamentation instilled some courage into the men that were left, for there occurred throughout the day a few uneventful skirmishes, and occasional straggling looters met an untimely end. On this day, however, the Portuguese army consecrated the great Mosque as its Catholic Church; a "Te Deum" was sung with all solemnity, followed by a blast of trumpets; and the day was brought to a fitting close by the King knighting his three sons with all the pomp and ceremony befitting the occasion.

The King, having decided to leave his newly acquired possession, named Dom Pedro de Menezes as its first governor, and provided him with a garrison of three thousand men. The rest of the Armada prepared joyfully to sail for home again, thanking their lucky stars that they were not of the three thousand condemned to uphold the standard of the Cross in this great ocean of the Infidel stretching over the vast unknown continent behind them, looking forward to seeing their wives, their children, and their homes once more, returning whole and sound, their pockets laden with gold and jewels, their baggage heavy with spoils.

Accordingly the Armada returned to Lisbon on the 2nd of September, having been away forty days; and there the King, to celebrate the occasion, created for the first time Dukes in Portugal. Prince Peter received the Dukedom of Coimbra, and the knighthood of Cavilhã. Only the Count of Barcellos was forgotten. He also was the King's son. He too had fought valiantly; but his claims were overlooked. It is not difficult to account, therefore, for the jealous feeling he afterwards displayed towards his step-brothers.

The new Governor of Ceuta, who had been made Count of Vianna, was left with his garrison to defend the city against the constantly threatened attacks of the Moors. It was his ambition to increase the territory left in his charge; but all the circumstances were against him, and he soon found that this isolated colony was becoming of

less and less value as the months went on; for its importance had depended solely on the trade of which it was the natural outlet, and since this trade was in the hands of his enemies it was soon diverted elsewhere. The only chance of reviving its fallen fortune was by means of a great conquest over the hinterland, giving dominion over the dark continent, and opening up the route across the desert to the wonderland of India. This was the idea at the back of Prince Henry's imaginative mind; and Ceuta was to him but the first link in the chain which was to strangle the power of the Ottoman Empire and give Portugal command over the route to that undiscovered land of his dreams—an India of plantations, gold and jewels, silks and spices, ivory and rubies.

The King, his father, had given him the business administration of his African possessions, an administration which he held for thirty-five years. Three years after the conquest of Ceuta, news came that the Governments of Fez and Granada were about to combine to recapture it and destroy its Christian garrison. The Governor asked urgently for help; but the political situation at home was precarious, for the King was at Cintra, daily dreading an invasion from Castile, and the Princes were away protecting the frontier, Prince Peter in Villa Real, Traz-os-Montes, Prince Henry in Vizeu, the Count of Barcellos in Braganza, and Prince Duarte occupied with the civil Government. Nevertheless the king rose to the occasion. He summoned his sons immediately, and ordered the fleet to be got ready with 1000 men to sail for Ceuta, leaving the larger part of the army for home defence. Prince Henry was put in command of the fleet. He arrived at Ceuta in three days, fortunately in time, for the assault had already commenced, and the small garrison hopelessly outnumbered had only with difficulty been able to hold their own. The arrival of the fleet, however, saved the situation; the besiegers saw that their opportunity was gone; and a hollow peace was concluded between the belligerents.

Prince John, then a youth of eighteen, under arms for

the first time, accompanied his elder brother; while Prince Duarte and Prince Peter went overland to the Algarve to collect reserves in case of an emergency which fortunately did not arise. Ceuta being thus so speedily relieved, Prince Henry found himself suddenly idle with seasoned troops and an overwhelming fleet concentrated near Gibraltar; and remembering his father's previous intentions, his naturally restless mind, always craving for action, immediately jumped at the idea of attacking the fortress. The King, however, had probably anticipated his thoughts; for just as he was on the eve of making the attempt imperative orders came forbidding it, and ordering him to return home immediately. Thus ended the first chapter in the history of Portuguese expansion.

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCE NAVIGATOR

In 1418, on his return from his second voyage to Ceuta, Prince Henry was a man of twenty-four, and already in the prime of life, for to men of his active temperament maturity comes early.

He was tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, bronzed almost negroid by the sun and the south winds. His hair was thick, shaggy, and black like his heavily moustached face. He was thus anything but handsome, his manner lacked geniality—the beauty of spirit without which there can be no bodily charm; and the hardness of his look, inherited from his father, was distinctly antipathetic to most of his contemporaries. His character, too, in addition to his appearance, was very like that of King John, in whom we find a perfect example of those stubborn tenacious natures, totally lacking in poetic imagination, which, when they have once formed a plan, are capable of combining equally cunning and violence in order that they may bring it to a successful issue. He was a typical Portuguese. Such men are exclusively ruled by their prejudices and passions. Slaves to their own natures, they are incapable of calm reasoning, and thus become the blind instruments of their own schemes. To them the germination of an initial idea becomes the moulding influence of their destiny. They are of the stuff of which great heroes, great martyrs, great criminals are formed. Perhaps it was because King John saw so much of himself in his son that he had such a marked preference for him.

Like his brother, the Count of Barcellos, Prince Henry was totally deficient in those finer qualities, those Saxon

characteristics transmitted through Philippa to his other brothers, those indefinable elements, compounded of sentiment, melancholic emotion, contemplative tranquillity, and transcendental impulses, which in their infinite variety tend to produce the most sublime, as well as the most elfish and erotic types of poets—characteristics which have produced a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Byron, and a Heine. He was thus a typical Peninsular, positive, hard, determined, practical in everything—his actions, his vivid enthusiasms, his deeply laid plans. In pursuit of his fixed objects in life he did not scruple to descend to intrigue. To bring his schemes to a successful issue he was capable of any cruelty. Nevertheless, to give him his due, he had none of his father's loose morality: indeed he was so obsessed by the necessity of concentrating all his energies on his plans that he absolutely avoided the company of women, and remained unmarried all his life. It is probable that it was this cold-blooded, calculating selfishness that explained, if it did not excuse, the inhumanity and cruelty that tainted his life history.

The greatness that has been accorded him by subsequent centuries was not due so much to his own personality as to the happy accident that he lived at a time when great events were happening in the history of his country, and his was the spirit that voiced the dumb impulse towards expansion that possessed the soul of the nation. His enterprises chanced to be stable, and fruitful. His grandiose ideas of a great new empire starting from the Peninsula, spreading through Morocco to all Africa, and from thence to the boundless limits of unknown continents, actually became realised. His countrymen, therefore, are indebted to him for a second Fatherland, and civilised Europe for one of its three or four fundamental conquests and discoveries. It is for these reasons that his memory has been handed down, almost as that of a legendary hero, in spite of the ignoble actions that marred his life, and the total lack of those finer qualities which distinguished the other sons of John I.

Chaste and abstemious in body, he was a soldier and at the same time a zealot—that curious combination, produced by the crusades, in which the dawn of the new thought heralding the Renascence was still tinged with the old Hebraic belief that it was the pleasure of God that all who did not acknowledge His spiritual dominion should be ruthlessly destroyed. His mind, like that of many of his contemporaries, was essentially mystical; and he saw in his visionary plans nothing less than revelations from heaven itself. This fixed belief, this mental bias, which goes by the name of insanity when its main end is an object without real utility, was the guiding factor moulding his life and character.

At first sight he appeared all humility—at least so we learn from contemporary observers; but, once angered, this humility quickly melted into open disdain: for no man dominated by fixed ideas is ever capable of gentleness, nor is he in full possession of that power of self-criticism which permits him to yield to the logic of other minds in the light of later reason. Nevertheless he never permitted himself to be carried away by betraying temper when he was opposed. On the contrary he retired if possible more into himself; and though he might show signs of boredom, frown, express a sarcastic surprise, yet he would with all apparent humility dismiss his opponent from his presence with a simulated polite hope that perhaps he might be in the right, that perhaps success might put the capping stone on the edifice of his theories.

He was not personally ambitious, like his half-brother Barcellos; and this we can understand, for his passion carried him in quite another direction. Fame and riches were to him only the instruments that served his purpose. He never thought: "How will this benefit me?" but, "How will it help my cause?" The motive power dominating his actions also dominated himself, causing him to sacrifice even his own kith and kin in order to exalt his faith and his country. His sole ambition was to see the cherished ideas of his imagination grow, become realised,

bear fruit. Never did he dream of the burden he was imposing on his country when he set it the duty of pioneer in those great discoveries which were to benefit humanity so greatly, and yet were to prove to his own people nothing but the bitterness of Dead-Sea fruit.

Unlike most of his countrymen, he was incapable of enjoying the Olympian ease his position assured him. He could not tolerate the indolence of quietude. He was for ever consumed by the fire of his own ideas, always burning with the flame of his ardent enthusiasm, filled with roseate dreams of the fulfilment of his cherished ambitions. If his manner was cold, and his words few when opinion was against him, he, nevertheless, became all the more convinced of the truth of his own ideas, and in the greatness of his aim rose superior to the frailties of lesser minds. He had the true modesty of greatness, for the great have no necessity to advertise themselves. The feeling of his all-absorbing mission protected him from the facile pleasures of his inferiors. His monomania enabled him to avoid, without conscious effort, the temptations inevitable in the atmosphere of a Court.

It is obvious that he must have been anything but popular amongst his contemporaries; for in his preoccupation with his schemes he displayed a lack of charm, a reserve, an absent-mindedness that gained for him the appellation of misogynist. His ideas were incendiary, and came from a mind in conflagration. Consequently his manner was frigid. His mind was a furnace that could not find a vent for the fire it contained. From what we know of the people of Tyre and Sidon, of Carthage in the days of its greatness, we can see that Prince Henry was a true Phœnician. He not only planned his own ulterior fame, but saw that his people and his country acquired the same reputation and glory. Perhaps some blood relationship with these people, some graft of Punic origin in the genealogical tree of the Portuguese nation, gave the Prince the fruit of this far-off ancestry.

Amid the general indifference of the Court his own

burning enthusiasm supported him: for it is an error of deduction to suppose that the intensity of a thought dies after it has taken shape—enervation and indolence alone are the natural enemies of enthusiasm, and such things were absolutely foreign to his nature. He was a true scientist. He spent whole days and nights studying, experimenting, meditating, bent over the primitive geographical charts of his time, not speculating on the vague fanciful theories of theology or metaphysics, but seeking ever after positive realities, facts which could be applied to the everyday things of life. Like the Alchemists searching for gold amongst the baser metals he hoped to transmute his parchments into facts. He was a dreamer of futurities, knowing prophetically that his dreams would become realities, as they did, within the lives of his successors.

His father's marriage had made the Portuguese Court, never exclusive, more cosmopolitan than ever; and the country was now opening her gates wider and wider to foreign commerce. The capital had by now been fixed in Lisbon; and it was already becoming a maritime centre, a "resting place for wanderers," as João Lopez writes. The city on the Tagus was preparing herself for a transformation similar to that of Rome when she rose from a small state on the Tiber to become the centre of a mighty Empire. Prince Henry not only gathered round him such of his countrymen as would help in the realisation of his dreams, but he also gave an open welcome to such foreigners as might be useful in the schemes that absorbed him. He even favoured these foreigners more than his fellow-countrymen. He would invite them to his presence, make friends of them, load them with presents in order that he might obtain from them any such secrets of navigation, seamanship, or knowledge of other countries, as would be of use to him in his schemes of conquest.

In his scientific ardour he knew no bounds of caste or country—he was accused even of favouring the Jews because he encouraged the study of Medicine, which in

those days was a perquisite of the Jews handed on from the Arabians.

In 1431 the University of St. Deniz was reconstructed under his encouragement. In it he created a chair of Medicine, himself furnishing a room in which he placed a portrait of Galen;[1] and, as the University had "no proper building wherein they could read or make their writing, for which purpose a room had had to be hired," he bought some premises in the parish of St. Thomé in 1448, and granted twelve marks of silver per annum for the maintenance of the first Chair of Theology, derived from rents in the island of Madeira.

Directly after his return from Ceuta in 1418, he began to materialise his plans. We wonder if he obtained information from the Moors regarding the more distant parts of the African continent. Perhaps he did. At any rate we know that his idea, now, was to explore the coast to the southward of Morocco, as well as to acquire all the Moorish territory.

But here he found the conservatism of old age against him. His father would not allow him to attempt to seize Gibraltar; nor would he permit him to use the ships for another expedition such as he had just returned from. Quietly, therefore, the young Prince desisted from his attempts. He was bitterly disappointed; but he was young; he could afford to wait; and he knew circumstances would change.

So he set to work on the second part of his plans, abandoning the Court, and going into solitary exile at the "Sacred Promontory" (Sagres), taking with him only two of his personal attendants and the ships in which he had returned from Ceuta.

And there in his lonely eyrie above the sea he sat and dreamed, planned and brooded, looking ever to southward across the ocean, wondering what lay beyond the edge of the horizon, wondering, wondering. It is probable

[1] Max. Lemos, *A Med. em Port.*, 1881, Oporto.

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THE CHURCH OF THE NAVIGATORS AT SAGRES

that his disappointment at the inaction of his father was even greater than he knew himself. It is likely that at times he was more than a little mad. At any rate he grew quieter, more self-absorbed, more unsociable than ever. Day by day, as he sat brooding, his men watched him, half in fear, half in reverence, seeing him sit for hours gazing southward, wondering what was passing in his mind, wondering what was going to happen, wondering, as the days grew into weeks, if anything was ever going to happen again.

And then quite suddenly the inaction was broken.

It was daybreak, and the men were just beginning to rouse themselves from slumber, when he appeared amongst them, vibrant with his long-pent energy unloosed, giving orders for his ships to make all haste and sail once more for the Moroccan coast. The men watched him in awe. They believed that his violent haste indicated that he had had some special miraculous revelation (for in those days the Divinity of Kings was a very real thing), and they set out with alacrity under the stimulus of the inspiration.[1]

It was, however, only the reaction after forced inactivity; and his main thought was to find out what truth there was in the reports he had heard concerning the Arabs of the Desert and the natives of Guinea.

After some days the ships returned reporting that one of their number had been lost, and they had discovered nothing new. And then some little time afterwards the lost ship also hove in sight. The captain had a most unexpected story to tell. It appeared that the currents had carried them away from the coast, and drifting in the Trade winds they had come to an island which they named Porto Santo. It was from this they now returned full of tales of its beauty and fertility, and eager that the Prince should colonise it.[2]

This was a totally unforeseen result. It did not fit in with his plans—which were solely connected with the

[1] Barros, *Dec.* I, 1-16.
[2] Azurara, *Conq. de Guiné*, CXXXIII.

East. Were there more islands westward? It is possible he had heard in Ceuta rumours about islands in the Atlantic. He may have known of the travels of Xerife Edrîsî who lived about the end of the eleventh century, and who, in order to escape the persecutions of Mahdi, went to Sicily, where he was entertained by King Rogerio, and commissioned to summarise the geographical knowledge he had acquired in his fifteen years' voyaging. It is possible he may have seen a translation of his book, or the earlier works of Madusi e Ibn Said who taught that the world ended beyond the "Seas of Obscurity," fading off in vapours and slime just beyond Nigeria, where Arabs had been in their caravans, and architects had gone from Granada, as far as Timbuctu on the Niger, to superintend the building of certain edifices.

More recently, however, certain Arabian geographers, Abulfeda and Albyruny, had described their voyage along the Western coast of Africa as far as Sofala. In 1403 they had got to Bakui, and Ibn Fattima had described the coast to Arguim. Prince Henry now began to speculate as to how and where this great continent ended, whether it rounded off in the sea, or opened out into some larger continent still, whether, most precious thought of all, there was not some way round it to the gorgeous lands of the East his mind was for ever dwelling upon. Such were the thoughts that were for ever seething in his mind.

Now, the discovery of Porto Santo, identified as the "Fortunate Islands" of the ancients, assured him of the truth of the writings of Xerife Edrîsî who had thus described his father's capital several centuries before: "The land here being on the north side of the river Taga, which passes through Tolaitola (Toledo), opens out in front of Medina-Lisbõa (Lisbon), in a bay that is affected by the tide and is six miles from side to side. Beyond its south coast is the castle of Mina (Hisn al-Ma'dan) or Almada, so called because along its shore the river Taga depositeth pure gold."

Prince Henry, reading it anew, began to wonder if he could find in other lands the gold which the river Tagus

no longer deposited; and this gold acquiring phantastic proportions in his dreams fired him with renewed hope and energy. What he read further on stimulated him still more. It was the story of how some Moorish travellers had set out from Lisbon:

"Eight brothers, having decided to make a voyage, armed a vessel, and stored it with enough provisions to last them several months. Then they sailed out of the Tagus with a favourable wind which continued for eleven days, when it came to pass that they reached a certain portion of the sea where the water was viscid, evil-smelling, and as black as tar. Moreover, there were strong currents there. So, fearing disaster, they rowed towards the south for the space of twelve days more; and then they came to 'Gezirath al Ganem,' or the Island of Rams, so called because of the great flocks of sheep that grazed upon the fertile pastures of the island. Landing in search of water and fresh food they there found a spring of crystalline water beside a wild fig-tree. Afterwards they killed some sheep, only to find the flesh was so distasteful that they could not eat it. So, keeping the skins, they sailed again southward for yet another twelve days until at length they came to another island with habitations and ploughed fields. On landing they were immediately attacked by a people armed with arrows, who captured them and took them by sea to a city where the natives were red-skinned and the women exceedingly beautiful to look upon. For three days they were kept close prisoners; and on the fourth they were visited by an interpreter who could speak Arabic, asking them who they were, whence they came, and what was their business. To him they thereupon related their experience, upon hearing which he raised their hopes of a speedy release and a safe departure. On the following day, therefore, they were taken to a court where the King through his 'trugiman' (dragoman) asked them the same questions. To him they replied that they had sailed to settle the rumours about new lands in the Atlantic, at which the King was very much amused. Laughingly he told them, through

the interpreter, that he would see to their safe return to their own country, and informed them that his own father had already ordered all the Atlantic to be explored, and that his men sailing for a whole month had returned without sighting land. They were then taken back to prison to await the return of a favourable wind; and when it came they were blindfolded, bound, taken on a three days' journey, and eventually landed upon a beach.

"When the sun rose, they, thus ill-treated and in sore straits, heard the welcome sound of voices; whereupon they shouted for help, and a people who spoke Arabic came to their rescue and unbound them.

"'Do you know how far from your native country you are?' they were asked.

"'No.'

"'Well, you have a two months' voyage before you.'

"'Wâ asafî (Heaven help us!),' they exclaimed; and from this incident the place became known as Asafi or Safi."[1]

Later, in the reign of Affonso IV, between 1331 and 1334, other vessels had left Lisbon and reached the Canaries; so that it can be said that ever since the days of the Phœnicians the Canary Islands had been known, at least traditionally. They were represented in the ancient maps of the Middle Ages, in the Florentine charts of 1417, in the Apocalyptic maps of the twelfth century, in the Turinese maps of the same date, and in the Catalonian atlas now in the National Library of Paris (No 6816 fonds anciens). It must also have been in Prince Henry's memory that in 1393, scarcely twenty-five years before, some sailors from Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Seville, had returned from the Canaries, bringing to Henry of Castile a few captured natives, numerous hides, wax, and other articles of value as proof of the truth of their story. They had named

[1] Safi is on the Moroccan coast at 32° 20′ N. The Canary Islands, probably the scene of this story, are further south lying between 27° 30′ and 29° 30′ N. In the eleventh century the Moorish Empire did not extend west of Safi.

Teneriffe the "Infernal Isle" on account of its volcano, and the other islands Lancaster, Graciosa, Fortaventura, Palma, and Ferro Island.[1]

Such was the state of Prince Henry's mind, after his men had returned from Porto Santo, that it seemed almost more than a coincidence that shortly afterwards there should arrive at Sagres one João Gonçalves Zarco a nobleman of his household, and a pilot, João de Morales, straight from Ceuta, with a most marvellous tale. It appeared that in 1416, four years before, the Prince of Aragon, Don Sancho, had died, leaving by his will a certain sum of money for the ransom of Christian prisoners amongst the Moors. Amongst those ransomed had been Morales; and he knowing Zarco had told him the story of a certain Englishman named Machin who had been lost on the beach of some unknown island, which from the description did not appear to be Porto Santo. Fired by the thought, the Prince immediately decided to organise a second expedition, and after sending his two gentlemen, Zarco and Perestrello, to obtain the King's consent, the expedition duly sailed accompanied by those who had been on the previous voyage.

The direction was as near as they could guess towards Porto Santo; but one day as they were proceeding under full sail towards the southern horizon something which appeared as a dense fog, and which they attributed to the presence of land, was sighted.

Immediately a terror fell upon the crew. They cried out that it was "the island of Cipango (Japan) hidden by the mysteries of God, where the Spaniards had sought refuge from the persecutions of the Saracens," and prayed the intrepid commander to put back before it was too late: for the seas in those days were thick with terrible legends, flakes of foam that had been created by superstition, and were only now being dispersed by the fair fresh winds

[1] *Chron. of Henry III.* "And they returned to inform the King how easy they were of conquest if the King wished it." Henry, however, did not acquire the Canaries, which, at the beginning of the fifteenth century (1402), were taken for Normandy by John de Bêthencourt.

of perseverance. To them it was sinning against Providence to seek to discover what God wished to remain concealed. But Zarco, a true Phœnician, like Prince Henry and João de Castro after him, and equally fearless, put himself at the helm and steered steadily onward. The fog grew thicker and thicker. They began to wonder had they come to the "Seas of Obscurity" described by Masudi e Ibn Said. No land could be seen; but they were beginning to hear the angry roar of unseen breakers. Zarco, however, steered steadily on, cutting the splashing yielding waters. The sound of the breakers was becoming more and more distinct; its angry thunders echoed closer and closer, more resounding, more menacing. And then, suddenly, like some gigantic monster, a dim-seen, craggy coast loomed up in the grey swirling mist. The sailors, white with fear, crossed themselves. The very air seemed to cry aloud of disaster.

"Back! Back!" they cried.

And then, almost as suddenly as if at the touch of a wand, the scene was marvellously transformed. They found themselves gazing on a green carpet of calm waters that stretched before them; and smiling down on them was a seductive amphitheatre of sun-lit hills.[1]

A beach and a bay were before them. It was the island

[1] Cf. F. Manuel de Mello, *Epanaph.* III, and Azurara, *Conq. de Guiné*, 83. The story of the discovery of Madeira by the Englishman Machin, the lover of Anne d'Arfet, is authenticated in Major's *Life of Henry the Navigator*, and is exhaustively studied in note five of Gaspar Fructuoso's *Suadades da Terra* (pp. 348–429), Edit. A. R. de Azevedo. According to Beazley (*Henry the Navigator*, p. 109) Robert Machin was an Englishman who fled from Bristol in the reign of Edward III (1370) carrying off with him his mistress, Anne d'Arfet. He intended to seek refuge in France; but his ship was driven out to sea by adverse winds; and after thirteen days in the Atlantic without a sight of land they were wrecked on the shores of an unknown island. Here Anne d'Arfet died of terror and exhaustion, whilst five days later her lover succumbed, also, and was buried beside her. One of the ship's boats, however, had been saved; and in this some of the crew escaped to the African coast. Here they fell into the hands of the Barbary pirates and were sold as slaves. No doubt they told their story to some of their fellow Christian slaves, and it was this story that Morales the Spaniard, when he was ransomed, told to Zarco, and thus brought to the knowledge of the Prince Navigator. (See also Hakluyt's *Voyages* for a somewhat similar account of Machin.)

of Madeira, that paradise emerging from the sea embowered in shadowy palms, gay with flowers, and surrounded by fogs which the fearless spirit of this dauntless sailor had been the first willingly to penetrate.

Perestrello returned to Lisbon to tell of Zarco's discovery, leaving that intrepid sailor behind him; and Prince Henry thus encouraged was able to turn the tables on those shallow-minded, sneering noblemen at his father's Court who had laughed at him as a dreamer of visions, and scoffed at his disciples as foolish followers of a cause from which no possible profit could be derived.

It was an epoch-making discovery, a discovery of which at the present time it is very difficult to grasp the enormous import: for it freed men's minds from the traditions of ages, the paralysing incubus of the Ptolemaic conception of the world as a mass of land lying for ninety degrees in every direction from a mythical centre, "Arim," situated on or near the equator, surrounded by an ocean of illimitable water melting into unknown regions of perpetual fog inhabited by fearful monsters. According to its traditions the world ended absolutely at the Pillars of Hercules (The Straits of Gibraltar). There was no land beyond save for the mythical "Fortunate Islands"; and though these now re-discovered were identified with them, yet the fact that they were found made men's minds more open, so that they began to doubt even the great name of Ptolemy himself, and free themselves from the traditions of the Arabian geographers following his teaching, which up to then they had implicitly accepted.

Encouraged by this preliminary success resulting from his thirst for exploration, Prince Henry became more and more filled with the ever-present increasing desire which had for years possessed his mind—that of finding how Africa really ended, whether it was joined with China by land, as many of the maps indicated, or whether indeed there was an entrance into the Indian Ocean around Africa by which the ships of his country could reach that land of his dreams independent of the Saracen.

Born in the purple, he might easily have idled his life away in rosy philosophic dreaming of such things, leaving accomplishment to others; but being essentially practical, under all his mysticism, he refused to allow himself to be carried away by any such idle poetic dreaming, and the discovery of mere enchanted islands, however Arcadian, could not satisfy his eager active mind.

So from his eyrie in Sagres he was ever looking with visionary eyes southward and ever southward, seeing the markets of the unknown world opening before him, travelling in his imagination along the coast of his dreams, voyaging in his mind to the uttermost limits of far Cathay.[1]

Doubling Cape St. Vincent, the coast runs for about four kilometers from East to West, and then turns at a right angle due South, forming the peninsula chosen by the Prince for his observations. This small tongue of rocky land, with no other vegetation than wild juniper shrubs struggling to flourish in the close sandy soil, measures one kilometer in length and half a kilometer in breadth. On its eastern aspect there is a small semicircular bay, formed by a cliff which marks the beginning of the coast line extending towards Lagos. The bay itself, about a kilometer in breadth, formed a miniature port, a nest in which his "caravels" like eaglets or young falcons were being constantly manœuvred, their white canvas wings marked with the scarlet of the Christian Cross swelling to the sunny breezes as their crews continually practised to acquire dexterity in those waters which they were later destined to explore and strip of the secrets of centuries. Facing directly towards Morocco this peninsula received its full share of any southern storm that, coming from Africa, was laden with the desert sand of the Sahara; and the Prince could thus be said to be almost treading those sandy wastes, since their soil was thus brought

[1] "And to better observe the stars and the celestial bodies, he selected a mountain on Cape St. Vincent, because there it seldom rained, and very rarely did the skies become cloudy."—Gaspar Fructuoso, *Saudades da Terra*, II. pp. 8–9, Edit., 1873.

to him on the "Simoom" as it crested the waves that broke daily at his feet.

Here he spent his days with the feeling almost that he was on board ship: for ahead of him was the sea and Africa, to starboard the vast unknown Atlantic, to port still sea and beach—only the stern, forgotten, was moored to the mainland. Thus was his ship tied to Portugal, just as his body was to the soil and the people of his country; and thus his soul, like the bow of his ship, was for ever looking outward towards other lands filled with dim visions of the Empire yet to be. It was here that he dreamed of Africa and the sea; and here that he started his nautical school, afterwards known as the Villa do Infante (The Prince's Town), and destined, though he knew it not, to become the harbour of refuge for his grief-stricken soul after the tragedy of Tangier. It is here that we, to-day, can see the remains of "Sagres," destroyed as effectually by the efflux of time as the Empire he had been equally active in erecting.

At first this settlement on Cape St. Vincent was no more than a shelter for small sailing craft that timorously ventured out to acquire a knowledge of the African coast. As we have seen, these first exercises resulted in the discovery of Madeira and a few other small islands (1418–1420). Afterwards (1428), when his brother Prince Peter returned from his voyages, bringing with him the writings of the Venetian, Marco Polo, and those of George Purbach, the school was considerably augmented, and the first library dealing with scientific navigation was formed.[1]

[1] Along with Marco Polo's writings, Prince Peter brought also a map of the world in which the latest additions to geographical knowledge were noted. It had all the known countries marked on it; but in addition the southern coast of Africa, afterwards called the Cape of Thunders or the Cape of Good Hope, was indicated; and in spite of the fact that it did not show with any exactitude the "end of Africa," it nevertheless was remarkable in that it opposed the view common amongst Arab geographers, handed down from Ptolemy, that it was impossible to sail by this route to the East. This map was seen by Antonio Galvão, and mentioned in his book *Tratada dos Descobrimentos Antigos e Modernos* (Treatise on Old and Modern Discoveries), Lisbon, 1563. It was also seen by Dr. Gaspar Fructuoso (1522–91), who, in his book *Saudades da Terra*, relates the story

This George Purbach was he who afterwards trained the celebrated Johann Müller of Königsberg, who wrote a treatise on geography and translated the *Almagest* of Ptolemy, both of which had a great influence on navigation.

Already Prince Henry had working for him a cartographer named Mestre Pedro, who illuminated and coloured the charts which were gradually becoming a maze of symbols indicative of the people, legends, fauna, and flora of these newly discovered regions; and in addition he had brought over from Majorca a certain Maestro Jayme, an experienced map-maker and designer of the rude navigating instruments of the time, whose duty it was to make daily observations during any voyage.

The works of Marco Polo, and the Venetian maps brought back by Prince Peter were consequently a source of infinite joy to Prince Henry. He threw himself with enthusiasm into a careful study of them both, perceiving that the ancient geography of Ptolemy, round which the Arabs had woven a golden network of tradition, had received its deathblow from the expérience of this wonderful traveller who had journeyed to Cathay (China), crossing from Pekin to its extreme south, penetrated into India, describing the riches of Bengal and Guzarate, heard about Ziprangri (Japan), had been in Java and the neighbouring islands, and in Ceylon, Malabar, and as far as the Gulf of Cambaya.

Reading the wonderful narrative, his imagination became fired once more by the mysterious charm of the East; and the suggestion of the maps in his possession that there was a way thither round Africa fixed his mind more fully on his preparations to find if this were really so.

Nevertheless, he did not neglect the unexplored wonders of the Atlantic. John de Bêthencourt after proclaiming himself King on his discovery of the Canaries had abandoned

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of the discovery of the Azores. He says: "And for the reasons and conjectures that I will refer to later, and on account of certain directions found in old Roman writings, the Committee of Cosmographers and of men experienced in Navigation, wishing to extend the Empire with new discoveries and conquests, concluded that it was possible to navigate from Portugal to India."

them in 1405,[1] and so when his men had found Madeira, Prince Henry, thinking this was a good opportunity, to take possession of all the islands, prepared a fleet in 1424 with 2,500 men to consolidate his power over them.[2] There arose at the time, however, complications with Castile; and King John, wishing to end his days in peace, would not allow him to carry out his plans.

In the meanwhile the settlement at Cape St. Vincent was beginning to establish itself firmly. There was already a school, a port, and a small fortress. There were also two churches, Santa Maria's and Santa Catharina's—the parish churches of the Navigators. Anchored close to the beach were a number of small, broad vessels called "caravels," which according to Cadamosto, a Venetian employed by the Prince, were the best sea-going vessels of the time.[3] They were faster, finer lined, more easy to handle than other vessels of the time. The barges (*fragatas*) found to-day on the Tagus and the Douro are the lineal descendants of these caravels.[4]

The caravel was a three-masted vessel 20–30 metres in length by 6–7 in breadth, without basket towers, or top-sails. The sails, triangular in shape, looked like wings when they were unfurled and freed to the winds. In

[1] *Hist. de la prem. disc. et conq. des Canaries, faite dès l'an* 1402, Paris, 1630.

[2] Azurara, *Conq. de Guiné*, LXXIX.

[3] The forests of Madeira were favourable for the progress of navigation, allowing the construction of "round-topped vessels" as Fructuoso describes them. Before this there were only small vessels; but "in this island there was so much wood, so large and so hard, that they were able to collect great quantities of planks, rods, and masts, which were sawn there by the saw-mills which even to-day may be seen on the north part of the island. Moreover, with the great quantities of wood exported to the kingdom, they began to build 'round-topped vessels.' Before this there were none in the kingdom."—*Navigações de Cadamosto*, II. 3.

The name "Madeira" means "wood" or "timber" in Portuguese.

[4] The design is really Phœnician in origin, and such "fragatas" can be seen any day on either of these two rivers giving a quaintly mediæval air to the quays of these Portuguese cities. They are used for the transport of oil, wine, corn, etc., and are often to be seen daring the Atlantic off the Portuguese coast. Strangely enough, too, the men who form their crews are themselves of an almost pure Phœnician origin, quite different from the Portuguese, and keeping to themselves as gypsies do.

full sail if the wind was on either quarter they could still progress as if it were astern; and to change the course it was only necessary to tilt them as a bird tilts its wings. Consequently they were extremely easy to handle, and, watched from the shore as they flitted, agile, swift along the coast, running in and out of the indentations, darting away swiftly with flapping canvas, or stranding quietly on the beach, they irresistibly reminded one of a flight of graceful sea-gulls manœuvring on the waters.

When not in use they were anchored close to the beach in the harbour of Sagres, while on the sands convenient the armament and equipment was piled up. The Prince called this his "Terca," or "Tierce," derived from the Venetian "Darcena," an arsenal. The name was appropriate, for it was indeed an arsenal with its fortress, and its nautical school, erected almost at a point where the Mediterranean met the Atlantic.

Coming from the shores of this inner sea the Phœnicians had looked upon the Pillars of Hercules as the limits of their world; but now these modern Phœnicians, established not far off on the Sacred Promontory, were preparing to disprove these theories of their ancestors, and show that instead of ending here it really was just beginning. Such was the task this nest of sea-gulls had unwittingly set themselves; and it was for this they were continually rehearsing those flights which later took them on so many distant voyages, and landed them amid a wealth of adventure such as the world had never dreamt of before.

The proximity of the school to Cadiz was intentional. The mind of the Prince was for ever upon Africa; his father would not allow him to take Gibraltar; and so he hoped that this new settlement of his, now called Villa do Infante, would become the stopping place for the trade from the Levant, as here, perhaps better than in Cadiz, passing ships could find shelter and experienced pilots. His fixed idea was to divert to Portugal all the Oriental commerce which had left Ceuta on its capture, and which had not, as it afterwards did, yet come to Lisbon. He

evidently thought of transporting Ceuta and its trade to this new locality on the northern coast of the Straits; and, when the town was still in its infancy, made a treaty with Genoa to establish there an open port such as the Italians had arranged with Jaffa, Smyrna, and other cities in the Levant.

But the near proximity of Lisbon militated against this plan; and in addition Lagos was also very close. It was to this latter place, at first, that African commerce diverted itself until Lisbon finally forged ahead and captured all the transmarine trade of Europe. Eventually, therefore, the Villa do Infante became a place of solitude wherein he cooled the fervour of his burning enthusiasm, and tried to forget his sorrows after the fatal error of Tangier. It was there he wrestled simultaneously with his impulsiveness and his despair, with his fortunes and misfortunes, and there he tried to forget the world buried in the work that eventually immortalised him.

He founded his town in 1418; and for more than thirty years, and up to seven years before his death, it consisted only of the fortified walls and a few houses. Azurara, describing it in 1453, stated that at that time much building was going on,[1] but the death of the Prince in 1460 seems to have put a stop to that, and his town, scarcely finished, was abandoned, and tumbled to ruins. The work, too, that he had started was abandoned, not to be revived until the time of John II; for during the reign of Affonso V, Portugal was not able to execute even one half of Prince Henry's programme.[2]

But though Villa do Infante crumbled to dust, the spirit of adventure and discovery hatched in this maritime nest lived to produce its fruits; and when Vasca da Gama and his men in 1498 succeeded in doubling the Cape, showing how Africa ended, and opening a free way to the Far East, the "Tercena" again became known as "Sacrum" or

[1] *Conq. de Guiné V.*

[2] Gomes Eannes de Azurara was nominated keeper of the Tower of Tombo in 1454. In the preceding year he finished his work, *Chron. da Conq. de Guiné.*

"Sagres," as it is called to-day. It was called Sacrum at first because there in the long-forgotten days of hoary antiquity the ancient Celts erected a temple and made sacrifices to their unknown Gods. To-day the later tradition hallows its lichen-covered ruins, enshrining the memory of Portugal's first and greatest Prince-navigator.

Its walls crumbled to dust, its houses fell, its parchment maps rotted, its caravels and galleys-of-war, swan-like, departed slowly, till only its sacred sands, defying the progress of Time, remained, only the lonely promontory, deserted by the fleets of bygone days, was left, and there was nothing for the pious pilgrims to see save the spot where the mysterious vessel grounded that carried the blessed body of St. Vincent guarded by his attendant ravens.

To the ancient world the relics of the Celtic temple sanctified the Cape; to the mediæval mind the legend of St. Vincent made it holy ground; to the student of later days the time-worn ruins of Villa do Infante, the historical cradle of all Western discovery, make it more holy and more sacred still, justifying for all time the name "Sacrum Promontorium." [1]

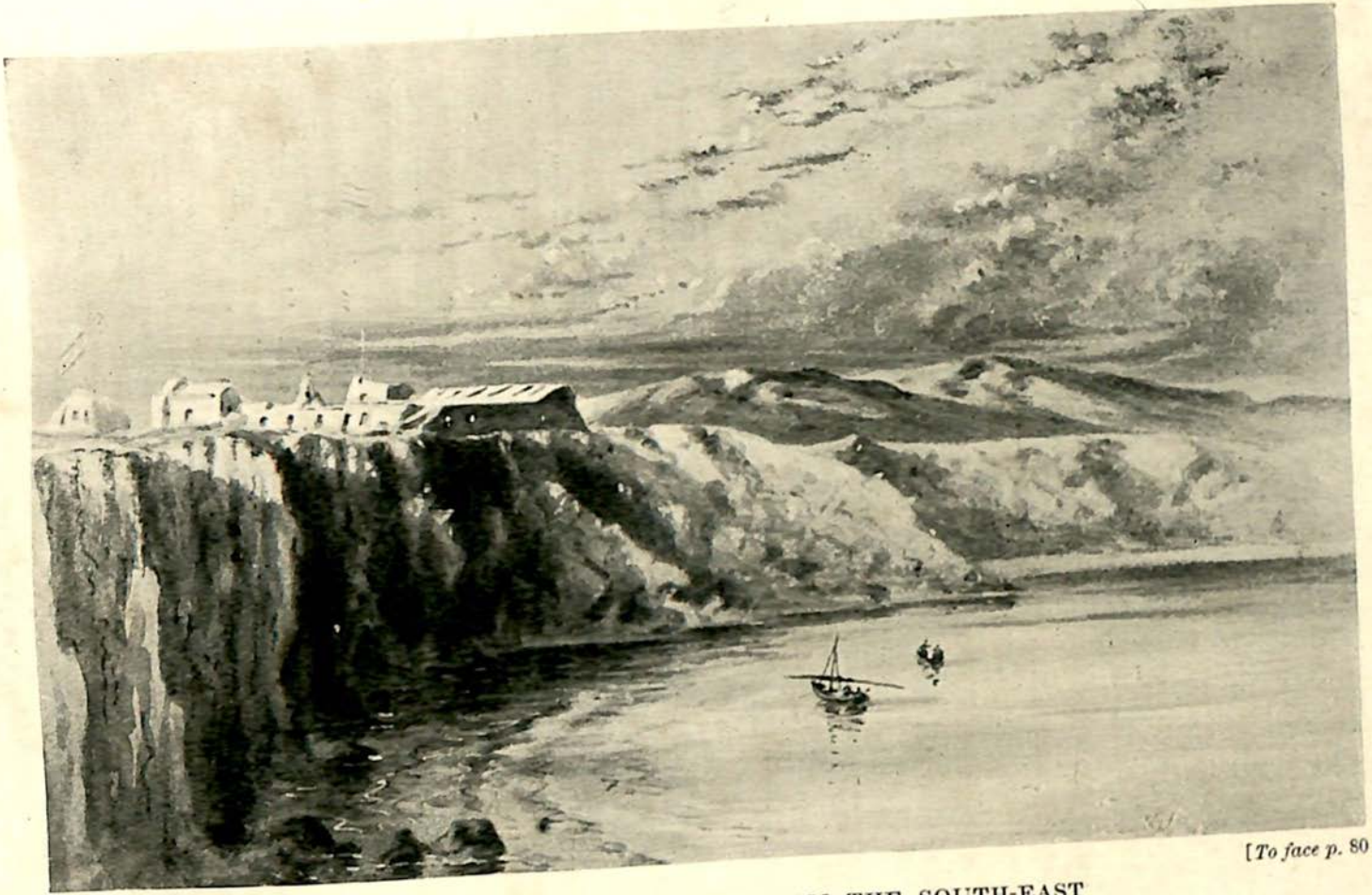
[1] Commander, the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N., a recent visitor (1899) to this desolate shrine of Navigation, writes an interesting article, "The Seamen's Mecca," in *The United Service Magazine* of July 1910, describing his pilgrimage to Sagres.

After referring to Drake's destruction and storming of Sagres in the sixteenth century he tells us that:

"The scene of Drake's exploit is well worth a visit, if only to enable one to realise the difficulties of his task. . . .

"My tour of inspection revealed little in the way of antiquities. A town, Villa do Infante, as it is called in the old chronicles, may have stood there; but the care with which every trace of it, along with the observatory, school of navigation, and arsenal, have been swept away is remarkable. With the exception, indeed of Lloyd's Signal Station, a venerable church, and a few hovels yclept barracks, the space is . . . a barren waste of rock. The church—a structure of great antiquity—probably the solitary connecting-link with past ages hereabouts, contains some fine tomb-stones bearing the dates, 1589, 1627, and 1663.

"In short, a drearier spot than this rock of Sagres fancy could hardly picture. And the 'intelligent foreigner' cannot but think it odd that no relic should have been unearthed, or clue discovered calculated to throw the merest sidelight on Prince Henry's sojourn here. The earliest mention of the place, in the English language—Fenner's account of Drake's visit—contains not even an allusion to town, arsenal, or observatory.



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THE SACRED PROMONTORY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

In the foregoing description of the desolation that was allowed to follow on the death of Prince Henry in 1460 we are anticipating somewhat the course of this history; but it is necessary here to dwell upon it as it explains to a very great extent the difficulties he had ever to encounter in his lifetime from the deep-rooted objection of his countrymen in general to anything pertaining to adventures over sea. They were essentially a land-loving and a farming people. In the attack on Ceuta they followed their beloved King willingly; but they looked upon it merely as a forgivable caprice on the part of their royal head, who wanted thus to give his high-spirited sons a chance of testing their mettle.

It was a caprice, however, that was not to be repeated. Adventures were not always to be sought, especially adventures that might endanger the safety of the State. The classical idea of exchanging the plough for the oar did not appeal in the least to this nation of farmers. To them it seemed there were fields and mountains sufficient at home to cultivate, without meeting the danger of the seas, and incurring other risks as well.

The only relics the captors found worth carrying away were the guns. And yet their visit was but one hundred years after Prince Henry's death.

"So completely, indeed, have all traces of Prince Henry's establishments on the rock of Sagres been obliterated, that a feeling of scepticism has sprung up in many minds as to any town, school, observatory, or arsenal ever having existed thereon. It is well known that most of Prince Henry's expeditions were fitted out at Lagos, near by, and that he often retired to the village of Reposeira, some five miles inland. It is possible, therefore, that the old chroniclers may have used the name indiscriminately. And it is certainly pleasanter to picture the mathematicians, the astronomers, and the map-makers, comfortably ensconced at Lagos, or Reposeira, than shivering and scorching by turns, in a state of insufferable boredom, in that forlorn 'castle of the winds' at Sagres.

"Of the scientific work actually accomplished at Sagres, under Prince Henry's supervision, nothing very definite is known; all records have perished. But were no other memorial of the Navigator's life-work extant, the scene to be witnessed at any hour of day, or night, from this rock supplies the most eloquent testimony to the reality and enduring worth of his achievements. The majestic stream of commerce that sweeps past . . . within hailing distance of Lloyd's station during the twenty-four hours, constitutes a grander and more enduring monument to Prince Henry's genius than any mere words engraved on stone, or written in a book."

It had been the custom of the Portuguese kings to encourage immigration into their own country, its population being too small for the lands it possessed. This idea, therefore, of the Prince that they should themselves populate other countries was something quite new, since they remembered how the wilds of Lavra, near Coruche, had been granted to Lamberto de Orches so that he might plant it with German emigrants,[1] how William and Robert de la Corne had parcelled out Athouguia-dosfrancos, how Lourinhã was granted to Jourdan, and Azambuja to Childe Rolim for a similar purpose, and how Villa Verde, Alcanede, Almada, and afterwards Villa Franca and Montalvo de Sor were populated by Sancho I with emigrants from Flanders.

The obstinate persistence of Prince Henry, therefore, in sending ships continually south along the African coast was looked upon as a sign of madness; for the Arabian theory that the world ended in a sea of mud and slime still had its supporters, since this was the opinion of the many navigators who had returned from the first expeditions to Cape Bojador. The ideas of the Prince were looked upon accordingly as the ravings of a person afflicted with a monomania, an irrational obstinacy in the face of so-called impossibilities, a "narrow-mindedness, like the world itself, without any apparent end."

All this was before the colonisation of Madeira, and before Gil Eannes had returned after being shamed unto doubling the awful cape (Bojador) in 1434, bringing with him the news that the world did not terminate there, that there was much fruitful land beyond, and that the waters of the tropics were not boiling hot as had been believed by all heretofore, in spite of the Prince's scepticism.

As soon, therefore, as people began to travel to and from Madeira, adverse criticism began to cease; and they started instead to praise in whispers what a short time before they had detested and slandered.

King John died in 1433; and once freed from the incubus of his conservatism the new King, Edward (Duarte),

[1] Barros, *Dec.* 1-4.

endowed his brother Prince Henry "during his lifetime with our islands, Madeira, Porto Santo, and Deserto, together with all their taxes and rents, and also, as is the law here, with their civil and criminal jurisdiction, except the power of giving sentence of death."

Madeira, accordingly, in a short time became inhabited by a flourishing community. In 1445, twenty-five years after its discovery, Cadamosto visiting it found there four towns, Machico, Santo Cruz, Funchal, and Camara da Lobos, with a population of eight hundred inhabitants. Their farms were yielding bountifully; and sugar-cane and vines, introduced by Prince Henry, were a good source of income.[1]

Large quantities of cedar and yew were exported. The island was a garden, and its people found themselves happy and rich.

The visionary hopes of the Prince in his observatory at Sagres were becoming an actual reality. He was already seeing a new country populated, tilled, and planted by his endeavours.

By now the tremendous cape (Bojador) which had been the utmost limits of all previous knowledge, even amongst the Moors, had been stripped of its mysterious terrors, and so loomed out no longer as an end but as the beginning of a new world as yet unconquered, a milestone on the wide expanse of ocean leading to the unknown East. Yet was he not elated. Indeed he was wont to frown even at his own success, gauging it not by the importance of what had been done but by the immensity of what yet remained to do. As his mariners progressed along the coast they erected wooden crosses by the way as a sign of possession, signs that King John II afterwards replaced by mark-stones.

[1] "Prince Henry, as Master and Governor of the Order of Christ, under which was the jurisdiction of the Island as well as its administration, ordered sugar-canes to be imported from Cecilia, and to be planted and grown on the island. Moreover, he ordered experts to experiment and see if the island and climate were suitable, and the result was a harvest that surpassed the best anywhere else, and that enriched many merchants and farmers in the kingdom."—*Saudades da Terra*, edit. Azevedo, p. 65.

The death of his father at the age of seventy-seven came almost as a relief to Prince Henry; for the King had always been too old to enter with any sympathy into his ideas, and so while he was alive he had not been permitted to take either Gibraltar or the Canaries, nor would he have accomplished even what he did had he not exercised his own resourcefulness to the utmost. Following out the idea of his own plans he would already have taken Tangier, Alcazer, Azamor, Arzilla, and all the Moorish coast: for the taking of Ceuta was to him but an experimental venture; he thought in continents, not islands; and to him it seemed incredible that no one but himself seemed capable of seeing the ideas that filled his soul with the brilliance as of an aurora. Ceuta was to him a mere nothing, the result of a momentary struggle taken with the sacrifice of only eight lives; and now that he saw his brother, passive and docile on the throne, he turned on him his every faculty, used every art in his possession to gain him over to help in the furtherance of his projects, listening only to the counsel of those who shared his views about the feasibility of the Empire of his dreams.

So he urged continually the necessity of conquering Morocco in order that he might be able to proceed unhindered Eastward. Material resources were all he needed to continue his discoveries on the West African coast, and these he now had; but to conquer Morocco it was essential that the King who sat upon the throne should sanction the plan, and be filled with the same burning enthusiasm that consumed himself.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRAVELS OF PRINCE PETER TO THE SEVEN PARTS OF THE EARTH

THE appearance and disposition of the two brothers, Prince Peter and Prince Henry, was singularly different, a thing often noticed in families. Instead of being dark, saturnine, reserved like the Navigator, Prince Peter was fair like his English mother, bright-eyed, warm-hearted, sympathetic. He early acquired a reputation for prudence and wisdom.

Yet, in spite of this dissimilarity in their minds, the two brothers had one great feeling in common: the desire to discover what lay beyond the mountains, the divine restlessness that prompts its possessor to penetrate where none of his kin have ever been before, the soul of the pioneer.

In Peter, however, the impulse was not the concentrated passion that impelled his brother's mind to action. It was, on the contrary, compounded rather of the spirit of high adventure engendered by the songs of the minstrels, interlaced, co-mingled with the zeal of the Crusader; and so, as soon as he returned from Ceuta, he urged his father to permit him to make the voyage to the Holy Sepulchre, mingling with his pious impulses rosy visions of quixotic hazards in which he figured, in shining armour, slaying dragons, rescuing damsels in distress, helping by the strength of his eager, young right arm the cause of righteousness in peril, going on any random, perilous adventure, the accomplishment of which might help to lighten those vows of chivalry he had made at his mother's death-bed.

None the less mingled with these dreams was a certain sober groundwork of design. When he planned his pious pilgrimage he had decided, at the same time, to endeavour to penetrate as far as possible eastward, eager to find the rumoured empire of the great Christian monarch, Prester John. By this means he hoped to help his brother's plans; for while Prince Henry was working and dreaming over his discoveries at Sagres, seeking to find a sea route to the East, Prince Peter intended to explore, as much as possible, the overland route from Palestine itself, bringing back all the available knowledge, and gleaning also on his way such information as he could from the Venetians and the Genoese, who were then the most renowned geographers throughout the known world.

Already mariners were beginning to recognise the spherical shape of the earth; but the world was still to them a dark enigma, the most enthralling problem of the age. The travels of the Crusaders had kindled into flame the spirit of inquiry, and Christianity, militant against a still more militant Mohammedanism, was eager to find new lands, new people whom it might convert to the True Faith. Nowadays the world seems too cramped for our far-reaching thoughts, almost even for our actions. We talk in the same breath of both Continents. In a brief month or two we can rush round the whole earth's surface. We have explored all the habitable globe; and every little insignificant island is now charted. In truth, we have at last realised the old symbolical idea: man is the modern Atlas; he holds the world in his hands as in a sceptre, and for this reason becomes more weary of it daily.

But at the beginning of the fifteenth century things were very different. The earth had still the charm of surprise it no longer possesses. Its mysteries were still fascinating, its dark places mind-enthralling, its enigmas drew, as with a magnet, all eager inquiring souls. Nothing was known for certain of its oceans and continents, of its people outside the cramped basin of the Mediterranean.

The days of the older, ever-fighting periods were over; countries and nations had again taken shape on the map, after the long period of anarchy following the disruption of the Roman Empire. The period of internal adjustment was now almost complete; Governments were becoming more stable, and nations and rulers, now free to look beyond the confines of their own land, were feeling the impulse of expansion, the desire to find fresh outlets for trade, fresh vent for the enterprise of their warlike spirits, free from their own immediate neighbours.

Nowhere was this influence more felt than in Portugal, situated as it was on the confines of the known and the unknown; and, perhaps, in no other country did the fine flower of Aryan inquiry bloom more fully or more brilliantly at that time. Seductively alluring, sweetly poisonous, it gave to the nation the brief greatness that eventually destroyed itself in her.

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Prince Peter was twenty-four, two years senior to Prince Henry, when he was created Duke of Coimbra. Impatient to start upon his adventures, he was delayed by the complications with Castile in 1417, and afterwards by the situation in Ceuta in 1418, when his father forbade him to join the expedition. We have it from Azurara,[1] that, finding he could not get leave, he slipped away quietly from the Court disguised as a servant, with the intention of sailing in one of the ships, under the pretence that he was one of the captain's attendants. Confessing himself, however, before he sailed, the priest, afraid of the responsibility, divulged the secret in a sermon, and the Prince was promptly ordered off with Prince Duarte (Edward), as we have seen, to raise reserves in the Algarve.

Nevertheless he was able to start on his eagerly anticipated journey in the same year, for we know that early in 1419 he was in Hungary. He took with him twelve companions, in memory of the twelve apostles, a number

[1] *Chron. do Conde D. Pedro de Menezes*, II. 77.

which was not only supposed to have some mystical meaning in the days of Mediæval Christianity, but was also customary in the history of chivalry ever since the days of Charlemagne. One of the twelve was Gomes de Santo Estevam; and it is to his work we are indebted for the chief details of this narrative.[1]

They started on their journey travelling on horseback straight to Valladolid, where the Castilian Court was at the time—the Prince, afterwards John II of Castile, a son of Catharine of Lancaster, and, therefore, cousin to Prince Peter, being then in his minority.[2]

Here they were received with great pomp, and Prince Peter formed a friendship with his youthful kinsman, and the future all-powerful Constable, de Luna, which, by the family alliances produced afterwards, had such an effect on the future history of the Royal House of Portugal. When they set out again on their journey, the Prince, de Luna, and an imposing cavalcade, escorted them for a league on the way outside Valladolid; and there Prince Peter was presented with a gift of 25,000 gold pieces, and, in addition, with what probably turned out more valuable still, the scholarly help of Garcia Ramires, learned not only in Latin and Greek, but also in the Oriental languages, Turkish, Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic. Beside the Prince rode his fidus Achates, Alvaro Vaz de Almada; and from this journey began a friendship between the two which only ended with their death together on the fatal field of Alfarrobeira. Alvaro Vaz, an older man, had already travelled extensively before he chanced to be chosen as the guide and mentor of the Prince. His father, John Annes, builder of the walls of Lisbon, had twice been Ambassador to foreign Courts, and had transmitted to his son his love for travel. Thus it came that Alvaro Vaz had returned to his country scarcely two years before

[1] "The Book, or Autoscript of Prince Peter of Portugal, who travelled throughout the seven parts of the Earth: Written by Gomes de Santo Estevam, one of the twelve who went in his company."—Lisbon, 1544. See Appendix p. 316-320.

[2] *Vide* Romey, *Histoire D'Espagne*, I. 16, 17.

covered with glory and honour. He had fought for the English at Agincourt, and Henry V had made him Count of Avranches, and a Knight of the Garter.[1]

These wars with France had commenced three years before, and, though no one then suspected it, were to continue for half a century. It is just possible that the Prince and his companions may have had some idea of participating in them, for no doubt Alvaro Vaz, riding beside him, would tell of his experiences in the campaign culminating in Agincourt, after he had recounted the doings at Ceuta, for they were both now seasoned campaigners. But as it happened their fortunes eventually turned instead towards the Court of King Sigismundo of Hungary, at the other extreme of Europe, led, no doubt, by the fact that his dominions were the bulwarks of the Christian West against the invading hosts of the Turks. In 1389 had come the first invasion from the East, and the awful calamity of Cassovia, and seven years later the Hungarians had again been defeated by the Sultan Bajazet, and the Turkish influx had overflowed Moldavia and Wallachia.[2]

After this, internal dissensions had kept the Turks quiet for some years; but by 1419 the pressure had recommenced; and now the whole weight of this Turkish invasion was centred on Sigismundo and his kingdom. At this critical period, therefore, he received the visit of the Portuguese Prince, coming from across Europe accompanied by his escort of noblemen in search of chivalrous adventure; and it was not unnatural, therefore, that when they saw how things were, they eagerly offered their

[1] Major's *Life of Prince Henry* incorrectly states that Charles VII of France gave Alvaro Vaz these two titles. Ferdinand Denis in his *Portugal Pittor.*, p. 86, states that Louis XI recognised the title at a later date. As this King reigned 1461–83, and Alvaro Vaz was killed in 1449 at Alfarrobeira, this recognition can only have been to his descendants. It is probably from this later recognition that Major's mistake arose, as no French King could create Knights of the Garter, though English Kings made Counts in their French possessions.

[2] See *Chron. de Jean Brandon*, Bruxelles, 1870, pp. 156–61; Gilles de Royo, *Chron.*, p. 179.

swords to the Emperor, asking to be allowed to join his army.[1]

Such a help could not, and would not be refused. Sigismundo eagerly accepted their help, conceding to the Prince an annual pension of 20,000 ducats, together with the fief of Traviso, the Government of which was deputed to one of his noblemen, Alvaro Gonçalves de Athayde. It was on the western confines of the Empire, and the object of putting such a good soldier at its head was that he might hold it against the Venetians, who, though their ambitions had been crushed by the Treaty of 1381, were still watched with intense suspicion by the various Republics of Northern Italy, as well as the Duke of Austria and the King of Hungary.[2]

Prince Peter, in the meanwhile, accompanied the King to defend his eastern boundaries, and fought also in his campaigns in Germany, having as a companion in arms at the siege of Prague, Eric, King of Denmark.[3] Apparently he remained four or five years in Germany, accompanying Sigismundo in his lengthy though fruitless campaigns —campaigns which only terminated in 1433, several years after the Prince had departed. Probably the monotony of this soldiering life in Germany on one side, and the mainly unsuccessful struggles with the Turk on the other, wearied the Prince. A desire also to see this mysterious East at close quarters, this East from which the Turks were constantly extending their talons, together with the pious wish to visit the Holy Land, grew stronger and stronger in him as the months went by, till finally, he decided to leave the Court of Sigismundo, and start once more on his intended journey.

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We now come to a period in Prince Peter's history, dealing with his travels in the Holy Land, in which, owing

[1] *Vide* Æn. Silv. Piccol., *Oper. Hist., Europa*, p. 445.

[2] See *Storia della marca Trevigiana*, Verci, XVI. 6–63; Leo-Botta, *ibid.*, 549; Æneas Silvius, *Oper. Epist.*, X. 506.

[3] Ant. Bonfinii, *Rer. Ungaricar.* (Hann., 1606), p. 392.

to the confusion of dates, it is exceedingly difficult to unravel truth from fantasy, the real from the unreal. According to Santo Estevam's book, which is the main authority on which we have to rely, these wanderings must have started in or about 1425, extending over an indefinite number of years; yet, as we shall see later, we have authentic records of the presence of the Prince in Denmark, England, Flanders, and Burgundy, in 1425–26, and the known divergences in the calendars of these countries are not sufficient to account for the discrepancies here noted. We shall therefore follow Santo Estevam's narrative, collating it with the much later itineraries of d'Aveiro (1556–59), and Pietro della Valle (1616) in regard to the legendary sites in the Holy Land usually visited by pious pilgrims in those days, neglecting the confusion in dates, and allowing the reader to form his own opinion of the truthfulness or otherwise of Santo Estevam's narrative, which in many quarters has been classed, possibly rather harshly, with that of Sir John Mandeville of pious but unblushingly faith-straining memory.

Sailing towards Cyprus, probably from Venice, Prince Peter began his journey to the Holy Land, following the classical itinerary of the Crusaders.[1] Cyprus was still governed at that time by the Lusignans, a French family to whom Richard Cœur de Lion had granted it, after subjecting the Arabs in 1191. On arriving, therefore, at Nicosia, the capital, the Prince landed to pay his respects to the reigning King, Hugo IV, only to find that this unfortunate monarch had been defeated by the Mamelukes of Egypt in the previous year, when they had attacked the island, sacking Famagusta, and that, just before the time of his arrival, they had returned again, succeeded in defeating the King a second time, taken him prisoner, and carried him off to Alexandria.

Consequently they were received by the mourning Queen his wife, who addressed them thus: "Friends! Whence

[1] Vide *Itinerario da Terra Santa*, etc., by Fr. Pantaleão d'Aveiro, Lisbon, 1596, 2nd edit.

have you come?" To which, on their replying that they came from the Iberian peninsula, she rejoined still weeping: "Truly, it is a blessing from Heaven that the Portuguese kingdom is so near, and that we can help one another: thus the enemies of our Faith will be less powerful."

This she said, echoing the fear that possessed all Europe at that time of the all-conquering Turk. For everywhere they felt his coming, as in the remoter centuries they had been able to hear the distant thunder of the Knights of Attila. All the Eastern Mediterranean beyond Italy was a veritable Inferno, and the Byzantine Empire, crumbling to decay, stone by stone, was slipping from the impotent hands of the Palæologi.

But the Prince could be of little service to the stricken Queen: for at a time when all the Christian powers of Eastern Europe were keeping guard in fear of the Turk, each thinking only of their own possessions, what could one puny arm avail; and when all trembled for themselves, who was ready to come to the help of one obscure little kingdom? Leaving Cyprus and the Queen, therefore, in her desolation, the Prince and his companions made instead for the all-powerful presence of the great Sultan, Amurath II, encamped then with his army at Patras in the Gulf of Lepanto, bringing with them letters of safe conduct from Venice, and paying twenty-six gold pieces for permission to travel in the Sultan's possessions in the near East.

Amurath II had ruled over the Ottoman Empire for four years, having succeeded Mahomet I in 1421. The world-power of the Turks dates from then. Expanding, smothering, dominating all resistance, their dominions increased yearly, spreading from the Ægean, stretching as far as the Danube, engulfing Bulgaria, Macedonia, Thessalia, Thrace, over-running Servia, Wallachia, and the last miserable remains of the Greek Empire, until only Byzantium and a narrow strip of land was left to the last of the Palæologi. Two years before (1423) Constantinople itself had been besieged by Amurath, encamping in Nicodemia;

and it was then that the deafening roar of cannon first resounded in the Dardanelles. The city had been saved, it is true, but not by the prowess of the Christian powers. The Sultan's two sons had rebelled against their father in Nicæa, and Amurath had been compelled to raise the siege to cope with this trouble within his own dominions. The Emperor, John II, was able therefore to die on his throne in 1448; and it was not until five years after (1453) that Constantinople fell into the hands that have held it ever since, and the Byzantine Empire came to its inglorious close.

Thus when the Prince and his cavalcade rode from Patras to the great city, they found it still in the hands of those of their own faith, impenetrable behind its triple walls and moats, still glorious and golden, brilliant in its decadent splendour, gay with continual festivities, as unconscious of its future fate as Nineveh in the hour before its doom.

Crossing into Asia Minor, the Prince and his followers set out across the sandy wastes on their way south, apparently with only the vaguest notion of their route. The traveller, Gomes Estevam, notes great mountain ranges capped with snow, and states that they sighted Jerusalem on the one hand and Norway on the other from their heights, travelling on dromedaries, each dromedary carrying four men, with their necessaries " bread, water, honey, figs, raisins, together with four or five sacks of dates, the rations for the beast." It is evident from his narrative that they did not penetrate beyond Asia Minor, and his sighting of Norway is, of course, pure fiction, like the many other inaccuracies found in the descriptions of ancient travels. The viewing of Jerusalem is another obvious error, the sight existing only in their perfervid imaginations. The probability is that from Constantinople they did cross into Asia, and losing their way in the mountains of Armenia they came again to the shores of the Mediterranean, whence they eventually sailed to Alexandria. Had they proceeded overland through Syria they would certainly have passed through Palestine.

When in Egypt they visited "The Great Babylon" in Babylonia. This was the fanciful name applied to the Sultan of Cairo by early Christian writers, many of whom refer to Cairo as Babylon, confusing it with the more ancient Cairo (Babul) founded in A.D. 658 by Amru, situated one and a half miles from modern Cairo, of which it now forms a suburb where the Nile joins the Canal de Trojano.[1]

Egypt was at that time in the hands of the Mamelukes; and the description of the Prince's travels from thence to Palestine here given is drawn, in addition to Estevam's description, from the writings of d'Aveiro, the *Viaggi* of della Valle, both already cited, and *La Terre Saincte* of F. Eugène Roger, Paris, 1646.

Wishing to proceed to Palestine through Egypt, it was necessary to obtain a safe conduct from the Sultan; and Estevam tells us that they remained fourteen days in Cairo for this purpose, and that the Ruler of Egypt questioned them at great length about the various European countries, and especially Spain.

It seems to have been at Cairo also that the idea of visiting the Kingdom of Prester John was first mooted openly amongst the company, though it must have been already present in Prince Peter's mind, suggested by the conversations of his brother, for by this overland journey the one would thus complete the plans carried out overseas by the other, and the circle would be made complete.

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From Cairo they started overland to Jerusalem, by the beaten caravan track, that, even to-day, passes in a straight line eastwards through the northern parts of Suez. This is what Estevam calls the Province of Centurius, where he states that "when a male child is nine months old it is customary to put a band of iron round his head, whereby he grows up with little wisdom but great hardness." This ancient custom of producing cranial deformities, by mould-

[1] *Vide* Pietro della Valle, *Viaggi*, Venice, 1661, 8, 283, and d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 181.

ing the soft bones of the calvarium in infants, is still practised to-day amongst the inhabitants of the peninsula, and is prevalent also amongst the various tribes of the Kabyles, their neighbours. The deformity found in Egypt is that which Vesalius terms lateral or temporo-parietal compression, described as macrocephalic by Hippocrates. It has been found also amongst the original North Europeans, and, in addition, amongst the tribes on the north-east of the Caucases. It consists of a lateral compression of the skull throughout its antero-posterior extent, obliquely from above downwards and before backwards, producing a bulging of one or both of the frontal and occipital poles, or a narrowing of the calvarium with a consequent broadening of the base. It was practised, as we have noted, only upon males, and was brought about by manual manipulation or by means of a fillet.[1]

The caravan track wound along the base of the range of hills which limits on the east the Desert of Tih, a country inhabited by the "Alarves," savages who went about naked and fed on herbs and raw flesh, wandering amongst the mountains and the desert, attacking any travellers whom they thought sufficiently weak to plunder.[2]

Half way across the peninsula that ends at Mount Sinai, separating the Red Sea from the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah, the caravan route turns northward, bifurcating into two, one leading to Gaza, following the coast-line from Jaffa to Cæsarea, the other going over the hills of Judæa on its way to Jerusalem. It was the latter which Prince Peter and his companions now took. Along this road, then, they entered the Holy Land, a land fated to have become the world's stage, representing its Paradise and its Gehenna, destined to be the seat of its redemption through the cross, and prophesied to be the scene of the last great Judgment when time shall have melted away and history be buried for ever in the deep valley of Jehoshaphat.

[1] *Vide* Magitot, "Essai sur les mutilations ethniques," *Int. Cong. Anthrop.* 1880, p. 549–612.

[2] *Vide* della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 346.

In those days the Holy Land was divided into four provinces. The first was Galilee, between Lebanon and Samaria, extending on the north from the Jordan to Phœnicia, and on the south from Saphet to the hills of Gilboa, including Lake Tiberias and the mountains of Zebulon. In it were the mountains of Gilboa, Hermon, and Tabor, and the ruins of the ancient cities of Nazareth, and of Nain, of Salem, Bethlehem (of Galilee), Tiberias—after which the lake is named—Cana, Sepphoris, and Bethsaida.

After Galilee came Phœnicia, extending from Adonis, the boundary of Syria, along the Mediterranean coast as far as "Castellum Peregrinorum" of the Crusaders, near which we find Bibiis, and Barut. Next came Samaria, and then Palestine proper followed, with the four coast towns of Cæsarea, Jaffa, Ascalon, and Gaza, and the holy cities of Ramlah, Ludd (Lydda Diospolis), Bethlehem (of Judæa), Hebron, Emmaus, Azotus (Ashdod of the Philistines, the seat of the worship of Dagon), and Jericho hidden amongst its orchards and fields of palm and sugar-cane, irrigated by streams that join the Jordan after having watered the vast district of Galgala,[1] and famous for its scarlet roses, "The Roses of Sharon," that fade and revive again, in spite of being cut, as soon as they are immersed in water.[2]

The Chosen Land, so often soaked in blood, yet always blessed, was then still a land flowing with milk and honey. The Romans had strewn it with cities and monuments. The Empress Helena, wife of Constantius Chlorus, and

[1] d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, p. 214.

[2] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, p. 18–20, 149. The Rose of Jericho or Sharon, *Anastatica heiros*, is a cruciferous plant the flowers of which, after it has been dried, will always as soon as moistened open out its petals and appear as if revived. It is a curio with which all travellers in the Levant are acquainted. From its peculiarity arises the ancient superstition of its influence in labour, and the considerable trade in it that even to-day is carried on between the Jews and the Arabs of Palestine. As soon as labour commences the stalk of the flower is placed in water, and the child is said to be lucky if it is born before the flower opens out its petals completely. Afterwards it is withdrawn, dried, and kept for another occasion. The specimens sold to travellers, however, are usually too old to change colour as described.

mother of Constantine the Great, after her conversion to the Christian Faith, had built in it many churches and monasteries, and re-consecrated the Divine history of Judæa. But at the time of the Prince's visit desolation was to be seen everywhere, and the ruins caused by the invading Arab and Egyptian met the eye on all sides. Various events had combined to produce this. First, the destruction following the conquests of Saladin in 1187, when the Christians were expelled from Jerusalem and the country became attached to the Government of Damascus; next, the further desolation that followed the burning of the Holy City by the Turks of Egypt in 1244; finally the capture of St. John d'Acre in 1291, when the whole of Palestine was lost to the Christian Faith, and another long century of bloody and destructive warfare ended.

But though the once busy cities had many of them crumbled to dust and become depopulated, though the ruined monasteries were even then rapidly falling to pieces, and the shrines they guarded becoming converted into stables for travellers, the country itself, sacred equally to the Jew, the Moslem, and the Christian, still continued to bloom, and produce its fruits in their season—true Paradise that it was. Sycamores, acacias, palms, pines, aloes, and all the species of tree indigenous to the basin of the Mediterranean wooded and cast their grateful shade over the dappled, grassy carpet, patterned with ranunculæ and narcissi, with anemones and hyacinths, spikenards, lilies, irises, and other flowering plants that evolved their intoxicating fragrance, dotting the valleys, and bordering the footpaths beside the lethal aconite whose destructive roots caused their neighbouring blossoms to wither and decay, like the Kermes that yields its pure purple, and the mandrake, and the solaneæ whose ritual poisons helped to contribute to the mystic exhalation of this land chosen by God. Here vine-trees crept along the hill-sides, and melon-plants, octopus-like, crossed the network of their tendrilled stems. There olive-trees rustled

their silver-green above the mounts, while almond and fig-trees brightened the lower-lying fields, planted with mulberries which helped to supply the famous silk of Phœnicia, and cotton crops that grew beside the sugar-canes. Beyond these garden-fields appeared the golden oceans of wheat rippling in the breeze; and further beyond again on the mountain-slopes herds of pendent-eared goats could be seen from which came the soft hair that produced the rich Syrian and Damascus fabrics, and flocks of sheep whose flesh was used as a substitute for pork by the Jews and Mussulmen.[1]

Thus Judæa slept in peace amongst its ruins, crushed, it is true, under the foot of the Egyptian, but nevertheless a haven of rest cooled by the refreshing breezes from the north, that swept from the perpetual snows of Lebanon, sheltered from the scorching desert sands by the hills of Seir, and Idumæa, and watered in its midst by the Jordan, which flowed from north to south, bordered by orange groves and luxuriant cane-fields,[2] issuing from the Sea of Galilee, distributing its life-giving moisture on both sides, blessing the land with life [3] until it becomes lost in the Dead Sea, whose soil is for ever absorbing the stagnant waters of Sodom, and whose mephitic emanations are wafted with all their unpleasantnesses towards Jerusalem.[4]

Before entering the Holy City, the Prince's cavalcade turned eastwards towards the Wilderness of Judæa, and proceeded by the shores of the Dead Sea, along the valley of the Jordan, until they came to the place of the fountain

[1] d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 53.
[2] Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 463.
[3] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 3–4.
"The Jordan runs along that part, near Jericho, with much depth but little width. It hath no sand but is muddy and chalky. The Abbot Caly asked me to take some of this mud and dry it in the sun, and to take it back with me to France, assuring me it possessed miraculous powers against fevers."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 217.
[4] "The cause of this evil odour continuing is due to the smell that comes from the Dead Sea," says d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 149. This is, of course, a delusion. The real cause of the evil atmosphere of Jerusalem in those days and even until lately was the entire absence of any sanitary arrangements in a place crowded with pilgrims.

where tradition hath it St. Paul was baptised, and where, in consequence, one could "get absolution for four hundred sins." From there the cavalcade went on to Nazareth, the native town of the Virgin.

Nazareth, which means a "flower," is situated on a plain facing east, and is circled by peaceful wooded hills. It was then a town of two hundred hearths, where Moors sacrilegiously dwelt amongst its sacred ruins. Below, in the centre of the ancient city, stood the house of St. Anne, where the Virgin received the message of the "Annunciation." The house then standing was that built by the Empress Helena, as "the original one had been transported by angels to Loretto."[1] Upon its foundations the Empress had raised another house, the doorway of which faced Jerusalem. Round it had been built a basilica; but the Moors, at the time of this pilgrimage, had converted it into a stable. Two columns of porphyry marked the place where the Archangel had communicated to the Virgin her sacred duty; and now amongst the ruins, as if placed there by the pious hands of Nature, grew flowering anemonies, chalcedonias, ranunculæ, cyclamens, and irises, permeating the atmosphere with their scented treasures. Near this they visited the Holy Fount, and the gardens planted by the Empress; whilst higher up, near the bridge, about two hundred paces away, they saw the circular tombstone upon which Christ and His disciples ate the Last Supper.

Moving with reverent feet quietly from place to place, the travellers crossed themselves continually, commenting gravely on the pious works of the Empress, who, repudiated by her husband on account of her faith, had earned for this very reason the title of Emperor for her son, and that of saint from the Church.[2]

Leaving Nazareth, the pilgrims turned again, descending through the hills of Samaria, probably along the road that passes through Sebasta or Samaria, Silo and Arimathæa

[1] *Itinerario*, V. 267.
[2] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 48–54.

(Ramah), leading straight to Jerusalem. On the way they visited Emmaus, scarcely six miles north-east of Jerusalem, the place from which the Virgin and the Child started on their fugitive journey into Egypt, and proceeded to see the palm-tree that had miraculously lowered its fruit-laden branches to the reach of the passing Virgin, so that she might pick its dates and feed her Child.[1] Near this palm was the fountain that, on the same occasion, had quenched the thirst of the Virgin and of St. Joseph. Untroubled by any thought of modern scepticism, the pious travellers gazed reverently on all these things.

Though the town itself was deserted, demolished, and abandoned, there still was in existence the monastery built on the spot where Jesus had appeared miraculously before His disciples. It rested on the summit of a hill, surrounded by a grove of grey olive-trees, placed upon rocky foundation made fertile with infinite toil by canals and wells that had been made in the hard rocks, whose moss-covered crags now dripped with the life-giving moisture. There they saw the fountain which the Redeemer and His disciples had once frequented, and whose waters ever since had become miraculous, as well as being of an untold freshness and purity.[2]

Though they were so close to Jerusalem, they did not enter it as yet. Perhaps they wished to prepare themselves first by visiting all the introductory scenes of the Passion and Drama of Christ. At any rate, the fact remains, that after skirting the city they went first to Bethlehem, going southwards along the road that, following the hills of Judæa, joins the caravan route from Gaza at Hebron.

In Bethlehem they visited the birthplace of Christ and the sepulchre of St. Jerome, who had ended there a stormy life devoted to the cause of his Master. The Church erected over the birthplace by the Empress Helena, a grotto of fifteen paces in length by four and a half in breadth, and nine or ten in height, was still standing

[1] Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 478.
[2] *Itinerario*, 237.

covered with its cedar-wood roof; but the infidels had already destroyed its marble frontage; and the convents also had been sacked, and now remained deserted and ruined, nothing but a framework of turreted walls. From the ruins they gazed over the fertile landscape as it gradually unrolled itself before them, dividing into cultivated fields as far as Engaddi which nestled in its wonderful valley, vine-clad on every side. Near by was the spot where the angel had appeared to the shepherds, as well as a grotto the earth of which was supposed to stimulate lactation.[1]

From Bethlehem they at length turned back towards Jerusalem; and as they journeyed gradually the city rose before them crowned upon its sacred hills, each one of which was blessed with some holy memory. The brook of Kedron, bifurcating, encloses a plateau upon which lies the Holy City. Eastwards it runs between the plateau and the Mount of Olives, from whose commanding summit, where the Temple of Ashtoreth once stood, Jesus had ascended into Heaven, leaving behind Him, graven in the rocks, the last footprints which both Christian and Moor kissed with equal reverence. Here, again, the Empress Helena had erected an octagonal Church; but it, too, at that time was in ruins.[2] On the eastern slope was Bethphage, on the western side the Garden of Gethsemane beyond the brook of Kedron. Further south was the Mount of Offence, on the summit of which was the Palace of Eros, built by King Solomon. Through the gap between the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offence ran the road to Bethany; and on its right, again, were the tombs of the Prophets. Eastward of Jerusalem, beside the Valley of

[1] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, p. 161–77.
"The earth of this place and that surrounding it is almost white and crumbles like flour. It has the peculiar virtue of increasing the milk in women and mammalian animals, a virtue not limited to Christian women alone, but also affecting Turkish and Moorish women also, who, therefore, also drink it in water, and give it to their animals. They call this earth 'The Virgin's milk.' "—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 186.

[2] d'Aveiro, *ibid.*, 145, and Eugène Roger, *ibid.*, 138.

Hinnom and the aqueduct of Bethlehem, rising to the north is the Mount of Evil Council, whereon the fatal decision of "*expedit ut unus moriatur homo*" was made. It is here that the dry bed of the Kedron divides into two, enclosing the city; and from this it runs southward towards the Dead Sea, eight leagues from Jerusalem. Above the Mount of Evil Council, rising towards the west, are the hills on which David defeated the Philistines; and going round the city walls the pilgrims came to the hidden pool where this part of the brook Kedron rises, and beyond they saw the two-peaked mountain at the foot of which was the grotto of Jeremiah, beside the road to Damascus. Here were the tombs of the Kings, and the identical spot where St. Paul was converted.

Before entering Jerusalem, the Prince and his knights visited the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which is four hundred and fifty paces long, and viewed the rock-hewn tombs where Jew and Turk alike were buried to await the Last Trump.[1] Next they climbed the hill to visit the grave of the Virgin Mary, which lies on the east side of the brook, the swelling floods of which had almost hidden the chapel constructed by the piety of the Empress Helena.[2] The tomb was in front of the bridge spanned by the road from Bethlehem, which enters the city by the gate where St. Stephen was stoned to death; and here they saw the place where the disciples had kept watch over her body, and gazed upon her footprints impressed on the rock to the depth of two fingers breadth. Moved by pious fear at the sight, Garcia Ramires exclaimed:

"Here we shall all be tried on the Last Day. Were it not well, then, that we should mark the spot so that we may all meet together?"

But the Prince thereupon declaimed against him, moved by a deeper, purer piety, saying severely that such a thought was blasphemy, and that: "Never did God mean to have this holy place thus blemished."

[1] Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 433–4.

[2] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 123–4, 129; Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 433.

Jerusalem was then about a third smaller than in the time of the Romans, when Christ was crucified. Mount Zion was outside the walls, but the Hill of Calvary was enclosed within them. The city had seven gates, of which the last, on the southern aspect, was the one through which Jesus had entered when He was taken prisoner on the Mount of Olives. The population was about 15,000 at the time of the Prince's pilgrimage, made up of Turks, Moors, Arabs, and Latin Christians, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Nestorians, Chaldæans, and Jews. These latter, according to d'Aveiro, were only a few hundreds in number, were very poor, and ill-treated by all alike; but the Christians were " allowed by the mercy of God to be otherwise. They were treated with respect, lived in the land like guests, both Greek and Armenian having all they desired; and those that were actual inhabitants were wealthier than the Moors, having both bread and water in plenty." [1]

The kaleidoscopic effect of the bustling population on the sojourner in this centre of half the world's faith, the clash of colours, the multiplicity of nations, was even more marked then than it is to-day. Swarthy Jews in white simars, scarlet shoes, dark red caps and sashes, long beards and hooked noses, jostled against fair Armenians in striped blue and white turbans, flat-faced, thick-lipped Nubians, and half-clad Ethiopians. Walking along the streets one could see Armenian nuns, whose Orders were without cloister, in their black veils and long robes of Turkish cloth, begging for alms as they swept the streets so that the pilgrims might walk barefoot in comparative comfort. Prancing on horseback through the crowded, narrow byways in his white turban and burnous striped with purple and red, would come an Arab, armed with dagger, hatchet, and dangling scimitar, his loose trousers tucked in by elaborate buskins at the ankle, himself proud, haughty, almost ignoring the swarming crowd of pedestrian unbelievers who impeded his path. Bare-armed, bare-legged Syrians moved through the throng in their sheep-

[1] *Itinerario*, V. 62–3.

skin caps and black cotton skirts held up by shoulder-straps tightened by a belt round the waist, armed with bow and arrows, dagger and curved scimitar. Arabian women with their almost black hands and feet, their bare wrists and ankles adorned with beads, followed dressed in spacious blue robes that covered them from head to feet, wearing headcloths gay with gilt and silvered discs, ear-rings and nose-rings of agate, lapis-lazuli, and green jasper, staring through the slits of their black veils with unfathomable liquid brown eyes, silent and inscrutable. Everywhere there were crowds of children, naked and happy, their foreheads tattooed with coloured stars, playing contentedly, wriggling in and out of the throngs in the crowded, dusty, evil-smelling streets.

But all-pervasive, dominating everything, as one would naturally expect in such a place, were the devotees of the three great religions—Hebrew, Moslem, and Christian—to which the city was sacred; and everywhere every one amongst the inhabitants treated each and all of them impartially with that respectful mixture of fear and reverence which is such a characteristic attitude of the Eastern mind towards all religious zealots. Thus reverenced by all, the wild-eyed dervish in mantle of bright red, white-capped, bare-legged, raved and danced, the half-insane begging friar, shaved or with long, fearsome locks and tangled beard, carried his iron cross and stamped in frenzy as he walked, the Maronite women marched in procession, clad in the Syrian fashion, wailing in loud, stridulous choruses, "Heli—li—li—li—li—li—li—li—li—li," as if under a spell,[1] and no one said them nay; for in this centre of transcendental thought, every one was more or less influenced by the religious beliefs of his neighbour, and consequently all these devotees were given the hospitality of the city, and treated with a veneration prompted partly by fear, partly by piety. Each religion looked upon the other as possessing some portion of its own; and even the Jew was regarded, by Christian and Moslem alike, as possessing sacred

[1] Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 455.

relics of the ancient Faith from which their own was derived, especially so at this time when the rancour of the Crusades was over, and many of the old heresies had raised their heads again so that Rephaims, Zuzims, Emins, Horites, Amalekites, Amorites, Kenites, Kadmonites, Hittites, and even the devil-worshipping Canaanites and other Galileans found advocates.[1]

Amid such surroundings the wanderers entered Jerusalem, putting up in the lower part of the city—the part set aside for Christian pilgrims; and here they immediately commenced the devotions proper to their pilgrimage. First they went to the Holy Sepulchre, lying south of Golgotha, facing the prison of Peter, and entering they prayed beside the twelve monks who had been appointed its custodians by an arrangement made a hundred years before between Philip VI of France and the then Sultan.[2]

At the Sepulchre, the chief monk himself personally conducted Prince Peter and his knights, admitting them to the Tomb, which was guarded by a Moor, to whom they paid twenty crusados before entering. Above the Sepulchre there was a chapel, scarcely large enough to admit three people—the priest, the deacon, and one assistant; and here, according to a custom instituted by

[1] "'Ziarêt' is the name given by Mohammedans to the Holy Places that, although not sanctified by the doctrines of Islam, are, nevertheless, considered as such, and where Christians are admitted after paying toll."—Cf. Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 462. The worshipping of Moslems in some of these places is attested by many travellers. Fr. Pantaleão d'Aveiro says concerning the Holy Sepulchre: "And pilgrims, Moors as well as Turks, who go to Mecca, do not consider their pilgrimage complete unless they visit this Temple and other particular localities in Jerusalem" (*l.c.*, p. 138). Beside the Holy Sepulchre, the Temple of Solomon, the Virgin's Tomb, and the Tombs of the Patriarchs in Hebron were always visited on the 1st of August—six to eight thousand Turks and Moors thus celebrating the Feast of the Ascension, coming from all parts, even from India (*l.c.*, p. 152). The Nativity was similarly celebrated at Bethlehem (*l.c.*, p. 183).

[2] "In 1418, seven or eight years before Prince Peter's time, a rival order of monks to whose keeping, for the time being, the vigil of the Holy Sepulchre had been entrusted, wished to obtain the honour as a permanency. Pope Martino V accordingly sent their plea to Egradense, Patriarch of Jerusalem, but he decreed in favour of the original holders, the Franciscans."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 105–6.

the Moslems to commemorate their triumph over the Crusaders, each entrant had to submit without demur to a buffet on the face from the Moor in attendance.[1]

Having visited the Holy Sepulchre, they ascended Mount Calvary on the Hill of Golgotha, westward of which could be seen the yawning Valley of Gehenna, where the brook Kedron begins; and here they saw the three marks, still open, where the three crosses had been placed for the crucifixion. The Mount itself, including the Holy Sepulchre and the site where the original cross had been found in the time of the Empress Helena, had been transformed by her into a sanctuary of many chapels. The hole where the cross had been erected was lined by a silver rim.[2]

It was guarded by two sentries,[3] who stood beside the columns erected on the site of the crosses of the two thieves. Near the Sepulchre, with its lamps, which in the age of miracles were said to have been lighted miraculously by a spark from Heaven, was the Chapel of St. Maria Egyptiaca, another Magdalene: close by were the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon, Baldwin, and many others of lesser fame, besides the reputed resting-place of the skull of Adam, brought thither by the waters of the Flood, so that it might be bathed in Holy Blood.[4]

[1] Fr. Pantaleão d'Aveiro tells us that these customs were still in use in his time, a century later. "The door of the Holy Sepulchre is always locked with two keys, and sealed above with the Turkish seal. This is done with the help of a hand ladder; and the keys and the seal are always zealously kept by three Turks. One of these has the seal, and the other two the keys, so that whenever the door is opened for the admission of pilgrims these three Turks and their officers have to be summoned" (pp. 68–9). Cf. also the description of the Holy Sepulchre, C. xxii–xxiii.

[2] The hole is more than two, and nearly three hands in depth, and it is large enough for one to place his head in it. This I often did, and attained some spiritual consolation from it. The said hole has a large silver brim, engraved with figures, and surrounded with the following inscription: "Locus in quo Crux Domini fixa fuit quando in ea pependit."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 75.

[3] *Ibid.*, 95.

[4] "Where it is affirmed, that the skull of Father Adam was found, and that our Redeemer being on the Cross, His Divine Blood fell upon the skull and wholly bathed it, and this is so earnestly credited, that God alone can make them believe otherwise."—*Ibid.*, V. 94.

Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 103–20.

They ascended the Via Sacra, the Via Dolorosa, and the Way of Bitterness, that leads from Mount Calvary through the Gate to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and to the road that goes to Bethany. The Way of Bitterness crosses at right angles the street that comes from the Palace of Maccabees to that of Herod of Ascalon, in the quarter of Bezetha. At this crossing of the streets was the house of Pontius Pilate, over the site of the ancient Palace of Solomon, and in front, forty paces northward, the ruins of the chapel built on the site where our Saviour had been lashed. This chapel had, at the time, been sacrilegiously transformed into a stable.

Beyond the Palace of Solomon was that of the ancient Praetor of Judæa, which, in spite of the passage of Time, was then the residence of the Egyptian Pashas, being still habitable. They saw it, therefore, standing above its twelve steps of stone—not the original steps, however, which had been removed to St. John's in Rome.

The Prince and his knights, like other pilgrims, knelt and prayed at all the sanctified places. They visited the arch of "*Ecce Homo*," where the Virgin and the Apostle John had met Jesus on his way to Calvary, and ascended the gallery that crosses the street above the arch. This gallery has two windows, from one of which Pilate, whose Palace was only thirty paces away, had ordered Christ, dressed in purple, crowned with thorns and still bleeding from the lash-marks, to appear before the Jews; and it was from it he had asked the people, through a herald, whether they would have the life of Christ or of Barabbas, to which the crowd, in delirium had answered, condemning Christ: "*Tolle, tolle, crucifige!*" This gallery or transit was open to the travellers, who saw the words of the blasphemous clamour engraved upon its pillars.[1]

[1] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 101.

Della Valle in his *Viaggi*, I. 429, tells us the following about the Arch of "Ecce Homo": "Its appearance is that of a central column supporting two arches, coming from different directions like two windows."

d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 132: "This transit has two windows, one facing the north, the other the south. It is rudely sculptured, having a central

They trod the very ground where Simon had helped Christ to carry the cross; they saw the house of Lazarus, wherein the women had mourned, the house of Isabel in front of the College of Scribes; and with all these memories crowding upon them they reconstructed in their uncritical minds the history of the Life of Christ.

Southwards was David's old city, on Mount Zion. They visited there the houses of the High Priests: that of Annas, and that of Caiaphas; and they observed with compunction, that neither was there grass growing, nor was there a larger space than eighty paces round the site where Judas had betrayed Christ. Both the High Priests' houses were then churches: that of Annas was an Armenian convent, that of Caiaphas was San Salvador's Temple, and there was still to be seen, over its altar, the lid of the Holy Sepulchre. In the courtyard of the house of Annas they saw the identical olive-tree to which Christ had been bound while He awaited judgment; and near by was the orange-tree by which Peter had stood when he denied Christ for the first time. They listened to find out if they could hear the sound of beating.[1]

In the courtyard in the house of Caiaphas there still remained the hearth at which the Apostle Peter had warmed himself when he denied Christ for the second time. For twelve "crusados" they were allowed to see the chair from which the High Priest Annas had condemned Jesus.

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pillar of somewhat rude workmanship; and at the base of the pillar, on each side of it, there is a large slab with both Latin and Greek inscriptions, which being worn are interpreted in various ways. On the northern facet the Latin words 'Christus Deus' can be clearly read, and on the other side 'Ecce homo,' and 'Tolle, tolle!' I myself, at least, perhaps because I had been told, was able to decipher this meaning from the inscription."

[1] "It is the opinion among many Christians in the Land, that in this church one can hear the sounds of beating, in memory of this injury inflicted on Our Saviour . . . personally, I have always listened, but heard nothing, perhaps because, as is reputed, only those who deserve mercy for their sins can hear it."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 125.

Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, XXXVIII. 99-100.

Next they climbed the hill of the old Metropolis of Jerusalem to see the tomb of David.[1]

They wished to enter the Temple, but were not allowed. Near the city walls, on the slopes of Mount Moriah, was the site of Solomon's Temple, which Jesus had cleared of buyers and sellers, and where the Virgin had found Him debating with the Doctors. It had been desecrated and burnt by Titus, when the Romans sacked Jerusalem; and on its site the Mohammedans had erected another, the entrance to which was absolutely prohibited to Christians. The "Haran," as it is called, was octagonal in shape, crowned with a cupola, and richly adorned with marble. The Aurea Gate was beside it. There Jesus had leaned while preaching to the people; and this was reputed to have endowed the marble with a healing virtue to those afflicted with gout and possessed by devils. Through this Gate Jesus had entered His city in triumph on Palm Sunday.[2]

Pursuing the pilgrimage on the western part of the city, they went to the place where St. John the Baptist used to preach, and to the grotto wherein he slept. To be admitted here, they had to pay four "crusados." Near the city walls, not far from the northern gate was the house of the Virgin's parents: "And there is no better known house in Jerusalem, because its frontage is constructed of large beautiful marbles." In spite of its chapel being then a mosque, and the adjacent convent being the house of a Moor, daily Mass was habitually read there, as was also the case in St. Anne's room;[3] for the Mussulmen were very tolerant in Jerusalem, since their religion was so intimately connected with Christianity.

[1] "King David's ancient tower, which consists of almost one block of marble, is still to be seen."—Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 441.

"Covered with a most rich cloth embroidered in gold, its letters in the Moorish tongue, proclaim whose tomb it is: the tomb is fashioned like an altar, and is raised, and over it a gold cloth covers it to the ground."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 121.

[2] d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 139, and XLII. Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 90–5.

[3] *Ibid.*, 120–1.

Leaving the gate, the pilgrims passed the bridge over the Kedron, and arrived now on the opposite side, facing the Mount of Olives. Here the Virgin had spent most of her days. They next went to the Garden of Gethsemane, which stretched along the foot of the Mount of Olives.[1] They saw the identical place where Judas hanged himself, and the exact spot where Christ had been taken prisoner. Then they went to the Wilderness, where Satan had tempted Christ; and from there they saw the tomb of Zacharias, which lay away in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to the south, and almost at the foot of the Mount of Offence, beside the tombs of The Prophets.

Having finished their pilgrimage in Jerusalem, they departed northward, crossing Samaria. They stopped at Tabor, where Christ had appeared to His disciples, Peter, James, and John, and where Moses and Elias had come to speak to Him. Tabor appeared to the travellers enveloped in its miraculous cloak of snow. "It appears, with its snow, like a huge white tomb, and when one approaches the snow seems to elude one, and it no longer looks like a tomb. It may be that God wishes no man to know where Moses was buried."

Mount Tabor raises its solitary peak like a sugar-loaf. Its base measures three miles in circumference; and its diameter is about five hundred paces; while its summit is 1,000 metres above sea-level. One can see all Palestine from here, except Tiberias and its lake, which is hidden behind Mount Saron. Tiberias itself, seven leagues westward of Nazareth, was then no more than a huddle of stone columns, among which some dozen Moorish families made their homes.[2] In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, which was when Eugène Roger made his travels in the Holy Land, there were twelve families of Portuguese Jews in Tiberias, who were certainly fugitives from the

[1] "And it is so hidden behind the Mount of Olives, that it almost appears to be subterranean. Its upper walls are part of the Mount itself, and its soil is gravel and slate: . . . its earth is endowed with healing virtues against infirmities."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 155.

[2] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 61.

persecutions of the Jews that had taken place in Portugal during the previous century. In the middle of this century, Friar Pantaleão d'Aveiro already notes the existence of numerous colonies of Jews, who had emigrated back from Portugal and Spain. In Sapheto, there were more than 500 of these,[1] "telling me that their sins had expelled them from Portugal, not to the Promised Land, as they had hoped, but to the Land of Despair, where they now found themselves struggling in their misery." In Damascus the travellers came across another Portuguese colony;[2] and in Tripoli, the seaport of Beiruth "there were about 2,000 Jews, the greater part of whom were Portuguese."[3]

The Sea of Galilee, extending over an area of sixty square miles, could also be seen from here; and its aspect reminded the travellers of the estuary of the Tagus opposite Lisbon.[4] Its waters are holy to the Jew as well as to the Arab and Christian. Around its shores were gathered five tribes; and from the thriving days of Palestine, when it was under Roman rule, there survived the ruins of numerous cities: Tiberias, resting almost upon its waters, Capernaum, Chorozin, Hippos, and Bethsaida (or Julias), the birthplace of the Apostles Peter, Andrew, James and John, the Galilean fishermen who had been the first to listen to the Word of the Divine Master whose voice had calmed the turbulent waters when they had sailed out to cast their nets. Between Bethsaida and Tiberias, on the hill-top, loomed the dark ruins of the walls of Magdalon Castle, after which Mary Magdalene had been named; and along the shores of this historical sea, among the ruins of its cities, wandered many vagrant tribes of Moors—ten or twelve families of them living around Bethsaida.[5]

Mount Tabor was no exception to the prevailing desolation. It also had been twice adorned with a profusion of buildings: first in the remote ages of Aristobulus' son,

[1] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 266–8. [2] *Ibid.*, 273. [3] *Ibid.*, 292.
[4] d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 264. [5] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 62–4.

when it had been defended under the leadership of Gabinius against the Roman invasion by Vespasian; secondly, when the Empress Helena had erected on its summit a church with three chapels. The ruins of the ancient city, the remains of its walls, of its churches and convents were now half-hidden by the thick brushwood of arbutus-berries, buck's-horns, crow-berries, civadillas, and carob plants, struggling amid a sea of wild shrubs and rosemary. And to add to this general desolation, numerous flights of wild doves echoed their plaintive song, as if lamenting the wild boar's possession of this Sacred Mount, whose rugged slopes were absolutely inaccessible on all sides except one. At the base of an abrupt rise, a bridge and the village of Tur, inhabited by Moors, survived with the help of the taxes paid by pilgrims, who every time they wished to ascend this Sacred Mount made the rustic inhabitants richer by twenty "soldos." [1]

Leaving these scenes behind them, the travellers returned to Nazareth; and there, after having gone to Hebron, eight miles from Jerusalem, to see the resting-place of Adam, they saw the place where our Lord, after rising from the dead, had appeared to His disciples.

Over Adam's grave the Moors had erected a magnificent mosque, very similar in construction to the one in Jerusalem.[2]

Beyond Galilee, the travellers entered the Syrian Desert, from whose mounts of red clay God had fashioned Adam.[3]

[1] Eugène Roger, *La Terre Saincte*, 55–9. Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 500, calls this village "Tabor."

[2] Gomes de Santo Estevam calls this "Ecrem"—apparently referring to Hebron. Cf. d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, 95, and Eugène Roger, *ibid.*, 185–6.

[3] "The Christians of the Land make beads for rosaries with this clay, and sell them to pilgrims. Some of them are left in their natural colours, others again are dyed black. The Moors make flat cakes with this clay, and call them 'Talisman Earth,' exporting them for sale to Persia, Ethiopia, India, and throughout the whole Orient, where they are sought after as precious things. The hole from which this clay is taken, at least the one I saw, is only large enough to hold three men, and this only as far as their waists. The inhabitants tell me with conviction, that in spite of both Moslem and Christian taking out clay, the hole remains always of the same depth."—d'Aveiro, *Itinerario*, V. 200.

See p. 66]

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THE SACRED PROMONTORY, FROM THE NORTH-WEST

They took with them some of this red clay as a relic; and they saw, at the same time, the grotto where Adam and Eve dwelt after the expulsion from Eden.

All these incidents, sacred to their religious minds, were either correctly or otherwise associated with the various places they visited. They now made for Armenia and Syria, hoping that after their pious pilgrimage they might, with greater safety, penetrate the mysterious East.

Santo Estevam tells us that they reached the Armenian Mountains, where tradition has it that Noah landed on Mount Ararat (Masis or Agri-Dagh), nine miles south-east of Erivan, after the Flood. It is, however, unlikely that they travelled so far, because he tells us very little for such a long journey. Geographical names were, in those days, applied with great lack of precision; and this must have been more so when dealing with such an unknown country as Armenia then was.

What is more likely is that, proceeding beyond the north of Palestine, they probably reached the mountain ranges of the Lebanons, and were compelled to turn back: "These mountains of Armenia are very high," writes de Santo Estevam, "and we spent one and a half days in climbing them. Through this range passes a very full stream, where many precious stones are found.[1] Between these two ranges, lying crossways, we found Noah's Ark, which on account of the river's dampness was overgrown with weeds, and so covered with bird-lime as to be in parts snow-white; but none of us could proceed and approach the Ark on account of the thick woods and the precipitous ground we encountered."

Defeated in this attempt to reach the East, they returned to Egypt; and here, the Prince's travels acquire a new character.

[1] Perhaps this is the R. Lita, or the Orontes, both of which rising at Baalbek (Heliopolis) in the middle of the Bucca Valley, between the parallel ranges of the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons, run in opposite directions, the first, southward towards the Sea at Tyre, the second northward, mixing its waters with those of the River Eleutherus, and passing Antioch, opening into the Sea at Zemar or Simyra.

His caravan arriving at Babylonia (Cairo), they found there, according to Estevam, another Sultan. He was a Castilian, a native of Villa Nueva de la Serena, in Estremadura, and the son of Master Martin and of Barbuda. Positive statements such as these having no relation to the prevalent ideas of the sixteenth century, that so powerfully influenced Gomes de Santo Estevam in other parts of his narrative, are additional proofs in favour of the truth of this part of his writings, and lend colour to the suspicion that in other parts they were mutilated and transposed by their first editor, working from a more ancient manuscript, in an attempt to endow them with a superior historical character to that of the actual facts associated with Prince Peter's real travels. At any rate the fact remains that the latter half of the narrative is singularly confused and falsified, though curiously enough the facts concerning this Castilian Sultan are accurate.

To the astonished Prince and his suite, the Sultan of the Mamelukes related his story. It appeared that he had been taken prisoner in his youth during an incursion of the Moors from Granada. Subsequently he had been educated as a Moslem, and eventually had gravitated to Egypt, where he had been enrolled in the Sultan's bodyguard. His rise to power, though rapid, was not without precedent; for cases similar to his were not uncommon, and indeed, were not unlikely to happen in dependent provinces and States such as Egypt, where the unstable Government frequently fell into the hands of any powerful military individual who could make himself sufficiently feared. Indeed, this was so frequently the case that the bodyguard often possessed more power than the Sultan himself. Under such circumstances travellers ran the risk of finding these sporadic rulers disporting themselves with exceptional lawlessness and cruelty; but on the other hand, as was the case here, they could also sometimes be approached with the sentimentality of patriotic recollections; and in Prince Peter's case, as it happened, the new Sultan received them with open arms,

even allowing them to be accompanied on their travels by his own guards.

It is difficult to be certain what direction they took. It seems, however, that they travelled up the Nile. For the third time, they sought the elusive East, seeking Prester John; and this time, they had taken a safer if not a more certain road. Through the deserts that stretched alongside of the Nile, they arrived at "Assião," which, without doubt, is Assuan, on the extreme lowlands of the Nile. They then crossed the "Ninive" desert—possibly Nubia; and their city of "Samara" may be Samhara, on the shores of the Red Sea, southward, near the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The writer tells us, indeed, that they crossed over to Arabia (facing the Yemen shores); and here he cites the well-known custom there of exhibiting the dead, detailing with exactitude the City of Saba (Mara), Marieba (Mareb or Sabbiah), between the Yemen and the Mascati. Intimately connected with Oriental commerce, this was the ancient and prosperous land from which tradition tells us came the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, and trusted him to establish commercial relations with Ophir, Western India, through the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akabah, near Mount Sinai. From there they turned northward again; and thus the Prester John whom they sought, was left behind amongst his strongholds in the Ethiopian Mountains.

At Sinai, they visited the tomb of St. Catharine, guarded by a battalion of 180 monks; and here Santo Estevam gives us the following description of what he saw: "The place where the body of St. Catharine rests is a monastery built on an enormous and lofty rock, which is said to be the one that Moses wounded with his rod, when he got water for the Children of Israel. On the rock there is a large visible laceration, but there is no water flowing. Above the rock is a small church, wherein is the Sepulchre of the Holy Saint; and here there are constantly two Franciscan monks keeping vigil over the tomb of St. Catharine, who is yet buried therein in flesh and bone.

Near the rock there are two poles, and two enormous cables tied thereto; and on the top of the wall of the church there are two other poles to which two monks are firmly tied. By means of a rope ladder, the two monks climb to the uppermost, which is fully 170 cubits high; and to them those in the monastery below send up every third day three things: water, bread for food, and oil for their lamp, and these they place inside a basket, which those above pull up by means of a rope. And thus, when they are in need of anything, they write on a piece of parchment and put it in the basket, so that those below may know what they want in the basket. We asked the Prior's leave to ascend, and he willingly consented. And we started climbing the ladder, and as soon as those above knew of our approach, they stooped before the steps of the altar, so that we saw not their faces. We entered the church, which is made of two stones only. The floor of the church, and the steps of the altar, and of the tomb of St. Catharine, under which is the plate wherein the oil drops out of the Saint's body, is all made of one stone; the door of the church, and the roof is all another stone; and the place wherein she is buried is all miraculously wrought by the craft of angels. Ascending the steps, the Saint's body can be seen in its flesh and bone, which is within the altar to a depth of half a rod. And so that she may be seen and not touched, there is in front a stone like a net, marvellously transparent; and on this altar Mass is said. And there the oil, which comes from her arms, is seen, and it cures all infirmity. We prayed here, and saw the perfection of this church for five or six hours; and then we descended the rope-ladder to the monastery below, and Prince Peter asked the Prior permission to depart, and the Prior answered:

"'If it is thy wish to depart, bear in mind that ye must all pass through the land of unbelievers, and ye are thirteen, so take with you from here thirteen tunics to be buried in, if, peradventure, any of you die.'"

It is possible that in Sinai there were then, when Prince Peter visited these parts, hermits who lived on the heights of almost inaccessible rocks, receiving their food by means of ropes; but it is equally possible, that the writer, Santo Estevam, is mixing truth with fiction in all its variety. On the summit of Mount Sinai there is, in fact, a chapel, and tradition further tells us that from this summit the remains of St. Catharine "are guarded by angels,"[1] whilst below is the monastery in which the body of the Saint is buried.[2] The convent, rising over the place where the Holy Flame appeared to Moses when he was leading the Israelites into the Promised Land, was at first merely a chapel erected by the Empress Helena; later, Justinian built there a vast church and monastery, round the encastled walls of which the Alarves of Sinai came to demand food with an outcry of threats. Tradition informs us that one of these nomads was Mahomet, who served these monks as a camel-boy, and who commanded that, in recognition of this, the monastery was to be respected for ever afterwards by his followers.[3]

[1] "... cappelletta che nella cima altissima del Sinai dove gli Angeli portarono il corpo di Santa Cathrina e lo cusodirono un tempo. Il sasso' dove a ponto ella giacera e per miracolo, come dicono, gonfio e mostra quasi la figura de un corpo nel luogo dove il suo corpo riposava."—Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 356.

[2] "Bacciamo più volte la Santa testa e la mano sinistra, che bellissima si vede con tutte le sue dita, carne e unghie."—*Ibid.*, 362.

[3] *Ibid.*, 345, 7.

"In early Christian times the solitudes of the Sinaitic district drew to a site invested with such sanctity a large number of anchorites. A host of cells and convents arose in clefts of the rocks and at the base of the mountains; the town of Feiran was founded in the wady of that name, close to the precipices of Jebel Serbal, and became the seat of a bishopric, and not less than 6000 monks or hermits were in the neighbourhood at the time of the Saracen conquests. Some ruins of the town, overgrown with tarfa-trees, crown a lofty rock in the middle of the valley, and on both sides of it are seen deserted houses, several perched at a great height, with ancient excavated tombs. Wady Feiran, the most pleasant spot in the peninsula, and possibly the scene of the long halt of Israel prior to the one at Sinai, has a generally constant brook, and therefore vegetation of luxuriant palms and feathery tamarisks. . . . Of all the establishments of the old Christian population of these highlands, the only important one remaining is the convent named after St. Catharine, its vice-patroness, but really dedicated to the Transfiguration. It stands at the base of Jebel Mousa (Mountain of Myrrh), 5452 feet above the sea,

With Sinai finishes the description of the journey; that is, if the description of the incursion into Arabia does not belong to the realms of phantasy. The "Autoscript" of Santo Estevam says, that they next went to Mecca to see the tomb of the prophet; and he further describes the travels of Prince Peter in Ethiopia, portraying the land of Prester John in the fancy colours of Mediævalism.[1] It is incredible that Prince Peter went to Ethiopia, or that he met Prester John; and in all likelihood the descriptions given are interpolations of the first editor. From Mount Sinai Prince Peter must have returned by way of Egypt to Europe,[2] through which he travelled leisurely from south to north, studying for some time at the colleges in Paris, and in all probability going as far north as Denmark to visit King Eric, his former

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and partly on its steep slope, in a valley so narrow that little room is left between its walls and the mountain opposite. It was founded by the Emperor Justinian, at the traditional site of Jethro's Well and the Burning Bush. According to a legend, one of its early inmates was informed in his sleep that the body of St. Catharine, who suffered martyrdom at Alexandria, had been conveyed by angels to the top of the highest peak in the vicinity. The monks therefore ascended in procession, found the corpse, and deposited it in their church, and hence arose the common name of the convent, with that of Jebel Katerin. The building is a regular monastic fortress, being enclosed with high and solid walls of granite, surmounted with small towers, and defended by guns against the Arabs. In the interior are several courts planted with flowers and vines. Balconies with wooden balustrades run round each area, on which the doors of the several apartments open. The inmates, from twenty to thirty in number, are all foreigners, chiefly from the Greek islands, and are employed in some profession, in addition to their religious duties. No natives of the wilderness are allowed to enter the convent, except those who are retained as servants, but a supply of bread is lowered down to them from the walls as often as it is demanded; and as there is no door, visitors from distant lands are hoisted up to the battlements by a windlass. The interior of the church has a richly-adorned roof, supported by rows of granite pillars, walls hung with portraits of saints, and a floor paved with beautiful slabs of marble. From 5000 to 6000 wandering Arabs constitute the present population of the desert, claiming at pleasure the hospitality of the monks."—Thos. Milner's *Geography*, p. 875.

[1] Vide *The True Facts Regarding the Land of Prester John of India*, by P. Francisco Alvares, edit. in 1520, republished in Lisbon in 1889.

[2] *The Chronicle of Nuremburg*, edit. 1493: "Essai sur l'hist. de la cosmog., etc.," III. 231—includes in folio CCXC *Portugalia* a lengthy reference to Prince Peter, Regent during the minority of Affonso V, and says that he travelled throughout almost all Europe.

companion-at-arms, who was then at the height of his glory as Emperor of the North.

He was styled "Emperor of the North" because, after the union of the three crowns of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, under Margarita, whom he succeeded, the Scandinavian people, united in one kingdom, wished to reconstruct for themselves an Empire similar to the old Roman Imperium. The same had happened in Spain, when Affonso VI (1072–1109), after a prodigious expansion of his dominions, called himself Emperor; for in the political mind of the Middle Ages there still survived the idea that above the nations' independent thrones there should be one supreme ruler to dominate the Empire, as happened in Germany and Italy.

This idea, however, did not become generalised, chiefly because of the example of France which gave other monarchies a new type of Government for imitation; and so the attempt to constitute a Scandinavian Empire failed also. Eric I was deposed in 1437; and although Christovan, "The Brave," succeeded in preserving the union for eight years, the kingdoms were again separated in 1448. At the time of Prince Peter's visit, however, the "Emperor" Eric must have been, as we have stated, at the height of his power.

From Denmark, the Prince went to England, where we find him in the fourth year of Henry VI's reign (1422–1461), that is in 1425,[1] when he was invested with the

[1] "About Michaelmas, Peter, Duke of Coimbra, Prince of Portugal, came into England, and was honourably received and feasted by the King's uncles, and was also elected into the Order of the Garter" . . . Anno regni 4, Henry VI: John Stow, *The Annals of England* (London, 1592), p. 593.

Another document, however, dates this visit of the Prince as 1422:

"The Prince of Portugal, being at this time (1422) on his travels in England, he, with the Archbishop of Canterbury generously undertook to compose the difference between the protector and the bishop; but their endeavours proving unsuccessful, the duke of Bedford, Regent of France, and brother to the protector, for the good of the public judged it necessary to come over to accommodate the affair in controversy."—Thos. Allen, *The Hist. and Antiq. of London*, etc., I. 153.

During Henry VI's minority, his two uncles, the Dukes of Bedford and of Gloucester, the former in France, the latter in England, ruled his two

Order of the Garter, to which his travelling companion, Alvaro Vaz already belonged. Close family ties united at that time the Royal Houses of England and Portugal; and these ties corresponded to the links of friendship forged by the various alliances between the two countries. Though the King was a mere child, the power of England was almost paramount in France, so much so, that in 1431 Henry VI was actually crowned King of France in Paris. In Rouen they were burning Jeanne d'Arc, and France was looked upon as a country disappearing from the map of Europe.

Jeanne d'Arc saved it; the flames of the fire that burnt her kindled the conflagration of patriotism, and from this crucial moment the wheel of Fortune became reversed. In 1451, with the loss of Bordeaux and Bayonne, the reign of Henry VI over France terminated; and in the following years the Wars of the Roses cost him his crown and his reason. His defeats at Northampton, Wakefield, and Towton (1460–61) dethroned him, exiled his Queen, Margarite, to France, and raised the House of York to royal power.

At the end of December (1425), Prince Peter embarked at Dover and sailed to Ostend, visiting Flanders to meet Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and perhaps, indeed, to make arrangements for the marriage of his sister, Princess Isabel, which took place four years later.

The Duke had succeeded his father, John the Fearless, in 1419, and, since 1420, had been allied with the English in their wars with France. The Flemish worshipped him for the good he had done them whilst residing among them constantly. Their fixed hostility to France, whose Kings had been their overlords from the creation of the Earldom in 862 to the time of Baldwin-of-the-Iron-Arm, had never been able to find adequate expression until

kingdoms for him, each with the title of "Protector." Henry V had died in France in the year 1422, when his heir was merely e ht months old.

Perhaps Prince Peter visited England on two occasions, one before, and the other after his travels in the East.

1384, when by the marriage of the Countess Margarita III of Dampierre to the Duke of Burgundy, Philip I, the two small States, the northern and the southern, wedged in between France and Germany, became united under one owner. This union, completing the barrier between France and Germany, like a restoration of the "Lotharinga" of the treaty of Verdun (843), had been the cherished ambition of the House of Burgundy for generations, an ambition, which now had been realised by Charles the Bold, and was to ripen more fully after the marriage of Philip the Good with Prince Peter's sister.

But, in addition to the natural aspirations of Burgundy, there had been added now a hatred, and to these future hopes, a yearning for vengeance which moved Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and of Brabant, of Limburg Luxemburg, Count of Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland, Knight of Malines and Marquis of the Holy Empire, "the greatest uncrowned Prince in these days throughout all Christendom," to ally himself with all and every foe of France;[1] for he had to avenge the ruthless murder of his father, John the Fearless, on the Bridge of Montereau, in 1419, when he was on his way to Paris to conclude terms of peace with the Armagnacs. His ambassadors, Guy de Bar, and the noblemen de Chatelux and de l'Isle-Adam, had been sent in advance of him some months before. He himself followed in September, and it was while crossing the fatal bridge, in company of the Dauphin, that he had been treacherously knocked down by a blow on the head, and Tannegui du Châtel, whilst he was lying stunned upon the ground, had buried his sword in his body.[2] Thus perished John the Fearless, at the age of forty-nine, when he had scarcely reigned sixteen years.

The tragedy could not be forgotten by his son and heir; and in Prince Peter, coming from England, full of hatred

[1] Azurara, *Chron. do Conde D. Pedro*, II. p. xxvi.

[2] "Being summoned by the King of France, he was murdered by a wound on the head, and by the false hand of Tannegui du Châtel."—Glossary to the Poem by Don Pedro, 1478, Saragossa, No. 776, *Nat. Lib. of Lisbon*, p. 8.

towards France, he found a congenial counsellor. While England attacked one flank, they deemed victory would be certain if they attacked the other. It, however, proved to be otherwise. France withstood the English attack and crushed Burgundy; and the ambitious schemes of the Prince, if perchance they formed this perspective, proved fruitless in the end.

The day after his landing at Ostend, he arrived at Udenburg,[1] where he spent the night, according to the custom of the time, in the Abbey.[2] There the Senate of Bruges sent an envoy to meet him,[3] and prepared for him a festive reception. Immediately on his arrival, on Christmas Eve, they offered him "the wine of honour"[4] according to the custom of the Flemish, repeating the ceremony again on Tuesday, New Year's Day, 1426.[5]

On Thursday, Prince Peter and his suite met the Duke

[1] Arch. du Franc. de Bruges, No. 102, A.D. 1240–30 (arch. de l'État). The register of Prince Peter's travels in Flanders were extracted in 1872 from the documents of the Cities of Bruges and Ghent by Herr Emile van den Busche.

[2] Dep. pour messages: Le 22 decembre (1425) a Guillaume Haghelin envoyè a Oudenbourg à la recontre du fils du Roi de Portugal, pour un jour XX gros—valent XX sous. "*Comptes de le ville de Bruges pour les ann.* 1425–26." No. 32, 480 *l'Invent. impr. des ch. des comptes.*

[3] "XXa secunda die mensis decembris, ann. Dni. MCCCXXV illustr. princeps Petrus fil. regis Portucalensis, visitav. cænobium et ecclesiam nostram."—*Arch. de l'État*, abb. d'Oudenbourg, *Annot. Hist. Inv. litt.*, V. 2.

[4] Dec. 23, dimanche. Offert à Dom Pierre, fils du Roi de Portugal: 24 cruchons, tout en amer, payés à Jean de Bicke à 7 gros le cruchon, 141.

"Dec. 25, mardi, jour de Noel. Acheté à Pierre Bustyn. 18 rasières et 5 cruchons de vin qui fut affert au bailli, bourgomestre, èchevins et autres qui ont l'habitude d'avoir du vin, et tout ceux que comme le fils du Roi de Portugal, etaient ici, etc."—*Arch. de Bruges; reg. des ch. des comptes*, cah. 1425–26.

[5] Janvier 1er., mardi—
A Monseigneur le chancelier 16 cruchons à 8 gr. 101. 8.
Au fils du roi de Portugal—24 cruchons.
A Monseigneur de Tornai—16 cruchons.

Janvier 6, dimanche—
A Monseigneur Tournai—12 cruchons a 8 gr.
Au fils du roi de Portugal—24 cruchons.
Aux députés de Gand—12 cruchons.
Aux députés d'Ypres—4 cruchons.
Arch. de Bruges; règ. des ch. comptes, ch. 1425–26.

of Burgundy, Philip, his future brother-in-law, at the Castle of Wynendale, where a hunt had been prepared in his honour;[1] and on January 31, the City of Bruges held a tournament at Buerch, and a reception at the Senate House followed by a ball, also for him.[2] Evidently Bruges was determined to fête the friend of their Duke.

In April, after Eastertide, the Prince departed to Ghent, where the Duke again awaited him. He remained a year or more in Flanders, in the company of his future brother-in-law, seeing, observing and studying methods of Government, embodying his observations in letters to his brother, Prince Duarte, who, as we know, was at that time governing his father's kingdom. Several of these letters from Bruges are still extant, letters formulating a political programme inspired by the generous ideas common to this generation of the House of Aviz.

From Flanders, he went through Hungary to Venice, in the spring of 1428, perhaps on account of business relating to his Duchy in Treviso, bordering on the realms of the Venetian Republic, certainly to gather information about the trade of the Republic: for whilst there he collected such maps, and information on maritime discoveries, as he knew would help the ambitious plans of his brother Henry.

The Republic was then at the height of its power. For the previous ten centuries the Venetians had dominated the Western world, and, by their proximity to Byzantium, also drained the wealth of the Eastern Empire; whilst, in addition, their site on the Mediterranean had enabled them to defy both Arab and Turk. Thus these ten centuries had been a history of constant progress. As

[1] *Arch. de l'État, à Bruges. Justif. de comptes*, n. 921.

[2] "Dépenses pour choses diverse: Le 30 janvier, donné pour frais fait chez Dolius van Thielt, où les bourgomestres, échevins, trésoriers, notables et autres officiers de la ville soupérent lorsque le fils du roi de Portugal assista au tournoi au Buerch: XXXIII sous V deniers gros, valent XX livres, XIII sous. *Item.* Donné à Corteille Jordaen doyen des boueur pour avoir arrangé le fumier au Buerch, avec ses compagnons quand eu lieu le tournoi en honeur du fils du roi de Portugal: XVIs. gr. valent IX sous."—*Comptes de la ville de Bruges*, 1425–26, n. 32, 480, etc.

Queen of the Adriatic, Venice had disputed the domain of Lombardy over Milan, swaying the Mediterranean with her settlements scattered along the ancient colonies of Magna Græca.

Now, having attained to the zenith of her power, resting on her interlacing canals, with her 10,000 gondolas, black as ink, passing each other in their silent, gliding traffic, below her fifty bridges, she presented to the traveller an aspect as dazzling as it was singular. The splendour of her palaces, the reflection of her marbles, the illumination of her stained-glass windows bewildered him. Her silent waterways, without the rumble proper to other great cities, seemed strange to the ear of the stranger. Her market-places were a continual feast of colour. The transept that leads from the Piazza di San Marco to the Rialto was a fair where all kinds of precious textures were exhibited for sale in interminable bazaars: jewellery, furniture, perfumes and spices, brocades, ivories, and all the products of the East and West, including illuminated manuscripts and the famous cut-glass of Venice were being displayed on every hand. Her Arsenal and Treasury, one enclosed within her band of fortified and turreted walls, the other hidden within the Crypts of San Marco, containing the Regalia of Cyprus and Crete, and its two carbuncles, as large as a hen's-egg, were the two chief sights of this singular city that had sprung from her wedlock [1] with the Adriatic. All distant commerce then converged towards Venice; her ships commanded even the Turkish shores; and her merchants had penetrated even to the fabulous East. Indeed, one of her sons, Marco Polo, as early as 1270, had got as far as China, and the written narrative

[1] The Republic of Venice was known as the "Bride of the Sea" on account of the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic instituted in 1174 by Pope Alexander III, who gave the Doge of the Republic a gold ring from his own finger in token of the victory achieved by the Venetians at Istria over Frederick Barbarossa, in defence of the Pope's quarrel. When his Holiness gave the ring he desired the Doge to throw a similar one into the sea every year on Ascension Day, in commemoration of the event. At the ceremony the Doge threw the ring saying: "We wed thee, O sea, in token of perpetual domination."

of his travels, travels so extraordinary that they seemed almost fanciful, had stirred the imagination of the entire European world to the depths.[1]

It was into this wonder city that Prince Peter entered almost as a neighbouring sovereign, since he was Duke of Treviso which in bygone days had belonged to the Republic, supplying it with the timber to build its navies, and connecting it by land with the inland powers of Central Europe. The Prince was escorted by 300 horsemen, and the Republic, having decided to receive him regally, sent four ambassadors to meet him. The Doge, with the city's nobility, awaited him in the State Galley of the Republic, surrounded by a magnificent fleet of flag-emblazoned gondolas and barges manned by soldiers. Royally they entertained the Prince and his suite, overwhelming them with gifts, and repeating their generosity at the termination of the innumerable public festivities celebrated in his honour by presenting him with hundreds of splendid silks, velvets, and brocades, in that wealth of colour and workmanship for which Venice had become renowned throughout all Europe.

Leaving Venice, he travelled to Rome, laden with gifts, the envoys of the Republic accompanying him as far as Ferrara.[2] But of all the presents that he took with him, nothing was half so precious as the account of Marco

[1] Marco Polo was born in Venice in 1254. His father and his uncle, having penetrated into China, had returned as the Emperor's Kubla's envoys to the Pope. Finding that Clement IV had died, the father went back as an envoy of Gregory X, accompanied, this time, by his son Marco, who was then seventeen. They travelled to Ormus Island on the Persian Gulf, and thence by way of Persia, and central Asia, across the 1200 miles long desert of Gobi into China. There they found themselves in great favour with the Great Khan, who sent young Marco on numerous distant missions. Returning home Marco Polo was taken prisoner by the Genoese, after a victory over the Venetians, and it was simply owing to the fact that, during his imprisonment, he used to while the tedious hours away relating the story of his adventures, and that one Rusticiano of Pisa, a fellow prisoner, wrote them down, that his name has now become famous for all time.

[2] "Aveva con lui cavalli 300 à quali per la Signoria furono fatte le spese e 25 gentil-huomini l'accompagnarono fino a Ferrara."—Marino Sanudo, *Vitæ ducum venet.*, in Muratori, *rer. Italic. script.*, XXII. 999.

Polo's travels, with which the Republic presented him in recognition of the freedom that her people had enjoyed in Portugal,[1] and the maps of distant regions, precious treasures which would fill his brother Henry with satisfaction.

In May 1428, the Prince was in Rome, where Martino V received him, granting him, as was customary, the Bull that was habitually presented to the Kings of England, France and Portugal, when they were crowned and anointed.

From Rome, he went overland directly to Spain, meeting at Peñafiel near Valladolid the King of Navarre, whose sister was to be his future sister-in-law.[2]

Thus eventually he arrived at his own country, after ten years of distant and perpetual travel. It could have been said, indeed, in those days, that he had seen the whole world. And everywhere he went he brought honour to his country, leaving behind him a track of pleasant memories in all the Courts and countries that he visited. Portugal was, in fact, enriched by these travels of her Prince; for the agreement with the House of Burgundy now linked the House of Aviz, so intimately connected with that of Lancaster, with the two most renowned and powerful families in all Europe. Returning, he had brought with him a wealth of experience and information, more widespread and more valuable than any one had hitherto done—especially needful at that time, since he

[1] "And in the times that Prince Peter, of glorious memory, arrived in Venice, and after the grand fêtes and honours that were given in his honour on account of the freedom that they themselves had had in our country, as if to thank him, they offered him as a handsome gift the Book of Marco Polo, which he brought back with him as he wished to explore the world."—Extracted from the Portuguese translation by Val. Fernando of Marco Polo's book, 1502, in the City library, Lisbon.

[2] "Leaving Tordesillas, he (the King of Navarre) was accompanied for one mile by the King of Castile on his way to Peñafiel, and in this town they met Prince Peter, Infante of Portugal, who was on his way to Navarre and who was returning from the Courts of the Christian Princes, and who, being festively received was presented with two Sicilian horses."—Garibay, *Comp. hist. de las Cron. y univ. hist. de todos los reynos de España.* (Amberes, 1571), III. 437.

found on his arrival his aged father in the second childhood of old age, one of his brothers wholly enslaved by his plans of discovery and conquest, and another, Prince Duarte, bending under the weight of Government to a point prejudicial even to his life. It was, indeed, high time, therefore, that he returned to give a helping hand in the internal administration of his country.

In the workings of these aristocratic monarchies, such as existed in Europe during the dawn of the Renascence, political marriages were the principal means of promoting friendship between nations; and recognising this, the Prince, on his return, became resolved to expel from his life all further thoughts of adventure by marrying the daughter of the Duke of Urgel, who had recently, in 1410–1412, disputed the rights of the father of the Queen of Castile, and of the future Queen of Portugal, to the crown of Aragon. This marriage resulted from the Prince's travels in Spain, and was intended to smooth over mutual rivalries; but, unfortunately, from the differences between the families of Urgel and of Castile arose later the bitterness between Queen Leonora and Prince Peter, causing the deplorable discord that followed.

In September 1428, Prince Duarte married. Six days before this Prince Peter had arrived at Avellans, and in Coimbra, meeting his brother, he had found him so enthralled by his new bride, that, listening to her "singing at her monochord," he had forgotten to go hunting or indulge in any of the other diversions peculiar to the time. With Leonora had arrived the Archbishop of Santiago and the Bishop of Cuenca, the Portuguese clergy being represented by the Archbishops of Lisbon and of Braga, together with the Bishops of Coimbra and of Ceuta. The wedding took place at Santa Clara, where the bride fulfilled the invariable mediæval custom of fainting at the end of the ceremony "on account of her dress, which was very weighty, and the heat of the crowd of good people that were therein assembled, and of the torches that were large." They tried to carry her out, but could not lift

her; they drenched her with Holy Water, and she opened her eyes." [1] Such were the wedding auspices of the future King, who was ever neglected by fortune!

After the Crown Prince's wedding, Prince Peter was married in 1429; and in this same year Princess Isabel married the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, who had acted as the Prince's host on his northern travels. For this last marriage, there arrived at Lisbon, towards the end of 1428, the Duke's ambassadors,[2] Baldwin de Lanoy of Molemba (afterwards raised, in recognition of his services, to the dignity of Duke of St. Albin), de Rombais, and other noblemen. These accompanied the Princess on her voyage, landed with her about Christmas-time at Eclusa, and were present at the wedding in Bruges on January 10. The rejoicings afterwards were on a monumental scale: eight whole days of "Kermesse," enriched by the Order of the Golden Fleece.[3] The Duke was the "Jason" who had captured from these western confines of the earth this new prize of Phryxos and of Hellé, slaying the dragon, and obtaining the hand of Isabel—his modern Medea. He looked forward to a life of happiness and satisfied ambition. Likewise Prince Peter, having finished his travels, thought that he too could settle down, moored in the safe harbour of domestic contentment, after having acquired the "Golden Fleece" of knowledge at the hands of his worldly experience! Man proposes——. Little did either of them know what Fate had in store for them!

[1] Translated from a letter written by Prince Henry to his father, King John, describing to him what had taken place at this wedding.

[2] Prince Duarte received magnificently the ambassadors of his future brother-in-law. Among other festivities, he welcomed them with a memorable supper, and "at this supper, the Prince gave many rich presents and largesses to the flutists and minstrels, who had arrived on horseback, . . . and who performed melodiously on trumpets and other instruments."—From the MS. No. 11,215 in the *Nat. Lib. of Paris.*

[3] With the ambassador, Baldwin de Lanoy of Molembai, came the Duke's servant, Johann van Eyck, the celebrated artist.—MS. No. 11,215, *Nat. Lib. of Paris.* Cf. also Raczynski's *Les arts en Portugal*, 197.

CHAPTER V

A STATESMAN OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

PRINCE PETER was thirty-seven when he married and determined to settle down. The knowledge gained in his travels had stored his mind with much experience and many memories. So, in the decade (1428–39) that lay between his return to Portugal and the death of his brother Duarte, taking himself and his position in the State with a seriousness essentially English, he set himself to clarify the knowledge he had acquired, studying to discover how he might best apply that knowledge, guided by the clear light of reason, for the benefit of the nation he would have to govern in the not unlikely event of his brother's death before the heir was of an age to undertake the duties of his birth.

Having seen the surface of things, he now wished to occupy himself with the hidden springs that formed their motive powers; and so he applied himself wholeheartedly to the study of metaphysics, seeking the psychological bases underlying men's thoughts and deeds, hoping thereby to understand the ideas animating the common actions of mankind.

In person he was tall, wiry, well built, and rather long featured, possessing a long nose and a full beard. His fair hair proclaimed his English blood, whilst his vague contemplative blue eyes argued him possessed of the dreamy Saxon temperament with all its accompanying virtues and defects. He was slow of speech, self-centred, and consequently rather neglectful of the opinions of others, though this neglectfulness was masked by that

polished urbanity of manner which is of the essential training of a Prince. Yet, though quiet and contemplative, he possessed the inherent obstinacy of mind peculiar to those saturated with their own ideas, and when opposed was subject to an explosive anger which completely swayed him for the time, causing him to vent it in a manner strangely at variance with the rules of philosophy he had adopted as his guides in life. Nevertheless, he possessed the precious qualities of his temperament. He lived for his ideals amid the material pleasure-loving atmosphere inherent in a Court, making few friends, estranging ordinary minds by the rarified atmosphere in which his thoughts moved, developing in consequence a contempt for the kindly human weaknesses around him which deprived him of the personal magnetism essential in the leader of any successful reformation. With his mother's lineaments he inherited also her lofty piety and ideals of personal purity; and so, as a corollary, his feelings towards the Church were such that he would not permit the clergy to kneel before him or kiss his hand. A Christian at heart, "he frequently fasted, and throughout Lent habitually slept, fully dressed, upon a heap of straw." [1]

It is obvious that with such a character, though he might be much respected, he would be little loved, his friends though deeply attached would be few, and his enemies many. Thus in many ways he was almost the antithesis of his brother, Prince Henry, who, essentially a man of action, and a burning enthusiast, wished to draw all men's minds to his aid in the accomplishment of the glorious dreams of conquest which his rapt vision saw unfolding beyond the horizon of futurity; whilst he, on the contrary, being of a subjective and philosophical turn of mind, sought rather the springs of his ambitions, and the guides for his actions, in closer communion with himself, using up his enthusiasm and energy in attempts to decipher the riddle of the Universe.

[1] Ruy de Pina, *Chron. de Affonso V*, CXXV. in the "Ined. da Academia," II. 432, 433.

Thus, curiously enough, it came about that these two diametrically opposed minds eventually found themselves seeking the same goal, although by different routes: one hoping to realise his dreams by the concrete discovery of new lands, the other inspired to explore the world's more abstract nature, travelling and making observations in the undiscovered realms of the ideal, both seeking, as it were, to penetrate the wall of the unknown.

We may, in truth, ask ourselves which of these two lines of inquiry rewards the traveller, and the world, with more material and stable results, and which of them brings us nearer the mystery of the Universe!

In the ten years between his marriage and the death of Prince Duarte, Prince Peter occupied himself in these mental voyages, during which he visited the lands of philosophy, and with all the eagerness of a Renascence scholar explored the wealth of knowledge hidden in the classics. It was during this period he translated Cicero's *De officiis*, and Vegetius' "On the Art of War."[1] Remembering, moreover, the political experience he had gained in his travels through Europe, and the principles he had learnt by reading Gilles de Colonna's *De Regimine Principum*, he also turned into Portuguese this famous treatise dealing with the principles of monarchy which had been written for the benefit of Philip of France, and had been such a favourite of John of Portugal that he always kept it beside him below his pillow. For the benefit of his brother Henry he also translated Marco Polo's book, which, as we have seen, had been presented to him by the nobility of Venice.

These classical studies, and this reading of the authors of his time, moulded his mind in a cast of philosophical inquiry, and stimulated him to seek new adventures, navigating the obscure seas of critical and moral speculation, causing him to define his ideas and embroider his thoughts in verse after the courtly custom of the times. We find him, therefore, corresponding with John de Mena, the

[1] Pina, *Chron.*, XXV.

Prince of Castilian poets, who would answer him also in verse, of which the following is an example:

"Nunca fue despues ni ante
quyen vysse los atavios
& secretos de Leuante,
sus montes, jnssoas y rios,
suss calores y suss frios,
como vos, senhor infante."[1]

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[1] "There was never after nor before
one who knows the silks
and secrets of Levant,
its hills, islands, and streams,
its heats, and its snows,
like you, noble prince."

Garcia de Rezende in his *Cancionario Geral*, "The Book of Song" (Edit. Kausler; Stuttgart, 1848, 3 vols.), gives three poems written by the Prince, his letter to de Mena, and its answer (Vol. II. p. 67–73). The Poem that appears in this book headed "From the Infante D. Pedro, son of King John of glorious memory, a depreciation of the World, written in the Castilian tongue, with a glossary," has been constantly but erroneously attributed to his pen.

Amador de los Rios in his *Hist. crit. de la litt. Española*, VII. 79, 80, says that: this poem "Depreciation of the World" was written from 1444–46, starting with the following stanza, in which the poet, describing the instability of Court friendship, alludes to the familiarity of Alvaro de Luna, the Constable of Castile:

"We learn that they praise whate'er they find
In thee, whether it be good or evil:
Speak to the Master d'Escalona
And say whether he be faithful and loyal."

The "disgrace" of Alvaro de Luna, "The Master of Escalona," was from 1439–41; in 1449, when Prince Peter died, he was again restored to power. In 1441 King John II took the Prince of Aragon prisoner, and Alvaro left Escalona to release him. It can be said that this strophe dates from 1439–41; but, again, here Alvaro is called "The Master of Escalona," a title that he only obtained in 1445, after the battle of Olmedo, where the Aragonese Prince Henry was killed. It seems, therefore, that the date should be 1446, the poem referring to the "disgrace" of 1439–41.

[The above criticism of Oliveira Martins, however, labours under the erroneous impression that the Prince, himself, was the author of this poem. The author was in reality Prince Peter's son, Dom Pedro. The mistake apparently originated in Garcia de Rezende attributing to Prince Peter the authorship of the poem, not even aware of the meaning of the following lines:

"See the Master, he lived in toil,
See beside him his early fall;"

D. Alvaro de Luna, the Master d'Escalona, died in 1453, four years after Prince Peter's death. And if these proofs do not suffice, we find the poem

These seeds of poesy, sown by the Prince in the imagination of his eldest son, brought forth their fruits, producing the most perfect poem of the age—the censorial verses in which the Constable Dom Pedro, the friend of the Marquis of Santillana, poured out his grief at the immensity of his misfortunes. There is no doubt, however, that the Prince himself was the author of *Horas da Confissão* (*Hours in Confession*), in which he immortalised the ideas of his mystical mind. In another work of his, *Virtuosa beimfeitoria* (*Deeds of Virtue*), we find the moral conclusions of his philosophy;[1] and in his letters to his brother, Prince Duarte, a reflection of his practical statesmanship. We may, perhaps, delay a moment over these, in order that we may gauge more clearly the bent of mind which is the special distinguishing characteristic of men of his temperament.

With far-seeing eyes, writing from Bruges (1426) to Prince Duarte, who asked his advice, he noted clearly the strength, as well as the weakness of the Portuguese people, who, to-day, possess the same characteristics unchanged

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to have been edited in Saragossa in 1478, under the title "Verses composed by the most illustrious Prince Peter of Portugal in which there are 1000 verses, with a glossary, on the depreciation of Life, and a censorial criticism on the beauties of the World, showing their superficiality." In its text we find a reference to Philip the Good of Burgundy, "the victorious and most famous lord, Duke Philip, *my uncle*, an honour to Christendom" (folio 8). Elsewhere he writes: "King John II of Castile, *my uncle*" (folio 5 and 10), and we find here a reference and account of Alvaro de Luna's death. All this shows without doubt, that it was the Constable Dom Pedro, son of Prince Peter, who was the author of this poem, and not Prince Peter himself, as Garcia de Rezende would have us believe by his words: "son of King John of glorious memory." He should have written "*grandson*" of King John.]

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, by Prince Duarte, XXXVII., tells us that: "The treatise is divided into six books. The first (20 chapters) defines the title, and contains in itself these chapters. . . ." The summary continues: "The third book tells us how virtuous actions should be petitioned. The fourth how they should be received. The fifth expounds the meaning of gratitude, and in what manner it should be made manifest. The sixth and last book demonstrates the ways in which virtuous actions may miscarry."

There is a copy of 534 pages of this work in the Library of the Academy of Lisbon, and another in the Academy of History of Madrid. The treatise is dedicated to Prince Duarte, and, therefore, must date from 1428–33.

as they did then, after four centuries wherein they have crowded the splendid achievements of twenty, as well as suffered the misfortunes which still burden them at the present time. Living in prosperous Flanders, in the classical land of "Kermesse," the Prince saw by contrast the sobriety of his own people; but, on the other hand, he noticed the vice of self-glorification that possessed the Portuguese Court, and the folly of the custom of ennobling each son to follow in his father's footsteps, and thus ever increase the cloud of parasites, who in those days flocked around the throne and filled the Court with a mob of indolent and incápable hangers-on, ever hoping by some turn of fortune to acquire position and place without the merit deserving it. We find, here in the fifteenth century, the germ of that deplorable state of affairs in Portugal which arose when the unexpectedly rapid expansion of her colonies outgrew the superfluous population of the country, causing the enterprising and healthy to emigrate, leaving the dregs behind to defend the country and carry on its industries.

In Flanders, the Prince had noticed that the people were mere tax-payers, possessing not a tithe of the liberty enjoyed by the Portuguese. Nevertheless he recommended that an effort should be made to curb the almost royal powers and check the extravagance of the nobility, whose lawless greed was crushing the people between the mill-stones of selfish interest and over-taxation. The custom of the time compelled the people to support the Court during its migrations from place to place, a burden which was increased by the necessity of supplying also the services of man and beast. This, he maintained, was not as it should be; nor, moreover, was it right that monasteries and chapels should be requisitioned as inns and hostels, sacrificing the revenues meant for religion and charity, in order that a crowd of parasites should be comfortably housed in their sanctuaries.

He pointed out that there were not sufficient horses in the kingdom, and suggested that the privileges which

had been granted to those who could not supply the proper quota of men and horses should be abolished as an example to stimulate for the future.

It is evident from these extracts from his correspondence that he had already formulated in his own mind those ideas of organisation and reform which he afterwards tried to carry out during his Regency. Such schemes, however, were opposed on the one hand by the unbridled power of the nobility, and on the other by the fervid visions of discovery held by Prince Henry and his followers; both of which vested interests appealed more to the fear as well as to the imagination of the nation than any problematical visions of reform. For this reason, therefore, the future disastrous attempts to apply them during the Regency were doomed to failure—a failure as complete as all previous attempts had been.

The question at issue really revolved around the expediency of keeping Ceuta, and the general policy of extending their possessions at the expense of Morocco. Ceuta, Prince Peter maintained, was a veritable drain on the country, a voracious consumer of troops, arms, and money; and he added that in those lands where he was travelling, England and Flanders, the trend of political thought was no longer in favour of the lust for honours and conquests, but dwelt rather on the "indiscretion of supporting such ideas to the great loss and impoverishment of the Fatherland."

Instead of casting their eyes towards adventures abroad, they ought rather, therefore, to turn their attention to the subject of home defence; and here he dilated at length on the importance of cavalry in warfare—an importance which was even greater then than it is to-day, since fire-arms were not yet in general use—pointing out, therefore, the paramount importance of an adequate supply of horses, and advising that certain privileges should be granted to a community which in any part of the kingdom possessed a stud of breeding mares.

Turning next to permanent defences, he condemned the

present fortifications as obsolete, and advised their reconstruction, maintaining the thesis that, although with these military preparations there would arise an excess of unproductive public work, yet at the same time this excess, by employing superfluous labour, would provide for many unemployed. It was true, he admitted, that the people groaned already under the burdens required of them; but the remedy for all these evils was the presence of the King in the various districts at frequent intervals, accompanied by men who understood the requirements of the neighbourhoods, so that he could look into abuses with a fully prepared mind, and at the same time stimulate the loyalty of the masses by the evident care he was bestowing on their interests.

In these schemes of national reorganisation, next to the strengthening of the army, came the question of reforms amongst the clergy—more important on account of the moral character of their function, perhaps more urgent also because of the gravity of certain abuses, that had crept in amongst them. "You ought to take care"—Prince Peter wrote to his brother—"to carry out those services that are chiefly Providence's; and they are those that belong to the Church and to the clergy." The first evil was the excessive number of clergy in minor Orders, a hybrid class that corrupted the office of priesthood, and increased parasitism. He advised that prelates should be prohibited from granting these minor Orders, except to those who were entering the Church in all faithfulness; and that, at least, they should not ordain any one unless he possessed a knowledge of Latin. Further, in relation to the regular clergy, it was necessary to make candidates obey monastic laws, to maintain the discipline of eating and sleeping together, and not alone, to re-establish the rule of election to the various offices of the Order, and to form a code to advise the superiors of these Orders respecting their duties. Referring to the Episcopal Laws, the Prince advised that the Bishops of the Diocese should not be transferred from place to place; and that in nominat-

ing them they should do so with all discretion in order to ensure their duties being performed without scandals. It seemed that in these nominations they should always follow the regulations of the chapter of the cathedrals, in order to refer their supplications to the Pope. Everything respecting the secular clergy ought to be dealt with in all discretion and prudence, without undue haste, and in accordance with the advice of the superior Orders.

To this clearness of reasoning the Prince added, with the tact and discretion of his practical mind, that the functions of the clergy ought to include more than that of spiritual ministration. They had not, up to the present, had the duties of educating the masses; but now, the Prince, wishing to commingle, at one and the same time, the general and moral education of the people, urged that Sees and monasteries should form the nuclei of Universities (although in Lisbon, and in other European capitals, there were already institutions for higher teaching), so that, in time, the clergy might become the sole instruments of secular education. He wished, taking Paris as his model, the University to institute colleges granting bursaries and scholarships to the poorer students, so that they might live in equality and intimate association with their more fortunate comrades. These colleges were to be clausures, with dormitories and common dining-rooms or refectories, for monastic life helped to initiate a man into academical discipline more readily than military training. In these establishments, the chapters of the cathedrals and the Orders of the various monasteries should found also Faculties of Divinity, and supply a sufficiency of candidates to form the clergy, thus recruiting a spiritual army, as well as the army of scientists and magistrates. This plan, which the Prince advocated on the model of the University of Paris, the Jesuits afterwards carried out in Portugal in the reign of John III.

In the Faculty of Law there was much room for improvement. With a note of sarcasm, the Prince cited, à propos of the crowd of judges and courtiers, the words of Isaiah :

"Multiplicasti gentem, sed non magnificasti lætitiam." "Justice, Sire!" he would write, "is another virtue, that it seems to me does not reign in the hearts of those who have to judge in our country." If justice failed to animate the judges, a second evil was the delays in legal procedure, because "Justice has two parts: one to give to each what belongs to him, another to give it to him without delay." For all this it was necessary to call into operation much painstaking energy; and above all it was indispensable to make a legal code, tabulating and sifting the ordinances that had been made from the beginning of history, many of which had become obsolete, others had been recalled, and all of them formed a thick cloud of obscurity among which a bandit-crowd of magistrates and lawyers hunted the unenlightened public. King John I had already dictated the workings of this service; but the machinery that crushed individual interest, at the beginning of its development, had also the faults of delay, and years elapsed before Prince Peter, during his regency, was able to bring his legal code into more perfect operation.

Prince Peter, moreover, wished that the King should have beside him a Council of State, a permanent institution, in which the component parts of all public society should be represented, to work in conjunction with the Crown. The clergy, the nobility, and the people were, thus, "to give council," and to see that nothing was done against the interests of the masses, or against the rights and privileges of the classes. There was, indeed, at the time, the institution of the Cortes, which the King called together whenever he deemed it necessary; there was also an Aulic Council, originating in the "Aula Regia" of the Goths, and chiefly composed of the members of the Royal Family; but the conception of an actual Council of State, representative of the forces and elements of the public, originated apparently first in the mind of the young Prince, who was the most faithful preacher of the doctrines of the Renascence among his people. According

to this doctrine, the Government was an edifice of organisation, and the King the pinnacle of this edifice, and no longer a personage whose wish was law. The throne rose above the steps of the various classes of the community, and the King was, at the same time, the Defender of the Faith and the Judge. "We are brought into this world," Prince Peter wrote, "by the authority of the Apostle, to commend the good, and to condemn the bad." The monarchy, consecrated by religion, became a fundamental institution, not through the right of inheritance, according to the ideas of the nobility, but by the indorsement of social utility, according to the Roman idea.

Anointed by Providence, called to the office of supreme jurisdiction, the King, instead of becoming a Divinity, ought to unite within himself all those qualities that are indispensable in governing his people. He should be cautious and reserved, since he had no lack of "impossible requirements and petitions" from the covetous crowd that surrounded him. Moreover, and here his counsel applied particularly to Prince Duarte who was born to hesitate and to doubt, he should be firm in his decisions and actions, and diligent in the improvement of his country, selecting the men experienced in virtue and wisdom; he should be gracious and affable, without familiarity, to every one, grateful for services rendered, but not depriving one to reward another, nor giving so much one day that the rest of the year had to be one long fast, not heaping favours on some so that there was not enough for others, but dividing benefits justly among all so that they should last. He should be faithful, in word and actions, and chiefly in all vital affairs; strong to defend valiantly his country from the foreigner as well as from the native enemy. He should possess enough feeling to sustain, and to help others to sustain, the principles of justice; he should be a Catholic and a firm believer.[1]

[1] Extracted from Prince Peter's letter to his brother Prince Duarte, published in Sylva's *Memorias*, I. 374–9.

When these words were written (1433) John I had breathed his last, having died "without being well enough disposed to perfect the work of his conscience";[1] for during the last years of his reign he had been sorely tried by his Government, weakened by the weight of his years, by ill-health, and by grief over the death of his queen. Nevertheless, in 1430, when Prince Peter, at the very time that there was a rupture with Castile, communicated to his father the work that he was undertaking, compiling his treatise *Virtuosa Beimfeitoria*, the old King had answered roughly: "It does not belong to the province of warfare to be humanitarian," adding, "that a Prince should not dedicate his life to clerical compositions, or to anything like them";[2] for, with the temperament of a veteran-at-arms, he opposed any speculative tendencies on the part of his sons. Prince Peter, therefore, for the time being, left the completion of his treatise in the hands of Friar John Verba, who compiled his work from ethical propositions collected from Seneca and other authors.[3]

"Cease your clerking, and pay more heed to common sense," the old warrior had said to his sons, bidding them waken up to realities, stretch their arms and dispel the somnolent effects of the impractical theorising they were so fond of, counselling Prince Duarte, above all, to become a man, in order that he might become a good King.

This birth of critical thought, however, this dawn of positive observation, gathered from the ancients, these seeds that germinated into so many discoveries, could not thus be destroyed. Indeed, Prince Peter expounds his theory of ethics, by comparing it to the art of the bowman, who aims high in order to hit his target: "And it will be suitable to do as the archer does with his frail arrow, if he wishes to strike the object of his aim. For to strike this object he must aim high, and when the arrow is bowed it will descend and fall wherever the archer

[1] Extracted from Prince Peter's letter to his brother Prince Duarte, published in Sylva's *Memorias*, I. 374–9.

[2] *Virtuosa Beimfeitoria.*" [3] *Ibid.*

wishes. . . . So are we and our desires; we always fall short of our noblest thoughts."

Thus he would write to his brother, telling him that we should raise our hopes and aims to realise the loftiest of our ambitions, without losing confidence, or the sense that dispels illusions in the vague realms of the abstract, where everything is distorted or exaggerated; and that we ought to blend the noblest of our intentions, our clearest thoughts, with the humblest of our understandings and the weakest of our powers, if we wished, further to strengthen and sustain our conscience, which belongs to Providence, and if we desired to be of use to our equals, who are as human and frail as ourselves.

In Prince Peter's cold practical mind, tinged with an almost fanatical piety, the sense of duty was raised almost to the position of a Deity; and those lacking in it he loathed with an unutterable loathing. Moreover, he despised almost equally those whose main object in doing good was to gain the fickle favour of the multitude, holding that virtue should be its own reward; and so, later, when the people of Lisbon wished to raise a statue to his honour, he refused permission absolutely, although at the time he was dedicating his life to the service of these very people whom he thus treated with such apparent contempt. Similarly he gave his services ungrudgingly to his brother, King Duarte. His actions, thus, were for their own merit, without thought of reward, dictated solely by the voice of his own conscience.

This first pioneer mind of the Renascence, uniting practical and speculative ideas in his creed of morals, seeing the hand of God in every happening, looked upon the world with a curious blend of materialism mingled with idealism. He was a "homo duplex," at one time objective or practical, at another subjective or introspective; and it was this most extraordinary dual personality that ultimately doomed him, by reason of this complexity, to the most cruel of Fates. His mind was too sensitive, his heart too compassionate to influence.

When he was forty, after having visited the "seven regions" of the physical, as well as of the intellectual world, learning the extent as well as the life of the globe, studying the body and the soul of man, Prince Peter, in the vigour of manhood, made it his business, without other ambitions, to devote himself to guiding the more timid mind of his King and brother, never anticipating, however, that this weakness of spirit would weigh his brother down to the grave in the brief space of six years, under the burden of the Government.

Superior in intellect to both his brothers, he was thus continually repressing the explosive energy of Prince Henry, and, at the same time, supporting and sustaining the vacillating mind of King Duarte. The King admired his knowledge; but Prince Henry, thinking him antagonistic, gradually grew estranged, ceased to talk to him of his plans of conquests and discoveries, and withdrew more and more into himself, pondering over Ceuta one day, over Granada another, and for ever having the word "Fez" engraved upon his mind.

Philosophy, speaking through the thoughtful mind of Prince Peter, attempted in vain to show Prince Henry the fallacy of his adventures. Ceuta was a consumer of men, arms, and money. He failed to persuade Prince Henry that the only "virtuous actions" were in reality to defend the country, preserve the peace, and use the resources of the land for the benefit of the people who were struggling slowly to rise in an interval of peace, and over whom Providence had placed them to rule. This, and this only, was the true light in which the situation ought to be regarded.

Prince Peter, characteristically typical of this New Age in which civilisation was now entering, thus displayed the tendencies of his mind, with the freedom from tradition which was to become more general in the individual and which eventually brought about the reforms of the Renascence, not without, however, bringing, in addition, the bitter fruits of knowledge. Similarly, his brother Henry,

yielding to the vehement impulses of his mind, with a fury of action that woke the world from its dreams and its lethargy of mediævalism, was typical of another aspect of the coming revolution. And thus it came about that these two brothers, so fundamentally different in character, were in reality the two great pioneers who laid the foundations of the Renascence in Portugal.

In spite, however, of the far-reaching results that crowned Prince Henry's endeavours, Prince Peter's rôle, so modest and so self-sacrificing, was by far the greater of the two. The complexity of his character, the attempted execution of his intentions, the solutions of the problems which he enunciated, must be recognised by the historian as the signs of the dawn of a Great Age, and as being incomparably more instructive than the study of those simple spontaneous actions and ambitions of the other, although the latter gave his country, the Portuguese people, and civilisation in general, the rewards of an epoch-making advancement.

To fathom the thoughts, to discover the secrets, explore and govern the mind of man is a better and more noble achievement than to map out the ocean. The mind of man must always be an unknown and vast domain, an open continent rich in the most extraordinary of adventures, in the most surprising of discoveries, in the most astonishing and pleasing of conquests, and alas! in the most cruel of defeats. At the present day, the vast world no longer hides from us the secrets of its continents; but the innermost soul of humanity still lies concealed, and as little explored as ever it was; it is still as undiscovered as the physical world was in the days when it was believed to end and fade away in slime and vapours, in the mysterious "Seas of Obscurity."

Prince Peter, who according to his friend the poet was acquainted with the whole physical world,

> "Its hills, islands and streams,
> its heats, and its snows."

sought his real adventures in exploring its moral counter-

part, unravelling its secrets, navigating its quicksands and reefs. Tiring of mundane things, he wished rather to explore this other world, which in its infinity seems to some to lead to nothing but illimitable plains, to others to fade away into "slime and vapours," or end with the blinding glare of virtue, or, again, to be enshrouded in the darkness of incoherent perversity!

Statesman and philosopher, ruler, moralist and poet—as all those who feel for man, and see the psychological and social unity of the race—Prince Peter, after his distant travels and discoveries throughout his two worlds, sailed out on the Ocean of Life to be wrecked eventually on the quicksands of his doctrines. For such are the dangers of navigating the "Seas of Obscurity" of the moral world!

CHAPTER VI

THE LOYAL COUNSELLOR

PEACEFUL in death, the body of King John I rested upon its funeral couch, beside which his sons silent as statues kept vigil, excepting Prince Peter who was riding post-haste from Coimbra, and the Count of Barcellos away on his estates in the north. They were all mature men when their father died in 1433. The Count of Barcellos was fifty-six, Prince Peter forty-one; and of the others present, Prince Fernando, the youngest, was thirty, Prince John was thirty-three, Prince Henry thirty-nine, and Prince Duarte, who received the crown from the brows now cold and lifeless before him, was forty-two. Of all the Royal Household, Prince Duarte gave vent to his sorrow with the least restraint, wishing himself dead, craving to be carried away in company of his dead father on the black wings of Death, until, at length, Friar Gil Lobo, his confessor, approached him respectfully and gently touched his shoulder, whereupon the new King fixed him with a dazed look.

"Wake up, Sire! Wake up to your Royal Office!" he said reproachfully. But the new King, in his grief, could only cover his face with his hands, and weep like a child.

They shrouded the body, and placed it in its coffin, covering it with a black velvet cloth, until at night, accompanied by the nobility of the country, and followed by torchbearers, it was conveyed on a bier by the princes themselves from the Palace to St. Vincent's Cathedral.[1]

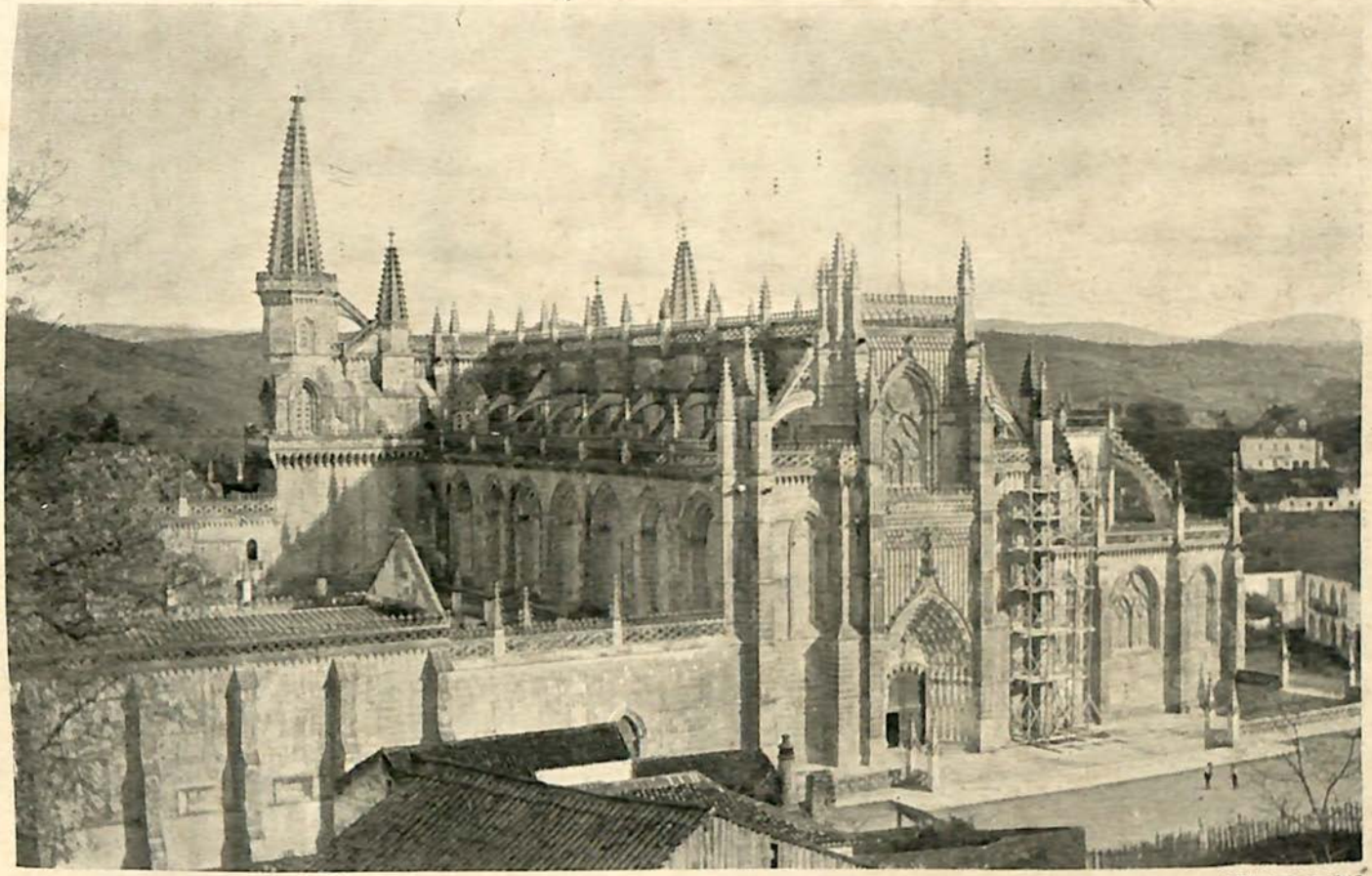
The great bells of the cathedral tolled slowly, solemnly

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, I. 75.

in the night; and through the wide entrance the awed spectators could see its aisles swathed in sombre draperies, the catafalque with its burning candles, and the close-packed multitude, who had come to pay their last tribute to the mighty dead. Friar Rodrigo preached the funeral oration, whilst twelve monks burned incense, standing with bowed heads beside the pall, where they had placed the bier. The following day, with all due solemnity, followed by an enormous procession, the State hearse conveyed the body on its last journey drawn by five magnificent horses, one covered with white and crimson trappings embroidered with the arms of St. George, another with blue and scarlet trappings embroidered with the Royal Arms, the third with the motto "Pour bien," the fourth with "FF," being the initials of his Queen, while the fifth and last was wholly draped in black. Behind them came members of the nobility, carrying the various banners, the Royal Standard, the dead King's guidon, his helmet, his escutcheon, his lance, and an enormous black standard, the corners of which swept the ground and seemed to draw after it the mourning crowd that followed. At S. Domingos, the "Forum" of the mediæval City, the procession stopped to hear the Chief Justice Manganeha's oration; and at the city gate, a bodyguard of knights awaited the cortége to accompany it on its last long journey through Adevellos, Villa Franca, Alcoente, and Alcobaça to Batalha—a distance of about sixty miles—where all the Masters of Aviz were buried. Even after death, this Master of Aviz could perform miracles, if we are to believe the writings of his times which tell us that: "During these ceremonies of 1433, the cathedral consumed six tapers, and twenty-four torches, having, in all, 264 lbs. of wax, and after these ceremonies they had 264½ lbs. of wax!" [1]

The late King had been failing in health for some considerable time, being weary with the burden, not so much

[1] Arch. of Batalha, as compiled by Sylva in his *Mem. de El-rei D. João I.*, B. doc. 20; Vol. IV. p. 142–7 and Vol. I. p. 273–7.



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THE MONASTERY CHURCH AT BATALHA

of his years, for he was only seventy-seven, as of his heart attacks, which seized upon him oftener as he grew older. One month before his death, he had gone to Alcochete in a weak state of health, aware of his approaching death; and becoming worse there, he had said to his sons: "It is not fitting that I should make an end here in these villages and wilds. Take me back to my Palace in Alcaçova, so that I may die there seemingly as befits a King."

On his death-bed, however, he wished to say farewell to his guardian saints, and commend himself to their keeping. He was carried, therefore, to the cathedral, and there, in State, he heard his last Mass, said at the altar of St. Vincent, his favourite saint and patron for the terrible approaching day in which he, himself, was to appear before the judgment seat of God. In his enfeebled moribund mind, he now felt the remorse of bygone days; the chapel that he had ordered to be built was, then, not yet completed; and so to pay this debt and clear his conscience, he offered also a bag of gold coins to defray the expenses of completing the work when he arrived at the offertory.

From here, he wished to go to the Chapel of Our Lady da Escada, his protectress, as well as the protectress of his capital; for ever since the rough days of the last Revolution, the people had, upon each first of May, formed a procession of thanksgiving to her altar for the victory.[1] Having visited this chapel near S. Domingos, and returned to the Palace, well pleased and at peace with his conscience, trusting in the protection of his saints, he sent for his confessor, so that he should be better prepared to die. But, after the priest had been sent for, passing his hand over his face and feeling his unshaved chin, the King called for his barber "so that after death he should not look hideous and slovenly."[2] Meanwhile, his confessor arrived, but before he could be confessed his mind clouded over, he became confused, delirious, and so "the sting

[1] Friar Luiz de Sousa, *Hist. de S. Domingos*, III. 19.
[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, I. 71 and 73.

of Death was increased in his childrens' hearts by the mournful sight of seeing him die without being well enough disposed completely to discharge his spiritual duties." [1]

It was on August 15, 1433, his death took place, forty-eight years to the day after his victory at Aljubarotta, and eighteen after his equally successful expedition against Ceuta. The sun was also eclipsed then, as on the day of Philippa's death.[2]

"Wake up, Sire! Wake up to your Royal Office!" repeated Friar Gil Lobo to the new Monarch.

But the gloom of the day had entered the grief-stricken soul of the new King. Passive and broken-hearted, he tried to rouse himself. He appeared as one in a dream. A shadow seemed also to have fallen on the nation. A vague fear chilled all hearts. The air seemed full of malediction. The clouds of superstition, born of apprehension, seemed to gather and threaten. Therefore, it was not unexpected that, when the King had confessed himself, taken communion, and was awaiting his coronation, Mestre Guedelha, the Jew, who was the Court Physician and Astrologer, should kneel before him and beg him to delay his coronation until the afternoon:

"There is danger, Sire!" he said. "The stars have warned me! Jupiter is retrogressing; the sun is shadowed; and the skies foretell misfortunes."

"I know," replied the King, putting a friendly hand on the soothsayer's shoulder, adding with a melancholy look: "I know, Mestre Guedelha. I feel that you are faithful; and I have faith in your wisdom and in your science; but, I have greater faith in God, and know that He decrees the fate of all things. . . ."

Bowing his head, he saw, as in a vision, the march of his adverse fortune; but, nevertheless, he resigned himself to his fate. Mediæval Christianity had effectually created from the ancient conception of the Fates an added superstition, more absolute because more readily understood; and astrologers, Kabalists, and all kinds of soothsayers

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, IV. 80. [2] *Ibid.*, I. 73.

and fortune-tellers, reading the enigmatical characters written on the Book of Nature, now ended their prognostications with the phrase "*Deus super omnia.*"

"Let it be so," murmured the Jew; "what I asked was not hard to grant. I was only moved to speak."

"No, no! I will not listen. My faith and hope in God must never waver," replied the King.

"You will reign but a few years, Sire!" the astrologer went on mournfully, inspired by the confidence he felt in the truth of his prognostications. "A few years, and those full of burdens and anxieties. . . ."

But the King would have none of it. He was ready indeed, to welcome the end long before it came.

In the meanwhile, outside the Palace, the populace, like children, ever ready to rejoice or melt into tears on the slightest provocation, cheered their newly crowned King.

"Sir!" he said, turning to the Bishop, who stood beside him, "I wish that, now, this ceremony should be completed by burning here, before me, some oakum as a sign of the briefness and evanescence of worldly pomp and glory."

He was realising his fate, almost a voluntary martyr, a martyr who meekly bowed his head before the blade that he already saw in the hands of Providence.

"Sire!" retorted the Bishop, with authority, "the memory of this request excuses now any further ceremony."[1]

The King smothered a sigh, and said no more.

He had now entered upon his reign of five years' suffering, making an excellent but weak King, with a character that scarcely rose above a scrupulous loyalty to duty. A slave to his own beliefs, it was from his lips came the saying "A King's word should never be broken"—a dictum alas, that is sadly lacking in verity, since it is chiefly a King who is most often compelled to contradict himself. This scrupulosity, this semi-superstitious firmness, was clearly

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, III. 79.

seen in his appearance, in his pale, ascetic, clean-shaven features, prematurely withered by wrinkles, and in his lost and vague expression. In spite, however, of this, and of the weak impression produced by his brown straight hair brushed smoothly over his temples, King Duarte did not lack a certain curious charm that was painfully effeminate and diffident, depending on the grace and affability with which he received everybody, appearing as if he apologised for the high office which Providence had given him, and which he himself thought too lofty for him to occupy.

They called him "Duarte the Eloquent," not because he possessed the gift of persuasion with captivating and soul-stirring words, but because he appreciated "the grammar and logic of his language." [1] He was a crowned author, with the weaknesses and virtues of this class of men, with the inertia of will power that comes from the fatal disposition to communicate in writing his thoughts and wishes. Literature, in general, has this inherent defect: it mistakes a cloud for Juno, and mere words for actions. The mediocre scribbler has these faults even more accentuated. He puts a high price on the ideas that fill his mind, ideas little above those of the man in the street; but he is inferior to that same despised "man in the street," because he—the latter—has not resorted to the vice of expressing himself on paper. The Renascence, which marks the period when modern thought began to develop, produced, at the same time, numbers of these "Eloquents," because mankind had just begun to emerge from an Age of semi-barbarism, when activity of body was of more importance than activity of mind, and the new type of men who were beginning to arrive had not yet developed a power of thinking independently, but, for the most part were content, with more or less servility, to imitate the ideas and methods of the immortal ancient writers.

With the vices and virtues of a writer, King Duarte,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, II. 76–7.

without belonging to their more mediocre class, could not be said to be one of the master-minds. In other circumstances he might have been; but the fact that he had been born a Prince at that particular moment when the nation's energies pulsated violently, and in which the example of his brothers bestirred him to saturate himself with a knowledge that eventually proved too much for his limited vitality, told against him. By increasing the tension and strain on his weak constitution, it began by making him a valitudinarian, and ended by killing him outright, when the cruel tragedy he had failed to foresee made him drain to the dregs the bitter cup that sorrow held to his lips.

He was terrified of the stupendous energies and mighty schemes of his brother, Prince Henry, struck dumb by the vastness of his plans and the world-embracing magnitude of his designs. He sought protection against him, therefore, in his brother, Prince Peter, whose safe gravity was more in keeping with his own literary temerity, since another defect in men of this temperament is an uncertainty of action that proceeds from expending all their reserve courage in writing and talking, not in doing. Thus it came about, that when, on the day of his accession, he found himself acclaimed, and crowned, and had not his brother Prince Peter to support him, he felt the lack of self-confidence all the more acutely.

When Prince Peter learnt in Coimbra that his father was failing he rode straight away towards Lisbon, until, arriving at Leiria, he received the news that he had died. He, therefore, broke his journey there, dressed himself in black, and took advantage of the opportunity to write to the new King a long letter full of political and moral advice.[1]

At this time, many grave problems presented themselves. But the most menacing of these were the following two: the first dealt with internal policy, and concerned the quarrelling nature and plundering disposition of the crowd

[1] This letter is published in Sylva's *Mem. de El-rei D. João I.*, I. 374–9.

of noblemen to whom the late King had made certain grants in recognition of their services when they raised him to the throne; the second, perhaps more serious, concerned external politics, and had direct bearings on the economy of the country, as it dealt with the advisability of continuing the conquest of the Empire of Fez, and the plans of discovery that had taken possession of Prince Henry. King Duarte, with his characteristic weakness, wished to have the views of everybody, and to read their written opinions.

There was, moreover, the subsidiary question of attacking Granada, an undertaking in which the King of Castile had already invited Prince Henry to assist him. The Count of Arrayolos, and the Count of Ourem, both sons of the Count of Barcellos, and, therefore, the King's cousins, when asked their opinion on this latter question, replied in writing in the affirmative. They urged strongly that Prince Henry should head an expedition against Granada; but, whilst one of them wrote that they should not expect to acquire any new territory thereby, as this might lead to complications with Castile, the other enlarged upon the advantages of Prince Henry obtaining the Kingdom of Granada for himself, adding the Canary Islands, and thus beginning a series of conquests that might eventually lead to the acquisition of Castile also. As for the idea of conquering Morocco, the Count of Arrayolos thought that this should be abandoned. The Count of Ourem, on the other hand, advised following up the recent conquest of Ceuta by laying siege to Tangier, or Arzilla; but he thought that the King, in person, should command the expedition and not Prince Henry, and that it might be done without raising any taxes or contracting loans. The Count of Arrayolos defended his scheme of attacking Granada by saying that it would preserve the neutrality with the King of Castile, as well as the Princes of Aragon and their allies the Navarrese, maintaining that on this depended all future success. The Bishop of Oporto, on the other hand, advised the King to occupy himself more with

home affairs and attend to the unrest amongst the nobility.[1]

Surrounded by such a diversity of opinion, the King was at loss to know what to do. Should he follow his father's and Prince Henry's advice: to "cease his clerking"—"*Res non verba!*" Some decision must be made; but unfortunately, King Duarte, though wise in words, could not translate his words into actions; and so, in his doubt, he turned to the knowledge, prudence and philosophy of Prince Peter, who was only too willing to give advice to a brother in whom he did not fail to observe this weakness of character.

Having learnt the news of his father's death at Leiria and written immediately to his brother such counsel as seemed necessary on the occasion, Prince Peter set out again, slowly turning the situation over in his mind, and continuing his journey until he reached Bellas. There he met the King, and paid homage to him as well as to the heir presumptive, D. Affonso—the first member of the Royal Family to bear the title of "Prince" in Portugal—who had been placed under his guardianship and that of his brother Henry, as he was then only one year old.[2]

Probably King Duarte was already preparing some of his many "Treatises," by means of which he consoled himself over his passive propensities. Probably he had already anticipated with anxiety the storms that were brewing in his relations with his two brothers, the jealous envy that possessed the Count of Barcellos, the acknowledged leader of the turbulent and avaricious nobility

[1] Extracted from three letters in the Ajuda Library, Lisbon:
(*a*) From the Count of Arriolos, Torres Vedras, April, 22, 1433.
(*b*) From the Count of Ourem, Lisbon, June 4, 1433.
(*c*) From the Bishop of Oporto, Santarem, Dec. 5, 1433.
And from the following:
(*d*) Prince Peter's answer, published in Sylva's *Mem.*, I. 374–9, above cited; and:
(*e*) The letter from the Count of Barcellos, writing against an expedition to Africa, from Guimarães, May 29, addressed to King John, a few months before his death, and published in Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, V.

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, IV. and V., 80–5, and Sousa's *Hist Gen.*, I. 418.

who were ready to divide the kingdom, and the fiery ambitions which had captured by now Prince Henry's enthusiastic imagination. In addition, he foresaw trouble from Prince John's influence over his father-in-law, the Count of Barcellos, whose daughter he had married; and could not help being distressed by the actions of Prince Fernando, whom he had already reproached for quarrelling with his father. Little wonder, then, that the new King sought forgetfulness of all these things by burying himself in his writings, drawing up plans of action, instead of acting, with all the seriousness, lack of humour, calmness, and method which he inherited from his English mother.

He wrote instead of acting, because his mind, lacking in depth and energy, nevertheless retained that mimicry of action proper to people without determination. His "Treatises" were, therefore, a compendium of all the ideas of his period, and may be considered as a diary of his life. One day he would summarise the principles of Government, compiling them from what he had read in *De Regimine Principum*, which was then the standard work of the times on statesmanship; another day he would write his dissertations on riding, re-editing what his father had written in his treatise on horsemanship. After this, the subject of domestic economy would engage his attention; then sermons, mystic glossaries, mineralogical studies, astronomical observations, biologies, etc., in which he dispersed the clouds of mysticism that had remained with these newly born sciences; then ethical dissertations, then notes on the State, political essays on any question at issue, then rules on "demonology," the old terror that had not yet been dispersed, and in those days was taking a transcendental though tragic form, entering directly by the gates of religion, in such a manner that the Church became part of the State, defining the absolute rule of Christian Princes.[1]

[1] The works of King Duarte, according to the bibliography prepared by Viscount Santarem in the 1842 Paris edition of *The Loyal Counsellor*, are the following:

(*a*) Essay written when his brothers went to Tangier.

In his last work the crowned author made a complete summary of the knowledge of his Times about the almost unknown sciences. This encyclopædic knowledge was characteristic of the undeveloped thought of the period, when the various sciences had not yet been subjected to objective criticism. Emerging from the cloister, and doffing the monastic hood, Knowledge now began to take liberties with Dogma and preach a new Doctrine of Morals. It was destroying transcendental Orientalism, substituting in its place a code of Humanity, almost wholly drawn from the classical ideas that more faithfully resemble modern thought, and that we find expounded in the works of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and Plutarch.

Reading the works of King Duarte, we note immediately a certain lack of originality in them, and thus become acquainted with the main trait in his character. If we compare his writings with the works on his book-shelves, we find that the King had a complete library of the sciences of his day, and that, though he may have understood them, he was unable to add to them. As scrupulous as he was literary, he was not content with merely reading : he wished

(*b*) Advice given to Prince Henry when he sailed against Tangier.
(*c*) Reasons for this War.
(*d*) Recollections on the birth of his sons.
(*e*) Astronomical observations on the Moon.
(*f*) Petitions to the Court while at Santarem.
(*g*) Concerning "the Good Captain," *i. e.* Alvaro Vaz, Count of Avranches.
(*h*) Observations on coloured ores.
(*i*) Papers on rewards given to a certain class of servitors.
(*j*) Treatise on good Government, concerning its justice, and offices.
(*k*) Essay on Mercy.
(*l*) Sermon for Friar Fernando to preach at King John's funeral.
(*m*) Sermon for Mestre Francisco to preach concerning the Constable.
(*n*) A manual on fencing.
(*o*) An answer to Prince Fernando's complaints against his father.
(*p*) A glossary on the Lord's Prayer.
(*q*) How to cast out devils.
(*r*) What to learn from parents; patriotism and order.
(*s*) An explanation of distraction.
(*t*) Domestic life and its effect on the Government and on business.
(*u*) Handbook on the art of riding—republished by P. Roquette, with an appendix, Paris, 1842.
(*v*) *The Loyal Counsellor*, a compendium of all his works.

to write out his lessons after having digested them in his colourless mind.[1]

The following pages exhibit an impression formed on reading *The Loyal Counsellor*, which, if it had been dated throughout, would have served us as a complete diary of his sympathetic and melancholic life. It plainly shows that King Duarte was a monarch so full of conscientious virtue that he was devoid of qualities, so scrupulous in considering every point of view, and the niceties of procedure, that he was incapable of governing his country, since he could never unhesitatingly make up his mind to any bold procedure. Men like him would be perfect if Fortune, or the necessity for action, or the rectitude of their scruples, did not impose upon them a task beyond their strength. Thus oppressed, conscious of the overmastering Fate that crushes them, knowing the impotence of their desires however beautiful their visions may be, such men are ever lacking in reactive strength, in protesting courage, and so retire, in panic, into the hidden recesses of their own souls for comfort, retaliating against adversity by doing penance for the apparent crimes with which they overburden their consciences. Men of this type should not obey their instincts. They should forget themselves. They cannot get away from the scrupulous scrutiny of their hypercritical selves; but, in order to carry out their life-work, should be endowed with more stable powers of

[1] The books that King Duarte referred to were catalogued, for the first time, by Sousa, in his *Hist. Gen.*, Proof I. 544, where we find mentioned among ancient literature, the writings of Cæsar and of Cicero, translated by Prince Peter, the Dialectica of Aristotle, the works of Seneca, and of Valerius Maximus. Among the works on romance and chivalry we find the story of Tristăn, of Galahad, and of Count Lucanor, the *Trovas* of D. Denis and D. Affonso, besides the treatise on horsemanship by King John I. Of historical works, he had the Chronicles of both Spain and Portugal. Of works on statesmanship and Government, he had the *Ordinations* of Bartholo, the *De regimine principum* of Gilles de Colonna. Among scientific works and geographical books, he had the works of Avicenna, of Marco Polo—translated from the Venetian by his brother Prince Peter, and the *Quinta essentia*. Finally, on religion and ethics, we find the *Collationes* of St. John Cassianus, *Virtuosa Beimfeitoria* of Prince Peter, the *Meditations and Confessions* of St. Augustine, and a quantity of books on mystic and religious dogma.

decision, even when their courage excels their other qualities, for their scrupulous sense of right will always make them see the point of view of others rather than their own. Such men, contending with the impossible desires of their pious souls, fare badly in this blind and cruel world. History teaches us that they, especially when they have been placed on a throne, invariably suffer a martyrdom that is as pitiful as it is useless. Ill-served by Fortune are those Kings, who, like King Duarte, are born to write; for, in truth, they are hypnotised by their own doctrines, and none are more surely victimised by their faithfulness to blank parchment than they, since through this medium they imagine themselves in communication with the mysterious forces of Life. From the earliest times the Christian has confessed himself to the cold white tablets of his Temples. King Duarte poured forth his soul to his blank parchments, and in this fashion solaced his afflicted mind. Thus, although his labours proved worthless to a World that pushed him to his death, they, nevertheless, were a consolation to himself, and so perhaps, were justified of their existence. Writing his *Loyal Counsellor* in the shape of a formulary of prescriptions for the "Melancholy Humours" that permeated his constitution, he imagined that it sufficed to write about virtue and spontaneous activity to make his ideas materialise and take possession of him. In any case such consoling illusions blunted his feelings, and mitigated somewhat his afflictions, although they failed utterly to make him otherwise than unfit for the office of King.

His melancholy opened to him the portals of the Temple of Philosophy; and roaming amid its shaded precincts, curtained by the many hanging cob-webs of the Age, his speculations became as entangled and unassorted as captive insects. But of all the prescriptions for his "Melancholy Humours," he found matrimony to be the most effective.[1]

[1] "And, by the grace of Our Lord, I know that a good, wise, and gracious woman, as my wife is, and well beloved, is a great remedy against sadness and boredom."—*The Loyal Counsellor*, XXIII.

For this reason he dedicated *The Loyal Counsellor* to his Queen and bride. It was a manual of loyalty. He wrote it with his own hand, without the help of a secretary. He asked his literary countrymen to read it "letter by letter, and a little at each sitting so that those that read it, or hear it read, shall be well disposed at the time, to listen attentively." He felt, himself, that every page was a garden of flowers in bloom. "It will please me," he wrote, "if the readers will be like the bee that in her flight from twig to leaf will tarry longer on the flower, so as to derive sustenance therefrom." We note, then, that he did not write merely to please himself, after the manner of poets. His themes were born independently of ecstasy. His thoughts were those of his Age, as are those of every true-born author. And, as he was King, he naturally imagined that his exalted position would elevate his thoughts and give him a superior style, as well as loftier ideas. These illusions, brought on by social position, and influenced by the self-esteem common to authors, are not peculiar to monarchs, but appear to originate in the fact that every one has faith in the superiority of his own thoughts. King Duarte was, indeed, modest, but his modesty was closely allied to vanity. He did not doubt the value of his writings, because he approvingly remarks: "It suffices, to my mind, that our Lord knows my intentions, for my wishes to be fruitful." Thus he convicts himself, for when a writer doubts he destroys, as surely as he boasts when he publishes. Here, then, we see the vanity of the author rather than the King. His interest for us centres in the value he gave to his own conceptions, "because intelligence is our best virtue." Moreover, in those days, when science and study were still the dowry of the nobility, it was not snobbishness that made him write that his works "were chiefly to belong to the nobility, who desire to live in virtue, because others, methinks, will derive no pleasure in reading them or in hearing them read," [1] for the majority of the people,

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, dedication to the Queen.

including the most of the nobility, sought no greater mental pabulum in those days than could be derived from the romances of chivalry, or the rhymes of minstrels, to whom they could listen entranced for hours, happy under the spell of the " gay science " of these spontaneous imaginations. On the other hand, Moral and Philosophical conceptions, beginning to break free from the ecclesiastical atmosphere, casting off the shackles of Theology, were as yet an exclusive appanage of a species of brotherhood of the initiated, who were now seeking, it is true, to spread their knowledge by writing it in the vulgar tongue instead of leaving it buried in Latin; and the real importance, therefore, of *The Loyal Counsellor* is that it was one of the pioneer works of this kind in the Portuguese tongue. It is, therefore, a landmark in the secularisation of Thought born of the Renascence, and on that account is of immense historical importance. The language of every-day conversation was now invading the provinces of science and literature. Naturally, therefore, in the realms of Philosophy, it was but right that these products of superior thought should cease being the sole property of the Clergy, who still had their Latin Orisons, and should instead become part of the common heritage of the People.

The Loyal Counsellor is a confused conglomeration of all the moral and philosophical thoughts of the Age. No book has ever more faithfully displayed the mind of its author; for it portrays King Duarte himself, with a soul fundamentally ascetic, compounded indeed of virtue and loyalty, but with a grip on reality so vague as to necessitate the intervention of a manuscript to clarify his thoughts, and lengthy dissertations on advice to strengthen his indecisive Will. He thought that it was a King's duty to write such things; and the disaster of Tangier, remorse over which cost him his life, proceeded directly from this fault. With his constant vacillations, his lack of will power, he was ever unable to rise to independent action. Indeed, he spent the years of his kingship distributing advice, no doubt of excellent quality, but lacking always

the strength of command behind it, and so always unheeded by those to whom it was addressed.

The book opens with a disquisition on psychology. We find, here, that the moral attributes of man are divided under two heads : Understanding and Will Power. These divisions are the forerunners of the introspective analyses that go to form our modern ideas of psychology. He further subdivides Understanding into seven components : (1) Apprehension, " by means of which we perceive what is demonstrated unto us "; (2) Retention, " by which we memorise what we learn "; (3) Judgment; (4) Invention, " by which we devise improvements on our past actions "; (5) Declaration, " through which we declare and teach others "; (6) Execution; (7) Perseverance, " consisting of firmness and constancy to our decisions." Understanding, he tells us, works mainly through the Retentive faculty or Memory, which is also divided into two parts, viz., one belonging to the Spirit, the other to the Senses—the first dealing " with things that are not experienced, and pain that is not felt," the second with things as they are.[1]

His division of Will Power is less confusing. Stoicism, and later on Christian Philosophy, had taken deep root in the field of active intelligence, producing a stable harvest of Thought that was soon regarded as essential for self-preservation, and was believed to lead to a surer salvation. King Duarte knew his Seneca—every student of his time read him. He was also acquainted with, and often quoted, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church; and from this ecclesiastical knowledge, having studied the writings of St. Gregory, he borrowed the idea of Man's three Souls : the Vegetative, the Sensitive, and the Rational.

We find he divides Will Power into four components : (1) the Carnal, (2) the Spiritual, (3) the Will of Weakness and of Pleasure, and (4) the Perfect and Virtuous. We are told the Carnal Will desires vice, and relaxation from both weariness and care, also protection from all danger and fatigue. The Carnal and Spiritual components are

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, I. and II.

antagonistic to one another, and by their conflict within us they create the third, that of Weakness and of Pleasure, which latter two, since they want satisfying, without any inhibition, place those individuals who are dominated by them in a situation of Sin. The fourth and independent one works often for things directly apart from pleasure, acting under the commands of the Understanding.[1]

We are then informed how the moral man should proceed to overcome his desires. First, with the aid of the fear of Hell-fire, and of the penalties decreed by the Law; secondly, by the hope of rewards in this life, as well as in the Life to come; thirdly, and lastly, by stimulating the love for God and the desire for virtue.

These are his interpretations of the determining motives that condition a virtuous life. He tells us that these motives spring from the seeds of Fear, develop into the flower of Hope, and finally produce the fruits of pious Love. It is in its way a faithful analysis of the Evolution of Morality; and King Duarte writes clearly when he defines his three "Categories": "They differ widely, for in the first two (fear of Hell-fire and desire for rewards) are those that begin to follow the more perfect state, and in the third those that, being no longer influenced by fear or pain, become, in turn, powerful factors in the elevation of those who already hope for the rewards due to their services. From these latter arises, therefore, the disposition of mind that produces good and loyal sons who hope to inherit the belongings of the Father"—the Father being God, and the whole World, both material and abstract, appearing in this doctrine as One to those educated in parental Love and the bonds that unite them to the universal brotherhood.

Simplifying by his own ideas this analysis of Will Power, King Duarte gives examples of the following four "Instances," which are typical of the philosophical reasoning

[1] "The conquest of desire is a great achievement," he tells us. From all this results his proverb of "To cultivate Desire is to create Sin."—*The Loyal Counsellor*, III.

of his time. The first "Instance" is similar to the "will of a tree" (Vegetative). It seeks health, nourishment, moisture, and sleep (rest). The second is like "that of the animal world (Sensitive), and manifests itself by the twelve passions: love, desire, delight, hatred, fatigue, sorrow, kindness or tameness, hope, audacity, rage, despair, and fear. The third (Rational) "is shared only by men and the angels"; for in Man is reproduced the interior Universe, where the Will counsels and commands what belongs to the province of the virtues. The fourth is the result of the conjunction of all the others to produce Will Power, which, "as a Lady amongst all, commands us to act in all things that we do with our Understanding." As an example he instances the following: "The Will to go hunting (second instance) is in conflict with the desire to sleep or eat (first instance), common-sense intervenes (third instance), forbidding satisfaction with no other Will but that which urges one from one's bed to leave the Lodge and hunt, and suggests, instead, the advisability of doing something more important (fourth instance)."

The three instances in conflict resolve themselves, therefore, in the fourth, which is Will Power. Acting on such will power may produce either Virtue or Sin according to the motive.[1] The Will and Understanding, or in other words, the character and the intelligence, constitute, therefore, the moral Man, governed by a determination that arises in conjunction with these two elements. From these, then, are derived the Temperaments, generally four in number. First, there are men with little understanding and knowledge, and consequently many perverse desires. These are all evil doers, without any other good in them than that they have been created by Providence;[2] for intelligence cannot be divorced from Virtue, nor Virtue from intelligence. Then comes the man who has both great intelligence and knowledge, but who has also evil desires, although he has also a sense of Justice: such a

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, VI.
[2] Cf. "God made him. Let him pass for a man."

man may be worse off than the other, because in him intelligence strengthens his determination; and "although at some time he may accomplish great deeds, yet will he not escape corrections and punishments." He is followed by the man of little understanding and knowledge, but who possesses just and noble desires. Of such are the good and simple, whom Providence often rewards with more mercy than they themselves expect or understand. Lastly comes the man abounding in both intelligence and good desires.[1]

Rationalism such as this, with its simple juggling with ideas (indulged in also even when dealing with the more physical sciences), though satisfying to contemporary teachers, was, of course, an almost empty warehouse, the lock of which was the wish of the monarch, and the keys thereof kept in the possession of the Clergy; for the later Idealism, which subsequently was recognised as the Vital Force of the Universe, was then only beginning to define itself in the mind of St. Thomas Aquinas, in spite of the fact that Mediæval Christianity was already quickening Philosophy into a mysterious, burning, and living passion. Thus we find that King Duarte scrupulously included in his writings even the order of mass service and its duration,[2] considering it as forming an essential part of the system of Government.

Looking back it is easy in these days to see how the secularisation of Thought, which became general in Europe in the fifteenth century, was bound to come in conflict with the Papal Theocracy, as it did in Portugal a century later, producing a new form of Imperial Catholicism. Thus stimulated, monarchs considered themselves the Patriarchs of their own People, and, therefore, rivals of the Papacy—although not denying the Pope's authority as head of the Church, and not "protesting" against the traditions of that Church like their northern brethren. In King Duarte's time, however, these ecclesiastical quarrels, often political in origin, had not yet crystallised into action, and there

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, VIII. [2] *Ibid.*, XCV. and XCVI.

were then no Protestants to "protest" against a Catholicism which later became more absolute and suppressive, largely from the necessity of protecting its own existence by constant struggles. A wish for enlightenment had not yet become a sin. On the contrary, the Gospel could be studied, like any other book, in peace, so as to be well understood. "Ye must not read one hour," says *The Loyal Counsellor*, "but a good deal less than ye are able. Thus, if ye can read twelve pages, ye should read no more than three." In other words, the Gospel should be read slowly, and then thought over, so that "when there is part ye cannot comprehend, ye should ponder not over much; for there is no mind that can understand all perfectly in theology." Moreover, he adds, "of those things ye cannot comprehend, do not question, for ye must certainly know that there are many who know little." Again the confession of common ignorance in theology is sanctioned by the cold impartiality of intelligence, thus—"do not form any intention or determination that all ye read must be twisted in order to appear to agree mutually;" and if there are doubts, ignore them, for "when your intelligence doubts what ye read, ye should be pleased to leave it in doubt." [1]

Canons of blind obedience such as these were afterwards adopted for educational purposes by the Jesuits in their "Quæstiones de Deo prætereantur," in which they taught their less intelligent novices to take up this attitude towards theology. Thus, it came about that, at the time of the Reformation, when doubt and scientific inquiry were beginning to rise simultaneously, threatening as it seemed to destroy the very foundations of the Church, these counsels towards a mental halt, which King Duarte advised in his piety, were invoked for a purpose he had never intended, namely, to prohibit the individual interpretation of the Scriptures. The old trust in the judgment of the People consequently became destroyed, leaving in its place an Absolute Catholicism that killed also the

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, XCIII.

optimism, marking the Dawn of the Renascence, which regarded the World and its workings as intrinsically perfect, to such a degree, indeed, as to give rise to the belief in the existence of a principle of Eternal Justice that was above even Religion itself; for humanity had begun to realise that though religions might change, Right and Wrong would always remain constant, or as *The Loyal Counsellor* hath it: "In the faith of Celestial Affairs, there are great changes and varieties in general; but, above all its laws, all Sects and Heretics are united in one manner of belief: Christians, Mohammedans and Gentiles, all agree in the determination of Good and Evil." [1]

This sense of an all-pervading Justice throughout the World was a favourite theme of King Duarte's. He believed it was instinctive; and taught that we must not doubt what these instincts of ours would have us believe; for faith and instinct are our best guides: "It seems to me a want of judgment to doubt what the Holy Church would lead us to believe because we understand it not; for our bodies which work so wondrously, who can understand them? . . . and the powers of Memory, Vision, Scent, Taste, and more especially the Emotions, whose is the mind that can unravel their mysteries with reason?" [2] In other words, we can no more understand what we "ourselves have in us" than we can understand all the phenomena of life.

It is true we may study these phenomena as King Duarte studied meteorology [3] and mineralogy; but, even then we shall find that, though the mysteries of Life contain other things than those which the Church commands us to believe in, still the Universe contains many phenomena that cannot be explained by our reasoning. The sphere of the miraculous is enclosed within the limits of the Orthodox; the Universe is not all phantasmagorical, and

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, XXXIV. [2] *Ibid.*, XXXIX.

[3] Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, Proof I. 540, reprinting King Duarte's *Observations on the Moon*: "When the new moon appears crimson it foretells wind. If its upper horn be indistinct it foretells rain. If it be resplendent, like water rippled by the oar, it foretells an early storm at sea. If the centre be paler, good weather at full moon may be expected."

Reason can reign therefore only in the field that Faith leaves for investigation, otherwise scientific inquiry will drive Truth further away from the reach of our senses.

Astrology, the source of our superstitions, remained for centuries as a refuge for the imagination, even when the skies, that field wherein ancient mythology had flourished so luxuriantly, had lost their primitive divine characters. It had become, in the fifteenth century, a Creed without Theology, a Religion without Gods, a terror without piety —the dry remains left over from an ancient worship, now abandoned.

The author of *The Loyal Counsellor* still believed in the influence of the stars; for Mediæval Christianity, calling Faith into action only in what appertained to the Spiritual Man, failed to formulate any Philosophy of Nature; and so, at the dawn of the Renascence, that is, when Humanity awoke from the phantastical dreams of the Middle Ages, Man, in surprise, began to look about him, and to inquire into the "Secrets of Nature," without Orthodoxy being able to give him any more information than King Duarte in his interpretation of the Scriptures.

"About this influence of the Planets," observes King Duarte, "there be some who maintain that ships, horses, arms, birds, and dogs, are influenced; why, therefore, they ask, should not Man be similarly influenced? To such I answer that certainly these things must have some influence on our birth, conditioning at the time our Fortunes, although there seems to be no obvious manifestation of this; but, as I hold that a man is a more perfect work of Creation than the Constellations, for he commands everything, therefore I believe that if a man have knowledge he may overcome this influence through the mediation of Faith. For how much more can one accomplish who leans on the Lord, since of him it is written that all things shall be his?"[1] Faith, in the case of King Duarte, thus fought the fight which rational Thought afterwards took over against the evil influences of spells, spirits, devils, witches, whose

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, XXXIX.

baleful influence Imagination, then and even later, believed to permeate the mysteries of Nature.

Thus was the World conceived in the *Loyal Counsellor*, and in the virtuous mind of King Duarte its author. From the pages of his book we can form a rounded picture of the man; we see him rise placid and weak, comforting himself with his own counsels in times of adversity, writing his doctrines scrupulously and with the minuteness of men of his type. He well knew, so he tells us, in his excellent Latin, what constitutes a "good captain." [1] He knew "that there are as many loyal and stout hearts in Portugal, as there are among us English (his mother was English) valiant men-at-arms." [2] His knowledge when he came to write it down seemed almost encyclopædic, but he could not apply it. All his energy seemed to be consumed in composition. There was none left for action. He transformed his own confessor into a secretary to write down the creations of his mind,[3] in which the lack of virility was replaced by his bureaucratic tendencies.

As he could only think on paper, he even wrote out rules for translating his own Latin.[4] For this punctiliousness he was nicknamed "The Eloquent." He had not that spark of genius in his character that inspired Prince Henry, nor that profound intelligence that distinguished Prince Peter. He was born loyal and an adviser, virtuous, energetic, punctilious—and yet lacking what constitutes true manliness—namely, Will Power. Cursed with the vice of indecision, he worried himself into the grave trying to come to a conclusion. Painfully conscientious of his inefficiency in everything he did, knowing his own faults, but without the strength to overcome them, afflicted with the defects of his virtues, entangled in his scruples,

[1] "These things constitute a good captain:
"Labor in negotiis, fortitudo in periculis, industria in agendo, celeritas in conficiendo, consilium in providendo."—Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, I. 555.

[2] *The Loyal Counsellor*, XXXIX.

[3] *The Loyal Counsellor*, XC., tells us that Friar Gil Lobo wrote the apologue of the two boats in Chapter XC., by the King's command.

[4] "Methods for translating any tongue into our own tongue."—Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, Proof I. 542.

crushed by unavailing remorses, he was for ever seeking refuge within a consciousness as virtuous as it was incapable of commanding resourcefulness of action.

He had not the courage of his convictions, neither had he that abnegation that constitutes the martyr, those passive heroes who conquer the World by demonstrating the stupidity of Fate. Nevertheless he possessed the charm of gentle virtue, born of frankness, a quality that is as seductive as it is evanescent. If Prince Fernando, the Martyr, earned his Palm, if Prince Henry, the Hero, earned his Laurels, King Duarte, the Conscientious, surely earned his Lily, the symbol of modesty and chastity.

Portugal and the World at large hold in reverence the memory of Prince Henry for having been a hero, of Prince Fernando for having been a martyr; but that of King Duarte, whose virtue had no inferior merit, has been forgotten. Between these brothers, the unfortunate King, ill-served by Fate, suffered equally from the sacrifice of one and the inhumanity of the other, because, by reason of his gentle virtue, he was not able to control the fiery energy of Prince Henry, or forbid the expedition that caused the fate of Prince Fernando. And, in truth, the outcome of gentleness and of virtue is always this; for the good are essentially weak, and in the stern realities of Life weakness is the greatest defect of all. Perhaps this is the reason why we admire the good in our own minds, but in our actions treat them as negligible. Nevertheless, the more we realise the apparent merits of the strong and valiant and therefore successful, the more we should appreciate the worth of those humble virtues which distinguish men like King Duarte.

CHAPTER VII

TANGIER

IMMEDIATELY after his father's death, Prince Henry precipitated himself, like a falcon, upon King Duarte, demanding a second expedition to Africa. Obsessed by this idea, he proposed changing his motto " Talent de bien faire " to the word " IDA," which signifies " expedition," the letters of which were also the initials of his own name : " Iffante Dom Anrrique." [1]

General opinion was, however, against such a venture. Indeed, only a few weeks before King John's death, the Count of Barcellos, knowing Prince Henry's mania, had written from Guimarães a long letter to his father dwelling on the unfavourable political results that must inevitably follow from any such proposed expedition, showing him, *seriatim*, in arguments dictated by reason and common-sense, why he, at least, was opposed to any such schemes. But Prince Henry was not the only one to be dealt with. The truth was that around the King, in opposition to Prince Peter the Philosopher and the Count of Barcellos, who was away from Court preoccupied with the welfare of his extensive estates in the north, there were his other brothers, then in the flower of their youth, full of energy and resourcefulness, princes whose fame had already been noised abroad throughout Europe, so much so that the Palaeologue of Byzantium, the Pope, the Kings of Castile and of England, each and all had invited them to visit their courts, offering them wealth and positions of eminence.

It was only human, then, that these young men should,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XIV

with difficulty, after this, be restrained at Court doing nothing, feeling naturally that it would be more honourable to employ their energies abroad in acquiring fame, instead of wasting them in idleness at home. Prince Peter was a father and a philosopher, content with his family and his studies. Prince Henry, on the other hand, was single and had no family, living the chaste life of a cloistered monk, wrapped up in fiery dreams of a great World dominance. Of the two younger, Prince John had married his niece, the daughter of the Count of Barcellos, and was more or less a pawn in the hands of others in the game; but Prince Fernando, following Prince Henry's example, remained single, and, excited by the same militant asceticism that animated his brother, was itching for action with all the impetuosity of his three and thirty years.

When John de Siqueira, who had acted as Regent during the expedition to Ceuta, and later succeeded the Master of Aviz in the command of the Order of St. Bennett, died, King Duarte gave the Mastership of this Order to his youngest brother, because by his father's death he had inherited only Atouguia and Salvaterra near Santarem, since Portugal was too small to grant extensive lands to so many princes. Nevertheless, Prince Fernando, although knowing this, comparing his lot with that of his brothers, was filled with discontent; and so one day, at Almeirim, he declared to the King that he wished to go abroad to France or Italy, in search of further fortune. The King begged him meekly to give up the idea, to have patience, and to remember the poverty of the kingdom, and how his father had divided the greater part of it among those who had helped him to gain its independence. King John, he continued, had been content himself with the liege of Santiago, which was less valuable than that of Aviz; whilst the Crown itself had not brought him, King Duarte, more than the Palace of Bellas: for all the other lands, that had once belonged to the reigning sovereign, would eventually be inherited by Prince John, as he had married the Count of Barcellos' daughter.

To all of this Prince Fernando answered that it was not greed that prompted him to complain, but the fact that his older brothers had won their spurs on the battlefield of Ceuta, while he, who was older now than they had been at that time, was still a nonentity, and found himself wearied to death by the excess of leisure he possessed.[1]

The King, at a loss to know what to do, and perhaps foreseeing the approach of his own misfortunes, turned to Prince Henry for aid, beseeching him, instead of exciting his younger brother by such ideas, to help to moderate his ambitions. He begged Prince Henry to consider the poverty of the people, to listen to general opinion, and to have some pity for his tribulation. The unfortunate King might have expected as much mercy from a marble statue. He could not have applied for help to a worse quarter; for Prince Henry, unmoved, answered dryly that his petitions were in vain, and that their father's intentions had been more generous. He had wished to extend the kingdom beyond the Seas, so that each should acquire sufficient lands to satisfy the most ambitious of them, and at the same time be able to train their vassals to wars and conquests, so that they should not deteriorate either in valour or chivalry. King John had wished and done his best to convert his kingdom into a tournament field, into the citadel of a future extensive Empire. Now times were changed; timorous councils prevailed; yet in the kingdom there were at least two, himself and his brother Fernando, who were still anxious to show their mettle and were without the impediment of a family. It seemed only right, therefore, that they should be allowed to go with their own vassals, as was the right, and privilege, and duty of Christian Knights, to fight the Infidel in Africa.

King Duarte, almost checkmated by the heat of his brother's arguments, repeated his objections, and drew attention to the difficulty of keeping Ceuta.

"For the love of God," he said, "do not excite, but rather calm Prince Fernando."[2]

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, X. [2] *Ibid.*, XI.

But Prince Henry had curbed his passions too long. In his father's lifetime he had been constrained to keep his ambitions to himself from respect for the old King's wishes and increasing infirmities; and so, during the last years of his reign, he had lived contentedly in hope. But now, at the beginning of a new reign, when his brother, with whose weakness and want of enthusiasm he could not sympathise, offered the same feeble excuses, only fit to be ignored, things were different.

"The kingdom is small and poor, is it?" he argued. "Well, then let us make it richer and larger!"

Thus it came about that the now fixed idea of carrying out this expedition caused his hard, ambitious nature to become more and more aggressive. He soon saw, however, that a violent line of attack against his brother's weakness was not advisable—for the weak are often obstinate; so against this obstinacy he now decided to use cunning.

He knew full well what influence Prince Peter, who was strongly opposed to these ideas, had over the King; but he also knew that Queen Leonora, faithfully loved by her husband, detested this brother-in-law of hers with a feminine hatred because he had married the daughter of the Count of Urgel, the pretender to the Crown of Barcelona, and, therefore, the lifelong enemy of her family.[1] Prince Henry, therefore, calculated that the King would grant anything she asked for, especially when it concerned the kingdom over which she now found herself ruling as his consort. He also calculated that, with a little tact, he could convince the Queen, and make her jump at the opportunity of defeating Prince Peter; and with this object in view, to get into her good graces, he made her son, the younger Prince Fernando, who was then scarcely three years old, his heir. All these things he schemed and plotted, bearing in mind the King's weakness, the Queen's hatred of her brother-in-law, and her great love for her son. Eventually, he hatched his plot so well that the result was the realisation of his hopes; for Queen Leonora,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, II.

entering whole-heartedly into the spirit of the conspiracy, so contrived to influence the King, who had no suspicions of the means that were being employed to win over the unfortunate "Loyal Counsellor," so unloyally counselled, that he finally consented, although, in spite of all their well-laid schemes, he resisted for two whole years.

It happened that, unexpectedly, at the beginning of 1436, Pope Eugin IV ordered a Crusade, asked for previously—perhaps also at Prince Henry's instigation—to be carried out as soon as he was ready to march against the Infidel; and Prince Henry, seizing upon this half-forgotten request, and in order to see if the Queen's manœuvres had had their desired effects, again approached the King, only to find that he still raised the old objection that there was no money, reminding him that, as late as 1428, Princess Isabel's marriage had cost the State 200,000 crowns,[1] and this without counting expenses incurred by the festivities and travels, asking him to think also of the debts that had arisen from the reception of the ambassadors who had come for Princess Isabel from Philip the Good, the cost of his own wedding, and of Prince Peter's in the same year, and the money spent on the late King's funeral, with its long procession to Batalha.

"There has been enough expense already," he ended; "we cannot meet any more."

"But yet," retorted Prince Henry, "you did not feel so economically inclined when you offered to help Castile in their wars against Granada, or when you asked His Holiness for a Holy War! Moreover, personally I will not marry—so there will be no more foolish extravagance in that direction! What I yearn for is not a wife, but the command of 'Africa portentosa,' as the Romans called it, the Golden Gates that lead to a wide-world Empire. If you are prepared to waste money abroad over ambassadors

[1] The old crown, double its present value, appears to have varied considerably in the fifteenth century. In 1436, the law fixed its value at about 5*s.* 2*d.*, in 1473 it was almost double this. In 1438, 200,000 crowns was about £51,700.

and festivities, why not spend it at home, where we can get something for our money? Tangier is simply asking us to capture it. Ceuta is costing us for its upkeep simply because it lies isolated, surrounded by nothing but Moors, whereas if Tetuan, Alcazer, Arzilla, and Tangier were ours, this difficulty would evaporate, and we should have a second Fatherland, a second Portugal! Let us capture Tangier, and make the Kingdom of Fez our own!"

The ardent eloquence of Prince Henry fell upon deaf ears; but, far from being disheartened or defeated, he left the King to his own thoughts, and prepared himself for an interview with his sister-in-law, the Queen. Thus King Duarte, finding no one to listen to him, was finally compelled to make up his mind and yield. This consent was eventually wrung from him by his wife, who awaited a favourable moment of weak docility.

All was haste now, the plan of the Expedition was soon drawn up. The army that Prince Henry needed was 14,000 men—3,000 infantry, 500 mounted cross-bowmen, and 10,000 other troops. As there was no money in the Treasury, the Cortes met at Evora in the middle of April to raise it, "not without much grumbling and dissatisfaction on the part of the public, whose cries and lamentations wounded the King." [1]

King Duarte, in his weak consideration for his subjects, was, in fact, like Cervantes' Knight-errant, dragged into the windmill of his brother's ambitions; and Henry, now his consent was gained, did not scruple to flatter him with praise, when any conscientious doubts threatened these plans, so that the King, carried away by the rapid whirlwind of events, found himself helpless to do anything. His Queen's caresses made him forget the general course of events; and, moreover, he was now preoccupied anticipating his death as foretold by the Court Astrologer. Tears, therefore, would often come to his eyes, and his spirits would ebb; or else he would force himself into high spirits, as he did during the meeting of the Council at

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XIV.

Almeirim. A foreboding sorrow was undermining him. Buffeted between two conclusions, both impotent and undecisive, sharp pangs of remorse pricked his agitated mind for having, in a moment of weakness, and perhaps for the first time in his life, taken an unusually definite course—a course for which he knew his weakness and his love for his false Queen were alone responsible.

In this torture of mind, his earnest wish was to recall the promise he had made, not because he had decided against the expedition, but rather because he was becoming more and more terror-stricken at each apparent immovable obstacle which he had overlooked, and which now kept urging him to revise his verdict with all his old characteristic doubtfulness of mind. In August, therefore, he met his brothers in Council at Leiria, to see if they could mitigate the tortures of this dilemma. Tangier appeared to him a hideous nightmare.

At this meeting Prince John was the first to give his views, for it was customary at these sessions for the youngest and least important member to open the discussion, and he happened to be the youngest there. His words were to the point, and he lucidly discussed the two salient features of the situation: the Justice and the Honour demanded of them, and the pros and cons in connection with the expedition.

He pointed out that the Crusade was a duty: "For a thousandfold more than that we should send to a Cardinal to do some small act of mercy, we should grant this one to the Pope with better grace. In all reason and justice, the invasion of Morocco must not be delayed."

"Even if it turns out as successful as the one against Ceuta," interrupted the King, "after its advantages and disadvantages have been well discussed, its good and its evil, its winnings and its losses, the result will profit us and our Kingdom as little."

"What!" retorted Prince John, "would you lose here so that you may gain there? Do you forget what happened to Alexander and Rome? If common-sense condemns this

War, something stronger commands it—and that something is Honour! Is His Holiness to be obeyed or disobeyed? I leave you all to decide!"

The thread of this discourse shows the spirit of the young Prince, for, when one reasons with sound judgment, one does not fall blindly into the error of obeying "honour." "Honour," that is enthusiasm, is not obtained by mere decision, but essentially by the use of every faculty, as was the case with Prince Henry. Prince John was a prudent youth, discreet, loyal and firm, as time will show. He, therefore, resembled Prince Peter more, and also his father-in-law and step-brother, the Count of Barcellos. It was the latter who next joined the discussion, with a certain authority given him by his years—he was nearly sixty—and the rude vocabulary of a man educated in a different school, without the flourish of eloquence of the lettered aristocracy.

"Your flowery words," he said, "are only apparent truths. It is in common-sense that the 'flower' of reason is to be found; and common-sense, truth and honour—nay, everything, condemns this War!"

Prince Peter was the next to speak; and his words, brief, to the point, and without any excessive "floweriness," were listened to in silence; for all felt the wisdom that lay behind them, and knew that the loyalty and deep affection he had for his brother and King, would oblige him to give vent to his true feelings without reserve.

"To fight the Moor," he said, "is a glorious enterprise, but only when it does not commit us to disaster. It is true we have no money, which is essentially the chief consideration in this business. Like a 'thief in the house,' I know its scarcity. And the King could not get any money from the public without feeling guilty in his conscience. He must not do this! As a King and as a Christian he must not weaken the exchange."

"But supposing," he continued, "he takes Tangier, Alcazer and Arzilla: What will he do next? Will he populate them from a kingdom already almost depopu-

lated? This seems to me absurd as well as unwise; for if he attempts it, it will be as stupid as exchanging a good overcoat for a bad hat, since we should surely lose Portugal and not gain Africa. The conquest of Granada is, to my mind, more commendable. It would soon be filled with Christians; but in Morocco we should lack in subjects without lacking in land, and, therefore, though we would court certain danger, we should assuredly gain no certain profit. To besiege Tangier is a thing to avoid. It is an enormous risk. The Moors of Tripoli, of Barbary, even of Mecca, would certainly come to their comrades' help; and instead of being the besiegers we should find ourselves the besieged. The conquest of Africa is difficult enough, even for all the Kings of the Peninsula together. Therefore, Sire! I conclude that neither now, nor in the future, is it wise to recommence this War in Africa." [1]

In absolute silence the thoughtful Council dispersed, and the King, with graver doubts, more undecided, more melancholic, more panic-stricken than ever, departed, wondering what he could do in this crisis, how he could resist Prince Henry and the Queen. If there was one person whom they were compelled to obey, he thought, it would assuredly be the Pope. He therefore ordered the Count of Ourem to write to Rome.[2] Unfortunately for the King, Prince Henry got wind of it, and at once set himself to counter this stroke, realising that an adverse opinion was capable of upsetting all his plans, and that an immediate decision was, now, more urgent than ever. He therefore approached the Queen without delay, urging her to save the situation, promising that whatever he possessed he would give to her beloved son of three, whom he found smiling and lisping beside her, clapping his hands, utterly unconscious that his mother was expecting the arrival of his new sister, who would see the light of that very day.[3]

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XIV., XIX. [2] *Ibid.*, XX.

[3] Prince Henry was already almost fabulously rich, as the result of the discoveries that had been made. He owned the rents of the islands of Madeira, Porto Santo, Deserta, and Guinea, as well as of the lands belonging to the Order of Christ.

He found her at Torres Vedras, where all the Court had recently gone. On September 18, Princess Catharina was born, and with her arrival started the events that doomed the King to his death. During the crisis of her indisposition, the Queen was not allowed to forget her promise to Prince Henry, nor her hatred for Prince Peter. Prince Henry knew full well that a woman is caprice in human form, and he, therefore, had a short interview with her before he left her with King Duarte.

It was in that fatal moment that the King, stooping over her bed, in a whisper gave his promise, his heart torn by the thought that he had committed an error, and overcome by the weakness that prevented him being strong enough to resist his wife's supplications during that sublime moment, between life and death, when a woman appears a victim to her sacred duty to the race.

Thus the promise was given without waiting for the Pope's advice; and, more than this, the King ordered that all preparations should be made without delay. It was, therefore, arranged that the Count of Arrayolos, the Count of Barcellos' son, should look after the arming of the fleet in Oporto, while the King himself, in person, oversaw similar preparations at Lisbon.

The Pope's answer, which arrived from Rome already too late to have any bearing on the question, was another thunderbolt that struck the broken-hearted King.

The Pope wrote saying that, for guidance, the King should refer to the books of Canons of the Holy See, and that he should turn to his ministers for advice. He would give the King, however, his opinion: If the question concerned the Infidel occupying territory that was originally Christian, and thus endangering the Christian Religion, turning sanctuaries into mosques and perpetuating other abominations, there was no doubt that it was his duty to make war. But if, on the contrary, the question dealt with territory that had never been Christian, he should act otherwise, whether the Infidel was doing harm or not; for the World and its abundance belonged to God alone;

and it was He who makes the sun rise for both Christian and Infidel. Nevertheless, if they were "Idolaters," sinning against the laws of Nature, then they should be punished, for Nature commands them to worship only one God. In any case, a war should only be made in all piety, and with all due consideration, care being taken not to expose Christian soldiers to dangers or suffering without sufficient cause; for if, through audacious or ill-advised impulses, there should result calamity, the King would be sinning grievously. If the War were just, the King could carry it out honourably at the expense and suffering of the Nation; but if it were a War that was purely adventurous, then it would be unjust to levy taxes for the purpose.[1]

We can easily guess what a piercing thrust this advice was to the pious King. The days of militant Crusades, and pious enthusiastic fanaticism had now set in Rome, to be replaced by other ideas, which the people of the Peninsula were later to absorb, and against the violation of which they were to protest in their own way. The ideas now dictated by the Pope were the outcome of a new spirit which taught that God had made the sun to rise in order to benefit both the Heathen and Christian, a new Theology, that distinguished between the Moor and the Idolater, that propounded a Natural Law of worshipping only one God, and, at the same time, suggested a parallelism between Christ and Mahomet, a philosophic Doctrine that preached nothing but Peace, and defined War as an exclusive means of defence in evident necessity. With all due respect to the Pope, King Duarte took this advice for what it was worth—he still remained in doubt. As for Prince Henry, when he himself read out this pontifical message —for he would not even allow his brother to read it himself—he ground his teeth in anger at His Holiness' weakness.

Whatever the advice, the die was cast, and Tangier was to be attacked. And so to dissipate his forebodings and raise his hopes, the King occupied himself writing about

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XX.

the situation and his interviews with his advisers, ambiguously recording the motives that he wished to make himself believe had influenced him in his decision, and laying down the plans of the campaign with a touching belief in the ability of Prince Henry to carry it to a successful issue.

His motives were numerous, and he tabulated them methodically, even trying to hide from himself his characteristic indecision, the Queen's influence over him, and his weakness during his daughter's birth. His main plea was that the War was a necessity to exercise the army, a neglect of which exercise led to the degeneration of peoples and, often, to the loss of kingdoms, whereas the stimulus of war "took the people away from themselves, and from a Life without virtue." Moreover, he wrote that it would encourage a pious feeling amongst the nobility to know that they were doing good with Crusades, voyages and adventures, and that it seemed to him that it was more noble to work and to incur expense "in anything that was of service to God and himself, than in anything that was of service to the foreigner." Other Christian princes, too, were crusading, and if the nation did not help them, it seemed only right that they should fight some other unbelievers independently. Finally, after some other varied reasons, he gave his last: "because I consider that we govern Ceuta, this white man's prison, this consumer of money, with so much loss and danger, and all because of the persecution of those who wish to avenge Our Lord God, [therefore I think we ought to go to war] to subject the Infidels of that kingdom to obedience to the Holy Mother Church, obtaining thus more territory to increase our honour and wealth, so that the said expense will be compensated for in all or in part, as I understand, pleasing Our Lord, whose will be done, through His great mercy, if Tangier and Alcazer be captured." [1]

The King obviously wished to convince himself, so that he might clear from his perturbed soul the clouds of doubt

[1] Papers of King Duarte in Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, Proof I. 538.

placed there by Prince Peter's advice, by the Pope's admonition, and by the Count of Barcellos' warnings, as well as the presentiments of his own sensitive mind. So, in order to persuade himself of this, he wrote it all down, making himself believe that the energy spent on enumerating his reasons would introduce some soothing strength of decision into his wavering spirit, and make him forget himself. He did not wish to go in person to Ceuta, as his father had done before him, and as his son was to do after him at Alcazer; but he yearned to supervise bureaucratically the plan of campaign, formulating learned probabilities, and recommending his own written ideas, often repeated in their punctuated execution, to Prince Henry.

He advised that, as soon as they reached Ceuta, they should divide the fleet into three parts. One part was to be sent to Tangier, another to Arzilla, and a third to Alcazer. Thus he thought Prince Henry would prevent the Moors concentrating all their forces at Tangier, "so that these may be held elsewhere and prevented from helping the others there." Prince Henry was advised to march against Tangier with a force of 500 horse; then to besiege it "with two columns that should reach from coast to coast"; and if the men available were not sufficient, with one column having constant communication with the fleet. He was to make, at the most, three attacks; and if the third did not effect the fall of Tangier, he was to retire to Ceuta and winter there, until the month of March: "and, then I will go with all my army."[1] King Duarte, further cautioned him that if he did not do this he would surely find himself crushed by the combined forces from Tripoli, Barbary, and all the tribes as far as Mecca, as Prince Peter, who had travelled throughout the spacious Orient, had warned him.

The panic of the King was as obvious as his advice was cautious; and the insistence with which he advised Prince Henry, together with the length of these dissertations,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXI.

shows the doubts he entertained concerning his brother's caution. In truth, Prince Henry paid little attention to the voice of Prudence; for, full of blind confidence, he remembered that Ceuta had been a mere skirmish, and was inclined to consider Tangier would be the same. Therefore he looked upon all his brother's counsels as so much infantile chatter, the outcome of a hesitating mind; and, conscious of his own strength of character and lack of fear, felt benevolently sorry for the King, whose cackling he suffered accordingly with as much patience as might be. King Duarte, however, would not leave him in peace. He was constantly at him with advice such as this : "I command you to make it your business to protect the virtue of Chastity, because you know full well how much Our Lord is pleased with this same virtue; and I would have you notice how the English pursue this object, since, although, in time of peace, they are so much occupied with their women, having them ever about them, yet, in time of war, to protect them more zealously, they will not suffer that they be allowed near the battlefields." [1]

To this and hundreds such similar counsels Prince Henry listened in silence, shrugging his shoulders in sympathy for a seemingly deranged mind, until the date of his departure arrived, and he was free to act untrammelled by his brother's following shadow.

On August 23, 1437, the fleet sailed from Lisbon, with all the troops that had been recruited: 2,000 cavalry, 1,000 crossbowmen, and 3,000 archers, making in all a total of 6,000 men, instead of the 14,000 that the Prince had asked for. But this scarcity did not affect Prince Henry's plans, his self-confidence blinding him completely to the enormous risks he ran. The people "found this expedition such an undertaking that they felt more disposed to lose their spoils than to endanger their lives."[2] In vain the King adjourned trials in the High Courts until

[1] King Duarte's papers, "Instr. de Tangier" in Sousa's *Hist Gen.*, Proof I. 533.

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXII.

after the War; in vain, he bribed criminals with free pardon :[1]

Every device failed, men and money failed, the latter because neither the Treasury, nor the Crown estates, nor the loans borrowed, not even the sums that were taken by the Government, and that had been raised for the purpose of charity, realised enough. Even the vessels that the Government contracted for were not built; and those recalled from Flanders and Germany failed to return to home waters on account of the war that Germany was waging against the French, after the restoration of the Monarchy in Paris. To cap everything, Castile would not allow the Portuguese trading vessels to leave the shores of Biscay, and so part of the Army had to march overland to Gibraltar before embarking for Ceuta.

The religious ceremonies in connection with the departure of the fleet resembled more those of a funeral than of an expedition, when, in the chapel of Our Lady of Bethlem, the friars confessed and communicated the sailors.[2] Presentiments of some catastrophe were universally felt; but this only increased Prince Henry's blind enthusiasm.

[1] The text of the Law was the following:

(1) That plaintiffs who wish to enlist can leave their cases in the hands of their Procurators and Judges, who shall work for the interests of the plaintiffs.

(2) All executions of sentences of death and quartering are to be adjourned until two months after the return of the Armada, provided that the criminal has committed his crime prior to January 1436, and provided that the criminal will join the Armada.

(3) Similarly, minor crimes will be pardoned to those enlisting before the last day of April. And those sentenced to death and quartering will be pardoned after their return from the War; excepting treacherous assassins, woman garrotters, forgers, heretics, persons guilty of sacrilege, highwaymen, robbers, and incendiaries, who will not have safe conduct through districts wherein they have committed crimes, but only in the district of embarcation.

(4) All lawsuits are to be prorogued until two months after the return of the Armada.

(5) The King beseeches prelates to absolve the excommunicated "because it will be a thing of danger and of corruption to others, if they join the Armada."

[2] Barros, "Dec." I., IV. 12, "Item: ordered in the Church of Santa Maria de Bethlem, situated in Restello in the outskirts of the City of Lisbon."—*Test. do inf. D. Henrique.*

His soul was tempered like steel, and his eyes shone in his weather-beaten, bronzed countenance, when, at last, he boarded his ship, eager to face all odds, confident in his star, followed by Prince Fernando, then in the strength of his three and thirty years.

On the other hand, Prince Fernando, who had been praying for and eagerly looking forward to this expedition, in favour of which he had persistently tried to influence his dead father, now began to share the public presentiments about it; and so on the eve of departure, Santiago's Day, he took his last leave of the Chapels of Our Lady da Escada, and S. Domingos, in which latter he was confessed and had Holy Communion,[1] so that he might start reconciled and prepared for his death. He also made his last Testament, distributing his possessions, which were few indeed, among the various churches where he had performed his devotions, indicating his pious wishes thus :—"If I die in this Armada, on board of which I am sailing . . . it is my will that they give me torches and obsequies as if I were a simple nobleman and no more . . . and if, perchance, my brother, Prince Henry, wishes to make other obsequies in my honour . . . I ask him, in mercy, that he will only order High Mass to be sung for the salvation of my Soul, or to spend the money in the ransoming of captives, or in alms to some worthy people who may pray to God on my behalf."[2] Little indeed, when he made this Will, did the ill-fated Prince anticipate that his funeral obsequies would be conducted not by his brother and with Christian ceremonies, but by the King of Fez, exposing his dead and mutilated body to the derision of a gloating mob of Infidels.

The voyage was accomplished in little more than four days. On August 27 they arrived at Ceuta, where they found the Governor, Dom Pedro de Menezes, Count of

[1] Friar Luiz de Sousa's *Hist. de S. Domingos*, III. 19.

[2] Extracted from Prince Fernando's Will and Testament made before he sailed in 1437, and copied in Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, Proof I. 501.

Vianna, on his deathbed, stricken by the fatal illness which carried him off in a few days,[1] after having for twenty years resisted with his isolated garrison constant Moorish attacks. The natives around the city were terror-stricken; and the news of a Christian fleet approaching their shores resounded throughout all Maghreb.[2] The anxiety within Ceuta itself was, however, almost as great when they saw how small was the force with which it was proposed to attack Tangier; and the unanimous opinion given by a special Council of War assembled was that it should be delayed till reinforcements arrived. Nevertheless, Prince Henry, angered and adamant, tragically exclaimed:

"I know that the forces are small; but it is the command of God! Even if they were smaller, we should have to open the attack!"[3]

Then, rising with these words, determined to face whatever Fate had in store for him, he left the meeting, followed by the eyes of all assembled.

Whenever such fanaticism takes possession of a man, it converts him, for the time, into an hypnotic power that dominates the wills of those around him, making him appear a hero in their eyes, subordinating their intelligence, so that reason and critical judgment give way to a blind automatism, impelling them to obey commands as if they were infallible. Such was the power Prince Henry possessed over these men. His will appeared to be that of Destiny. The more doubtful the outcome seemed, the more he hardened his heart against abandoning it. The members of the Council were silenced. They followed him like sheep with the submissive apathy of men awaiting their fate. It was the will of God!

This portion of Africa juts out into the Straits, forming a promontory, on the middle of which is Alcazer, in front

[1] Azurara, *Chron. do conde D. Pedro*, XL.
[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXI.
[3] *Ibid.*, XXII.

of Tarifa.[1] Towards the right, beyond Cape Lion, and already resting on Mediterranean waters, lies Ceuta; whilst on the left, still on the Straits, bounded by Cape Espartel, is Tangier. Westward, the Atlantic coast descends along Arzilla [2] to Azamor. Westward the coast curves in sharply; and on this bay is Tetuan. The mountains of Ximeira, or the "Monos" (Monkey) Mountains, the backbone of this African promontory, runs obliquely from Tangier to Ceuta, ending here abruptly, frowning over the sea and fading away beyond the lower slopes of the fields of Andjera. There were two roads from Ceuta to Tangier; one wound along the summits of the mountain ridges parallel to the coast of the Straits, the other descended to the Mediterranean, and lead to Tetuan, cutting obliquely towards Tangier, leaving the wild, mountainous part westwards and entering the valleys of Andjera. The first was the shorter, but the second was the safer.

The Prince immediately launched out 1,000 men, under the command of João Perreira, to acquaint themselves with the former road. They had not proceeded far before they encountered skirmishing parties of Moors; and advancing towards Cape Lion, they were driven back on account of the precipitous ground. This first engagement unfortunately delayed them a few days, and it was not until September 8 that Prince Henry was able to leave Ceuta, proceeding along the coast and making straight for Tetuan. Prince Fernando, who was ill, went by sea with the fleet, which, without splitting into three, as King Duarte had advised, sailed from Ceuta to Tangier. On the 10th, a Tuesday, Prince Henry occupied Tetuan, which had been evacuated by the Moors. He entered the city and

[1] "From Ceuta to Caçr Maçmuda (Alcazer), the formidable fortress bordering on the shores, where they constructed vessels and boats that were destined to sail beyond Spain, there is a distance of twelve miles. This castle rises over the part of the coast nearest Spain."—Edrîsî, *Desc.*, etc., translation by Dozy and Goeje, p. 201.

[2] "From Tangier to Arzilla there is only one short day's journey. Arzilla is a very small city, of which little remains. It is also known as Acila, and is surrounded by fortified walls and situated on the Straits of Gibraltar (d'az-Zocâe)."—*Ibid.*, p. 202.

destroyed its gates.[1] The next day the Portuguese column made for the heights of Cape Lion; and on Friday, the 13th —an unlucky day and an unlucky number—they occupied the old town of Tangier,[2] pitching their camp along the neighbouring shore. Prince Henry's long-desired moment was approaching. He was in a fever to begin. That same Friday evening, therefore, remembering the day of the capture of Ceuta, and under the impression that the Moors would do the same as they had done then and be put to flight, he ordered his troops to commence attacking at once. But when the assaulting forces unfurled their banners, a gust of wind carried away the Prince's flag, splintering the lance to pieces; and, seeing this, the ardour of his inexperienced followers was chilled; they murmured that it was an evil omen; all sting in consequence was taken out of the attack; and the fleet-footed southern night fell heavily upon their apprehensive imaginations.

It was obvious a quick attack was useless; and so the whole of the following week, from this unlucky date and day, Friday the 13th, to another unlucky day, Friday the 20th, was spent in landing arms and provisions, and constructing siege-works. They soon found that the situation was different from that of Ceuta. The Moor, behind his own shelter, was also preparing himself for a brave stand; and, between those rocky battlements and the fleet rocking gently in the tranquil sea close at hand, the Prince's camp began to appear like a shipwreck. Soldiers and sailors

[1] "From Ceuta to the fortress of Tetuan ("Tettawin") going south-west, there is only a short day's journey. This fortress is situated on the centre of an elevation, five miles from the Mediterranean. It is occupied by a tribe of Berbers called Madjacsa (Medjekeça)."—Edrîsî, *Desc.*, etc., translation by Dozy and Goeje, p. 203.

[2] "From Caçr Maçumda (Alcazer) to Tangier is a journey of twenty miles along the western road. This last city is very ancient, and dominates all the surrounding district. Constructed over an elevation that commands the sea, its houses are scattered on the centre of the slope that descends to the shore. It is a beautiful city. Its inhabitants are industrious merchants. They also build ships, and the port is much frequented. The plateau, which is near Tangier, is very fertile and is inhabited by the Berber tribes called 'Canhâdja.' From Tangier, the Atlantic Ocean forms an elbow, that turning towards the meridian reaches the Land of Tochommoch, the capital of which was in other days a large city."—*Ibid.*, p. 201.

were beginning to ask themselves why their ambitious leader had not followed their King's advice. He had not divided his fleet into three parts, because it was certainly too small. In this, his judgment was sound. He had tried a rapid assault which, with good fortune, might have been successful. It had failed, however, and could not be repeated without other reinforcements, as the King had advised. They did not blame him for the failure of the assault—it might have been successful; but now they began to wonder and doubt, seeing that the delay would permit the enemy to concentrate reinforcements upon Tangier, and render their task more difficult still. At this moment the Prince, too, was beginning to see the painful truth through the fading visions of his blinding enthusiasm. He was finding out that this was not Ceuta.

On the 27th, also a Friday, the second attack was made. They had to retire with 500 wounded, leaving twenty of their comrades lifeless on the field. More than this, their stores were getting scantier—provisions having to be brought from Ceuta.

On Saturday they saw the spears of the first reinforcements glistening on the summit of the mountains in the dazzling tropical sun. On Sunday they noted clouds of dust raised by a few turbaned horsemen, who had ridden out to acquaint themselves with the position of the camp. On Monday, both mountain and valley were thick with Moors, who had arrived from Arzilla and Alcazer, to gather round the green flag of the Prophet and help the defenders of Tangier. They numbered 40,000 horsemen and 30,000 infantry. In truth, the 5,000 Christian invaders were becoming besieged; prophesies were being fulfilled; common-sense was becoming the victor. Prince Henry wept with rage. He wept for his long years of hope, for the eighteen years of inactivity he had spent during his father's old age, the eighteen long years in which he had nursed the ambitions that were now scattered with the dust of one brief day over the scorching sands of tropical Africa!

On Tuesday, October 1, the small Christian army made an heroic advance; but the Infidels, to draw them from their base, kept retiring, avoiding the clash of steel only to reappear at a further distance in overwhelming numbers, looking like a huge black wave that threatened to swamp the Portuguese column. On Wednesday, the scene was changed. The Moors from the city now made a sortie, while those from both mountain and valley helped them to attack the camp. Both, however, were repelled; but the extremity in which the invaders were placed now became evident. Disaster stared them in the face. There was now no other hope than that of the ships, swaying in the roadstead as if impatient to weigh anchor and unfurl their sails. And yet Prince Henry, with clenched teeth, would not admit his failure even to himself. Another day was spent in doubt; but on the following, again a Friday, he again essayed a forward movement, having in the meantime ordered a high tower of wooden scaffolding to be erected beside the camp, from the top of which his cross-bowmen shot at the enemy throughout the day. On Saturday the turbaned host, with a deafening shout of fury, precipitated itself upon the ladders of this scaffolding. Prince Henry, on horseback, clad in a black suit of chain-armour, as black as his own destiny, as his own despairing soul, led his men in person against this overwhelming assault.

The scene was now beginning to foreshadow inevitable disaster. Amid the din of battle sounds of trumpets rent the air, mortars thundered their charges, belching forth clouds of smoke, rivers of arrows poured forth from the beleaguered garrison attempting to stay the fiery Moslem onset. Occasionally, blazing balls of tow, soaked in pitch, accompanied these clouds of arrows, while the wooden ladders swayed, or, burning to cinders, snapped with the weight of the assailants, who nevertheless pressed steadily on, driving the Portuguese back till even Prince Henry himself, seeing that the day was lost, was compelled to order a retreat behind the entrenchments.

Even yet, however, he would not acknowledge himself defeated. The obstinacy of his Punic temperament dominated him. As the scaffolding and ladders were burnt he ordered more to be fetched from the fleet, refusing to re-embark his men while it was yet possible, disregarding the King's advice, paying no attention to Prince Peter's opinions, obstinately holding his ground until he discovered he was completely surrounded by the enemy—the kings of Fez, of Belez, of Lazaraque, of Morocco and of Fafilete. It seemed as though every Moor in Maghreb had come to fight for the Prophet, to defend Tangier, to avenge Ceuta, and to exterminate the Christians. We are told by contemporary writers that they numbered 70,000 horsemen, and 700,000 tribesmen. Prince Henry was now confronted with inevitable disaster. It was the 9th of October; they had begun the siege on the 13th of September, a siege that had lasted twenty-seven days; and the end was rapidly approaching. The sailors retreated in haste to their ships, and the soldiers entrenched, like sheep behind the shelter of their pen, watched in sullen silence the Moors of Tangier crossing the sandy plain to attack the camp, and all the surrounding country pouring forth an innumerable accompanying army, whose long, winding columns of glittering lances undulated and glistened like fields of wheat rippling in the summer breeze. That day Prince Henry lost his charger; the Portuguese were driven back; and night fell over the doomed garrison cramped behind its own defences. All hope had now fled from the Christian host. The space between the camp and the shore, across the beach, which was still free in parts, was the scene, in the dead of night, of many a cowardly act, many an heroic sacrifice. Whole companies fled in boats, rowing feverishly for their lives towards the fleet; others, on the contrary, came from the ships, left their boats, and joined themselves on the beach to their doomed comrades, refusing to desert them in their dire extremity, swearing that they would die with them. Next morning the camp was completely surrounded; retreat to the ships cut off; and it was found there was only

enough provisions for two days. Thus they had to resist starvation as well as the enemy's spears; and for this reason many, in their despair, clamoured for a bold dash to liberate them from such torture, preferring to die fighting like men, rather than endure any longer the agonies of hunger and thirst. Seeing the huge band of Moors that had encircled the camp, cutting them off from the sea, they gave up all hopes of ever reaching their ships —the ships whose proximity only added to their helplessness; and so they watched with fatalistic eyes whilst the band began to tighten closer and closer, as though to strangle them. On Thursday, October 10, at break of day, Mass was held. The Prince, kneeling, earnestly prayed to God and His Holy Saints to work some miracle. Was he not fighting in their cause? Was it not right, then, that they should come to his aid? Why, then, had he been forsaken? His tortured mind rebelled against the cold injustice of this seeming desertion, when he remembered the piety of his intentions, the strength of his faith so cruelly harrowed. He implored High Heaven to listen to his supplications, to rescue them from the Fate that was now inevitable without aid. He demanded almost as a right that God should come to the succour and support of what was so evidently His own cause against the overwhelming power of Mohammed. But God did not hear. The Saints had forgotten. Renewed hostilities put a stop to his prayers. Like some gigantic tidal wave an influx of Moors broke over the rude fortifications of the encampment, as if to engulf it; yet, like a foam-swept island rock, it stood firm, fixed, unconquerable; and the wild waves of Islam receded again and yet again.

Through the long, pitiless day they held their own; and then at nightfall, the sadly diminished garrison attempted to make a sudden dash for liberty. But they had a traitor in the camp; a priest sold their secret; and everywhere they found a watchful enemy determined to hem them in. The following day a truce was made; but on Saturday, the 12th, at 7 a.m., hostilities recommenced.

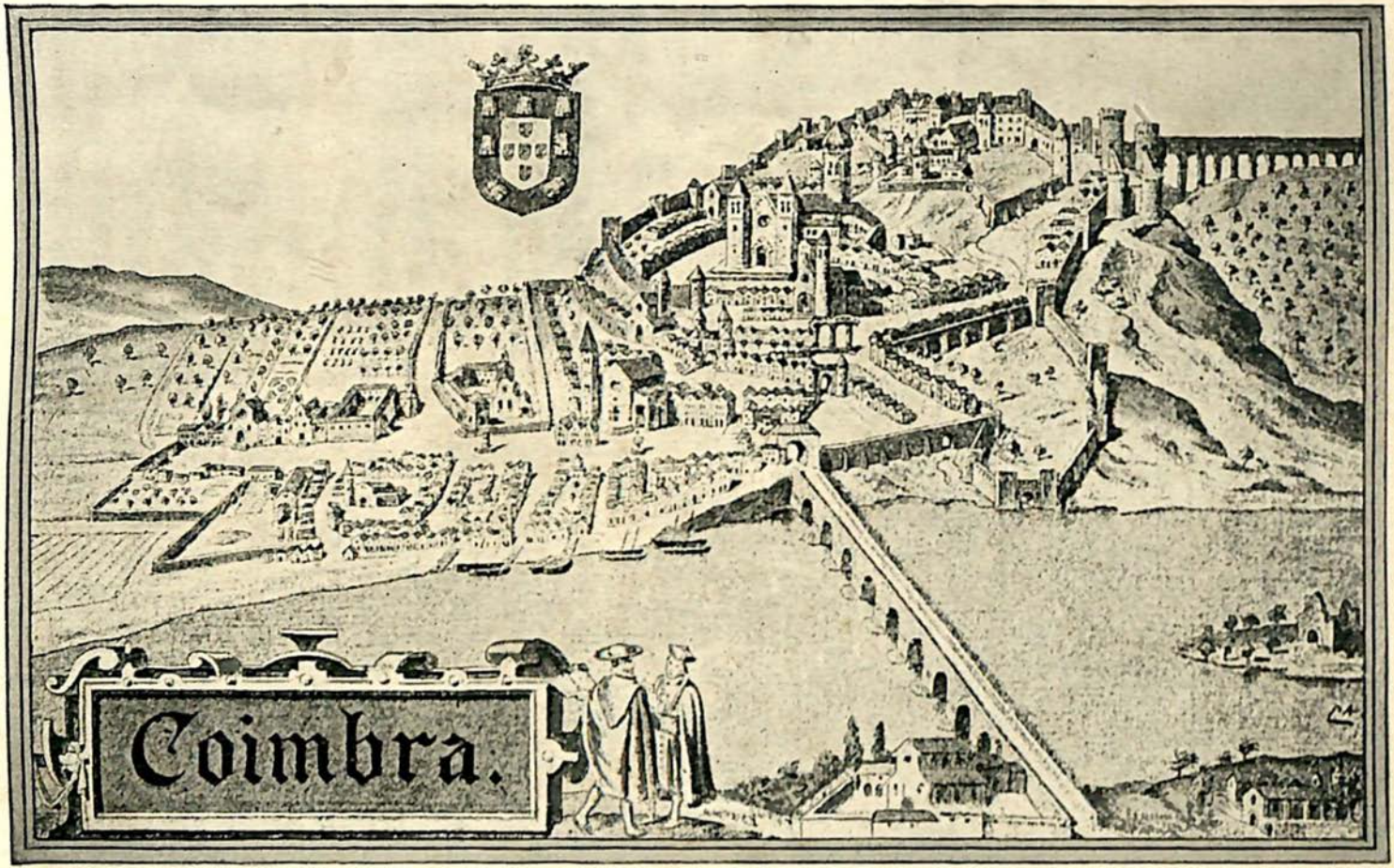
There was now no fuel left in the camp, and no other meat than horseflesh, which they devoured almost raw, after attempting to cook it by burning the straw stuffing of their saddles. Worse still, there was no water either; and they tried to quench their thirst by sucking the salted mud of the beach. Saturday night saw yet another attempt to reach their only hope, the fleet, which, in the fever of thirst and hunger, they saw magnified, near and yet far away, like some huge mocking mirage. A quiet of exhaustion had fallen even on their assailants. After the clash of steel came an awful silence, the silence of impending doom. The spectre of Death was in the inky sky, hovering with open talons and vulture wings over the condemned; and now creeping into the breasts of all, with this dread pause, came fear, the fear that even amongst the bravest men will sweep with panic speed over any army.

Hunger, thirst, the agony of waiting inactive, peering vainly into the night, not knowing when or where the stroke might fall, the mocking sight of the ships that meant safety, so near and yet so useless, all combined to put the last overwhelming strain on the demoralised army.

They had to surrender.

The terms imposed by the Moors were humiliatingly heavy. They were granted their lives, allowed to go to their ships in safety, but without their arms. For this they agreed to give up Ceuta, and, as earnest of their good faith, Prince Fernando was left a hostage in the enemy's hands. They agreed to give up all Moorish captives, to make a treaty of peace for 100 years, and to renounce all plans of conquering Barbary.

Such were the terms Prince Henry accepted; but in his later actions we see his Punic temperament. He did not hesitate to yield when he saw that he had made a mistake; but, at the same time, he never had any intention of surrendering Ceuta, in spite of the fact that the Moors held his brother as hostage for his good faith, and Prince Fernando's ransom was to be this very surrender. To



See p. 297]

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COIMBRA AND THE RIO MONDEGO IN THE TIME OF PRINCE PETER

ensure his safety during captivity the Portuguese were given the son of Çalabençala, "Sheik" of Tangier, and formerly Governor of Ceuta, whilst to the Moors were surrendered D. Pedro de Athayade, John Gomes de Avellar, Ayres, and Gomes da Cunha, who were put into captivity with the Prince. Nevertheless, in justice to Prince Henry, it must be stated that the hostages knew of his intentions, knew that Ceuta would never be surrendered, and went deliberately to their fate, conscious that they would be sacrificed. Prince Henry, indeed, offered, himself, to take his brother's place; but neither Prince Fernando, nor the Council would allow this; and History tells us that he did not hold out long against their views.[1]

The lives of those whom the World counts "great" are examples either of valiant action or sublime abnegation. To court death in battle for the mere sake of action is not true greatness; but to meet it calmly in a great cause teaches an immortal lesson. And so, contrasting these two brothers, we may ask ourselves which of them was the nobler: the one who met his prolonged torture and slow death almost joyfully, or the one who lived on in hopes of revenge, the one who perished in sacrifice, or the one who accepted that sacrifice solely for the sake of his ambition. Our sympathy, as well as our admiration, must irresistibly yield to Prince Fernando "The Martyr"; for if life does not consist in action only, Heroism cannot be its loftiest termination, and its end must always be more noble, respected, and admired when it leads to such greatness as converts a man into the fuel that is consumed by the living flame of the ethereal soul of the martyr in him.

The greatness of Christianity depends upon what has always exalted it. We may state that this greatness is due to its tendency to look upon Life as something to be used for higher purposes, sanctifying heroic martyrs, perfecting the apotheoses of those who, in charity and love, cultivate the rarer flower of existence.

On the other hand, in Iron, in Bronze, in Fire, and in

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XX.., XXXIII.

Blood, the Phœnician mind, ardent and hard, always conceived Life as a torture, and fashioned Heroism as a blind pursuit of an elusive Destiny, unmercifully crushing everything that tried to oppose or arrest its progress, shunning only obstacles that were essentially unconquerable.

This was the mind of Prince Henry. On Thursday October 17, after terms had been arranged, he ordered his men to board their ships. But some of the Moors did not respect the terms of the treaty; many were beyond control; and so considerable skirmishing took place that the "Sheiks" were unable to repress. At length, however, on the Saturday, most of the Portuguese reached the shore and, in confusion, took to the boats, pursued by ill-aimed showers of spears with which certain fanatical Moslems from the shore assisted the rapidity of their departure, and followed by deafening shouts of "Algazarra"—the war-cry of the Moors. The Prince made for Ceuta, whilst the remains of the fleet sailed to Lisbon, Prince Fernando and his companions in captivity being taken to Tangier to begin the expiatory suffering brought on by their country's hero.

After the fleet left Lisbon, King Duarte had remained in the capital, uneasy and anxious for news, while Prince John went to the Algarve to gather an army and provisions to succour his brothers, in case the graver fears were realised. In Lisbon, dreading disaster, Prince Peter hurriedly began to collect a fleet; but plague broke out; all plans became dislocated; and the King had to seek refuge at Santarem. It was there he received the first news of the siege, on the very day in which his troops had effected their disastrous retreat from Tangier; and there he brooded over the distressful confirmation of his fears, wondering why his brother had not carried out his instructions. Overcome by his own fatal shortsightedness, he wept and accused himself of the responsibility, painfully deeming himself the author of the catastrophe.[1] All the

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, III.

remorse was his. He saw in himself the chief sinner. He could not even console himself with reflections on the fortunes of war, like Prince Henry. He knew beforehand. He had sinned because he was weak. Therefore he felt the stigma all the more. In vain Prince Peter, with his generous heart and magnanimous humanity, tried to console him; in vain he sought to make light of his scruples, to dry his tears with his affection, to dissipate his exaggerated terrors, seeking to introduce into his soul the joys of new hopes. The King's desolation was complete. He summoned every one around him. He dreaded to find himself alone. He called his physicians, as he believed himself dying. He even summoned his father's faithful old servant, the aged Mem de Seabra, who had nursed him in his arms and carried him in his golden youth, in the joyous days, for ever lost, the days of his childhood. The old servant came post-haste from his cloister in Setubal, where he had secluded himself for the rest of his remaining years, in remorseful penitence, as dictated by the Brotherhood of the Serra de Ossa.[1]

Prince Peter had just returned to Lisbon, to complete the preparations of the relieving fleet, when the miserable remains of Prince Henry's expedition entered the Tagus, and the enormity of the catastrophe became known. They told how Prince Fernando had been lost; and they began, now, to ask what fate had befallen Prince Henry. The public mind wavered between a fear that some cruel fate had also befallen him, and anger because he alone was to blame for this disgrace and suffering; for the crews, landing in rags, without their weapons, dazed with the hardships they had endured, instinctively exaggerated their misfortunes, to elicit public sympathy and excuse their defeat at the hands of the all-powerful Moor.

Among this broken crowd, however, was a certain knight, the worthy chevalier and companion of Prince Peter, one

[1] Pina, *Chron de D. Duarte.* (The Serra de Ossa is a range of mountains in the province of Alemtejo. On its highest summit we find, to-day, the ruins of the old monastery.)

who had, in the wars with France, earned the distinction of the Order of the Garter. It was none other than the renowned Sir Alvaro Vaz de Almada, Count D'Avranche—a singular character who saw all things with a humorous eye, and talked about them with the bold extravagance of a wit capable of laughter in the face of the most cruel of tragedies. Sir Alvaro, having landed, dressed himself in festive garb, and ordered his men to do likewise. He shaved and perfumed himself, and, with a joyful face and a smile on his lips, not to belie his festive attire, betook himself to Carnide,[1] where the Court was at the time, to pay his respects to the King and Prince Peter. Sir Alvaro even expressed the wish that all belfrys should peal out their most festive chimes, informing those around him that Tangier was forgotten history, and doing it, too, with such a grave air of conviction, that long faces smiled again, and even hopes were raised that Prince Fernando would not remain long with the Moor in captivity.[2]

His words were balm to the mind of the tortured King; but unfortunately they were nothing more than the generous outpourings suggested by a kindly though extravagant imagination; and the news that kept arriving, showed that the Moors were fully determined to hold the Prince as long as Ceuta remained other than theirs. Prince John had, by now, started from the Algarve with a relief force; but stormy, unfavourable gales detained him; and when he arrived at Arzilla it was found that his brother was already in captivity. He, therefore, opened negotiations with the Sheik of Arzilla and Tangier, Çalabençala, whose son, as already mentioned, the Portuguese held in hostage, with the hope of an exchange. But the King of Fez, hearing of this, and apparently fearing some move, took the Prince away with him;[3] and so this, as well as

[1] On Nov. 9, at Carnide, the King signed the "safety" to those criminals who had been in Tangier with his brothers and had accompanied them. This "safety" lasted until February of the following year (1438).

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXXVI.

[3] *Ibid.*, XXXVI.

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COIMBRA, FROM THE RIO MONDEGO

Prince Henry's attempts in Ceuta to release him, proved equally useless. Thus things came to an *impasse*; and Prince Henry, seeing no way of effecting an exchange, sent the Moorish prisoners to the Algarve, determined to hold on to Ceuta, refusing to return home in spite of innumerable letters and messages from King Duarte commanding him to do so.[1]

From Arzilla, the King of Fez took Prince Fernando to his Court at Fez. The road to Fez[2] descending from Tangier almost parallel to the coast, meets the road from Arzilla, and follows on to Alcacerquibir,[3] where it crosses the river Luccus, that reaches the sea at El-Araich (Larache).[4] From here the caravan route, climbing the hills of El-Charbie, runs obliquely inland through Basra and Vezzan, making for Fez, over the hill of Uad Sebu. Prince Fernando, therefore, was making the same journey in his captivity that, in later years, in as tragic circumstances, the unfortunate King Sebastian was to make after his defeat at Alcacerquibir—the final stroke that destroyed the Portuguese power in Morocco. Prince Fernando, born co-heir to the great expansive colonising ambition that possessed Prince Henry's Punic Soul, was, thus, also the precursor of the torture of King Sebastian, for so it was predestined by Fate. These two kingly figures acted the Prologue and the Epilogue in this portion of the History of Portugal, the opening and the closing scenes in which their respective martyrdoms completed the cycle of exploits

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXXVIII–IX.

[2] "Eight days are spent on the road from Ceuta to Fez, passing Zaddjan."—Edrîsî, *Desc.*, translated by Dozy and Goeje, p. 204.

[3] "From Tochommoch, we come to Caçr Abdi 'L-Carim (Caçr-el-Kebir) or Alcacerquibir, a small town near the coast, two days from Tangier, and boardering on the river Loccos (Luccus). Here we find bazaars in proportion to the importance of the town, and other signs of prosperity."—*Ibid.*, p. 202.

[4] "Between Arzila (Arzilla) and Al-Caçr (Alcacerquibir), we meet the estuary of the Safdad (R. Luccus), a river large enough to harbour vessels; its waters are sweet, and the inhabitants of Tochommoch use them. It is formed by the junction of two affluents, one of which rises in the land of the Danhâdja, on the d'Al-Baçra Mountains, and the other in the land of the Kitâma."—*Ibid.*, p. 202.

wherein the Portuguese people demonstrated the greatness they inherited from their Phœnician forefathers.

Riding an ill-fed mongrel, with a rotten saddle, the pommel of which was falling to pieces, and a bridle tied with bits of esparto, Prince Fernando—a Christian Prince,—was mockingly made by the Moors to enact the part of Christ when riding through the streets of Jerusalem. He was forced to make his way through the desert, followed, on foot, by his nine companions, accompanied by a crowd of jeering, mocking Moors. His companions were his Chaplain and Confessor, his Physician, his valet, and his two cooks. As they passed each Moorish village, the people would receive them with shouts of derision, yelling insults after them, spitting at them, and following them with showers of stones. In this fashion they were taken as far as Fez, where they were met by an equally fanatical multitude, thirsting for their blood with the fury of savage cannibals, and only kept at bay with difficulty by the guards sent to defend them.

King Duarte, in the meantime, crushed by the cruel weight of this catastrophe, adjourned the Cortes that was sitting in Leiria, until the following January (1438),[1] finding they came to no conclusion. Opinions were sharply divided between fear for the death of the Prince and the shame of losing Ceuta. Chivalry spoke, as usual, through Prince Peter, who advised the surrender of Ceuta and the giving up of any idea of expanding the Empire. Many of the noblemen, however, headed by the Count of Arrayolos, were strongly opposed to any such surrender, especially as they knew Prince Fernando himself was against it. Various other opinions were also given. Dom Fernando, Archbishop of Braga, pointed out that Ceuta was a Christian possession, and that, therefore, it could not be given up with all the consecrated Churches that it already possessed, to the Infidel Moor, without the Pope's consent. Others sought to hide their indecision by supporting this vein of argument, and advised that the Prince's freedom

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXXVIII.

should be bought with gold, or by exchanging captives, and only when everything else failed should they think of surrendering Ceuta, after consulting the Heads of the Christian Church. The King thus heard all over again merely a repetition of what his Cortes had said; and so the problem remained as unsolved as ever. The instincts of brotherly Love, however, prompted him to give up Ceuta. To him the thought of sacrificing his own brother was as painful as death itself; but the surrender of Ceuta was impossible against the wishes of his Cortes. In this cruel dilemma he took the advice of the more undecided, and delayed action by consulting the Pope and writing numerous letters to other Christian kings, who all replied condoling with him, but nevertheless, advising that he should not give up Ceuta.[1]

In the meantime Prince Henry was not to be found anywhere—letters, prayers, supplications, and commands, were all useless in bringing him home. Five whole months, up to February 1438, he kept away somewhere in Africa, hoping to rescue the brother whom he had sacrificed, until convinced at last of the fruitlessness of further effort, he returned to bury himself in his wilderness at Sagres, there to hide his tears of rage and despair, not having enough courage to show his face at Court. For once in his life he showed the white feather. He was afraid to confront the placid severity of his brother, Prince Peter, and to meet the pitiable complaints of the King he had betrayed.

Nevertheless the latter, at length, also sought his advice in the matter of Prince Fernando and Ceuta, after having obtained the opinion of nearly every one in the land, and insisted on his coming to meet him in Evora, where the Court was at the time. It was not, however, until June that Prince Henry could make up his mind to leave Sagres. He came to Portel, eighteen miles south of Evora, and from there he wrote to his brother, asking him in mercy to excuse him from Court, telling him that he could not possibly come any further. King Duarte, therefore, went

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XXXIX.-XLI.

to Portel. We know exactly what took place between the two brothers. We know that Prince Henry—carrying the burden of his guilt and in deep mourning—no sooner had advised the King to surrender Ceuta, than he also urged him to follow this up with another expedition, insisting that it was only necessary to have 6,000 horsemen, 6,000 crossbowmen, and 12,000 infantry to avenge the recent disaster of Tangier, and conquer all Africa. Stirred by his own eloquence, the Prince forgot his shame and his mourning, and again was the obedient slave of his characteristic enthusiasm, putting aside all obstacles, neglecting every difficulty with the power of illusion so common in men commonly called " visionaries," who often look back upon the past and consider it more shadowy than their hopes for the future.

King Duarte's supplications were all in vain. The two brothers separated; and each went his way in sorrow : one to Evora, the other to Sagres. Possibly the King was beginning to doubt his brother's sanity, when he realised that all these plans were as lacking in common-sense as they had ever been. To him this talk of a second expedition, this risk of another catastrophe, after the recent debâcle, was nothing but the ravings of a deranged mind, especially since it had already resulted in Prince Fernando being in fetters. To him his consent meant the signing of his own death warrant. A veil of blood passed before his eyes when he closed them to shut out the inhuman madness of Prince Henry. He had hoped to find him penitent. Instead he discovered he was as much a slave to his ideas as ever. The unfortunate King had not the strength to bear the burden of it longer. When he returned to Evora it was seen that his countenance was one of deeper despair than ever, that he appeared more shaken, more apprehensive.[1]

He remained in Evora apparently less than a month after this interview, for we know that in August he was in Thomar, in the Palace da Ribeira, where, after much suffering, he died broken-hearted. His doctors give us

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XLII.

the following cause for the "fever" that proved fatal in two days, attributing it to "an unequalled sorrow and continued distress, developed as a result of the misfortunes following the siege of Tangier." Thus died King Duarte, in his forty-seventh year, on the 9th of September, having reigned five troublous years and twenty-five days. His conscientious scruples killed him, aided by the remorse he felt for having yielded to the caprice of his wife—the wife who had been the direct cause of all these calamities, and who now, in floods of tears, asked Prince Peter to open the King's last Will and Testament. This having been done, they found that he requested that all his money and every possible means should be used, and exhausted if necessary, to release Prince Fernando, and that, if this were not successful, they should surrender Ceuta.[1] In his weakness he was only capable of posthumous strength! He died a victim of the clash of wishes that had surged around his vacillating mind. He was buried with the piece of the Holy Cross his mother had given him on her death-bed, and which he had always carried with him. The widowed Queen, however, wished to keep this relic herself; and, therefore, his tomb was opened, and the unfortunate King, even after death, was deprived of his only blessing.[2]

In spite of all this his brother, Prince Fernando, who was enduring his tortures in the dungeons of the Palace of Fez, survived him for five years, though, after he had written unavailingly from Arzilla to his brothers, to ransom him,[3] like a true Christian, he had prayed to his Eternal Father to mitigate, if possible, his suffering, and remove soon from his lips the bitter cup of martyrdom.

King Duarte was dead; and now the complications of the Regency, which will be related further on, followed; but meanwhile Prince Peter did all he could to carry out his brother's last wishes. After everything else had failed, in 1441 Dom Fernando de Castro, at the head of a fleet, sailed from Lisbon to effect the surrender of Ceuta to the

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Duarte*, XLIII.-IV.
[2] Azurara, *Chron. de D. João I*, III. 40. [3] Pina, *Ibid.*, XLII.

Moors, and to bring back the captives; but the fleet was attacked by Genoese pirates, the admiral was killed and his vessel sunk, while the rest of the ships had to return to Tavira. It seemed as though all the Fates were against the release of the unfortunate prisoners. Dom Alvaro, the admiral's son, however, took command of the remaining vessels, and actually arrived at Ceuta; but the King of Fez, either in mistrust, or preferring to keep his prisoners, asked for the surrender of the city before he released his prisoners, swearing by Mahomet that he would liberate Prince Fernando after Ceuta had been given back. Dom Alvaro, therefore, returned to Lisbon convinced, or feigning himself convinced, that the King of Fez no longer yearned for his city.[1] Whatever the truth may have been, Ceuta still remained Portuguese.

After the Prince's hopes of freedom began to wane, his fate became, day by day, more cruel. During the first months of his imprisonment, in spite of the weight of his iron fetters, his life was made more or less bearable by the company of his fellow-countrymen in captivity; but after these few months they were separated, and the Prince was taken to the stables of the Palace, where he was compelled to groom the Sultan's horses and work in his orchards like a common slave. His hands became hard with labour, and his feet sore and often bleeding with the weight of his irons. To deprive him of everything, he was stripped of all his clothes save his shirt, being robbed of the two hundred gold pieces he had sewn inside the lining of his doublet. Enslaved, alone, perpetually beaten, his sufferings were not yet complete. There yet remained to deprive him of the light of day, of the sun, and of the stars that twinkled in the inky dome of the tropical night—the same stars that were gladdening the hearts of his fellow-countrymen in freedom at home, in the beloved country that he was never to see again.

All this they also took from him, leaving him only the hopes of a redeeming death, casting him into a dark and

[1] Pina, *Chron. de Affonso V*, LIV.

filthy cell, wherein he could scarcely turn or lie. More tried than Job, he lived fifteen months, perpetually kneeling, perpetually calling on his Maker to end his sufferings. What an extraordinarily eloquent prayer his must have been! His knees were hardened, his skin dry like parchment tightly stretched over his bones, and in many places broken. He soon became like a living skeleton that, perpetually cramped, had become deformed, presenting, at the same time, a horrible and repugnant appearance; but the more miserable and fatigued his body grew the more ethereal became his Soul, soaring in the freedom of the absolute liberty of his holy heroism!

One day, after more than five years of captivity, he felt his fetters suddenly free him from the World. Even his jailers, seeing him thus, were moved to pity. The day before they had noticed that he was dying; and that afternoon he swooned and fell on his back, with an expression of peace on his features—as if he were embracing a death that, in this case at least, had lost its sting. He closed his eyes, and tears of gratitude stained his sunken cheeks as he thanked Providence for granting him his prayer. His Physician and his Confessor were summoned; and they asked him if he slept; but the Prince was indifferent to their questions. The two men exchanged a questioning glance, wondering whether he slept or whether he was already dead.

"I hear you!" he murmured, conscious, at last, of their anxiety.

In the presence of these two friends he expired on the 5th of July 1443, and then:

> "He did not feel the driver's whip,
> Nor the burning heat of day;
> For death had illuminated the Land of Sleep,
> And his lifeless body lay
> A worn-out fetter, that the Soul
> Had broken and thrown away."
>
> LONGFELLOW, *The Slave's Dream.*

Even the Moors looked upon him as a Saint, or rather, said that he would have been one had he been a Mohammedan,

inferring this sanctity from his chastity, his virtue, and the miracle of his having lived so long cramped in his cell. They even condemned his country for allowing him to die the neglected death of a martyr.

They removed his dead body, and called his fellow prisoners, who, when they beheld his miserable remains, threw themselves prostrate on the ground and tore their beards in the depths of their sorrow. After his jailers had unfettered him, they washed the body, and were about to bury it when the Sultan ordered him to be eviscerated, and hanged in front of the city walls, exposed to the derision of the turbaned multitude—for was he not a Christian, and a Portuguese Prince?

Afterwards his body was encased in a lead coffin and buried in the city walls. Later the people credited his tomb with miraculous influence, believing him to have been a Saint.[1] Five of his fellow-prisoners died with him; but among those ransomed was Friar John Alvares, his Confessor, who afterwards wrote the history of his martyrdom, from which we have taken the preceding pages.[2]

The story of this famous tragedy was published throughout Europe by Calderon (1600–81) in his drama, *The Constant Prince*, wherein is told of King Duarte's futile attempts to ransom him, of Prince Fernando's resignation to his fate, and of the callous ambitions of Prince Henry, who, when asked, in the last act, by the Moor why he does not surrender Ceuta, answers:

"Because it belongs to God, and not to me!"

Thirty years after, King Affonso V having captured Arzilla, the martyr's bones were brought back to rest in his native country.[3]

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LXXXIII.

[2] "Chronicles of the saintly and virtuous Prince Fernando, son of John I, who died in the Land of the Moors."—By Friar João Alvares, edited by Jeronymo Lopes. Lisbon, 1527.

[3] *Chron. de Zantfliet:* "Porro ad suos: quidquid, inquit, promiseritis paganis, nunquam illam nobilem Septam ad manus infidelium, colentium legem Mahometi, reverti permittatis. Ego pro vobis obses manebo in vinculis paratus potius sustinere mille mortis genera, quam effestucationi Septæ consentire."

CHAPTER VIII

THE SLAVE MARKETS OF LAGOS

CRUSHED by the catastrophe of Tangier, persecuted by the shade of the King who had succumbed as the result of his ambitions, and by the ghost of the brother tortured to death by the Moor of Fez, Prince Henry, burdened with the hatred of the whole population, was yet so sustained by the flame of his own Faith, that he found sufficient courage speedily to react against the magnitude of his misfortunes. Another man, similarly burdened, would have sunk under the weight of it, and, as his famous pupil Magellan later on remarked, " would have hidden himself, with seven yards of sackcloth and a rosary of oak-apples, to die in the wilds of the Serra de Ossa," which even in the fifteenth century was already a deserted wilderness. Prince Henry was, however, above this. He possessed a character such as later on was reincarnated in his nephew Charles the Bold, who, more favoured than himself, was able to overcome his hostile fortunes, possessing a capacity for prayer, penitence and piety, which in his uncle took the form of an unsurpassable energy.

He did not seek a hiding-place at Sagres to weep over his misfortunes. On the contrary, he deliberately secluded himself in this wilderness because he was determined to right himself in the eyes of an accusing World, and prove to it the value of his theories. The whole World and its opinions were nothing to him, neither the censure of the wise and prudent, nor the accusations of the emotional, nor the mockery of the vulgar mob.[1] His ambitious ideas,

[1] " Besides the mob, the nobility would speak of the Prince in mockery, holding that such elaborate and expensive preparations, which preoccupied him in the summarising of his information and discoveries, neglecting even the care of his own estates, was all work and expense without profit."—Azurara, *Conquest of Guinea*, XVIII.

like Juno, had a double aspect. One, the conquest of Morocco, was now discredited. The other, still in favour, was the discovery of a sea-way around Africa to the Orient. With this latter preoccupation, meditating over the problems involved, he daily lived more and more within himself, shut up in Sagres, where he completed his plans, and from whence he finally launched forth to realise the fruits of his adventure. Five reasons, according to a contemporary writer, impelled him : to know the Unknown, to crush the power of the Moor, to propagate the Christian Faith, to communicate with the Ethiopian Christians of Prester John, to find allies among them; and above these five reasons, there was a sixth : " which seems to be the root from which others spring—that is, his sign, his constellation, the inclination of celestial orbs." [1] Philosophers of those days still studied Astrology. The Villa do Infante was being built and was rising stone by stone.[2] His ideas were gradually taking shape. He felt, within himself, the birth of new energies; and the gloom of his sorrow was gradually lifting, like the morning mists when they scatter before the first rays of the rising sun.

The adventures of his mariners, during the two previous years, must now be recorded. In 1433, Gil Eannes had sailed from Lagos and returned from the Canary Islands, without being able to double Cape Bojador, the object for which he had been sent out. On the following year, however, Prince Henry having reproached him for crediting " certain legends useful to frighten children with," he

[1] " Because his rising sign was Aries, in the House of Mars, exalted by the Sun, and he himself was in the eleventh House, accompanied by the Sun, therefore, the said Mars was in Aquarius, which is the House of Saturn, the House of Hope, signifying that the Prince would occupy himself with brave discoveries and conquests, and especially with the unravelling of secrets which are not for the eyes of others. . . . And being accompanied by the Sun, in the House of Jupiter, it signifies that all his trade and conquests will be successful, and will please his Lord and King."—Azurara, *Conquest of Guinea*, VII.

[2] " After Tangier the Prince was habitually in the Kingdom of the Algarve on account of his town, the building of which he was superintending, as well as the gathering of prizes which they brought to him at Lagos."—*Ibid.*, XVIII.

determined to try again,[1] sailed forth the second time, doubled the Cape, landed and found the coast deserted. But he brought back as a sign "certain herbs that we call "Roses of St. Maria;" and when he sailed again, this time his vessel was accompanied by Affonso Baldaya with his varinel. Passing the Cape, for the second time, they anchored at Angra dos Ruivos, landed and found signs of human footprints and of camels.[2] In 1436, Baldaya sailed out again, and reached as far south as Angra dos Cavallos, where he landed, repelling the natives and returning to the Algarve with fibre nets made by the savages as trophies.[3] This was all that had been accomplished up to the disastrous date of Tangier; and we can readily see why the public scoffed and objected to this propaganda. The results were so small compared with the efforts made. Stimulated by his unpopularity, compelled to abandon the scheme of conquering Morocco, the Prince now threw himself whole-heartedly into the study of navigation. It is stated by some that it was at this time Jayme of Majorca came to lend his help to the Nautical School or Academy of Sagres; others, however, tell us that it was after the capture of Ceuta he came. Cadamosto fixes the date of the voyage of Diniz Fernandes, who sailed along the coast as far as the estuary of Quedec, or Ouedec, Sanagá or Sénegal, in the year 1439–40.[4] In the following year, Antão Gonçalves and Nuno Tristão, sailing as far as Porto do Cavalleiro, returned with the first captives.[5]

This voyage was really the first to bring back positive results from the exploration of the coasts of Africa. It proved, beyond doubt, that the World did not terminate

[1] Cape Bojador was for centuries the utmost limit of European adventure. It was supposed to represent the end of the World. Beyond were the Seas of Obscurity peopled by strange monsters, living in boiling oceans subject to awful tempests; and any one passing the Cape was choosing certain death.

[2] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, VIII. and IX.

[3] *Ibid.*, X., and Barros *Decada*, I. 1, 5.

[4] *Naveg. de Cadamosto*, II. Cf. Goes, *Chron. do Pr. D. João*, and Barros *Decada*, I. 1, 3.

[5] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XIV.

in a sea of slime, and that those other lands were not uninhabited. It suggested, therefore, that there were riches as well as people in those mysterious regions which belonged to none except perhaps the Pope, who, as head of all Christendom, Emperor of all Kings and Princes, and representative of God, claimed all that belonged to God on the Earth.

After the successful voyage of Diniz Fernandes, Prince Henry as Grand Master of the Order of Christ, sent Fernão Lopes de Azevedo, Chevalier of the Order, on an embassy to the Pope,[1] petitioning that all the territory discovered should belong to the Portuguese Crown, and all their ecclesiastical moneys should go to the Order of Christ.[2]

These discoveries, connected with the expeditions to Africa, were, in reality, a new form of conquest, being in a measure a continuation of the Crusades, in which the Pope exercised a kind of feudal rule above the Christian Sovereigns outside the inherited States of the old Roman Empire. The Pope had already issued Bulls in connection with Ceuta and Tangier; and, therefore, the Prince's pretensions, though new, sprang from ancient tradition. After Eugenius IV had agreed with Prince Henry's propositions, and Sixtus IV (1471–84) had confirmed these first Papal Bulls at the request of Affonso V and of John II, we arrive at Alexander VI's famous Order of 1493, in which he divided by a meridian, 370 leagues from Cape Verde, all the unexplored Globe between Castile and Portugal: an Order that, as it did not benefit France, Holland, or

[1] Barros, *Decada*, I. 1, 4: where we find it stated that the Pope was Martin V, but this is incorrect, for Martin reigned only from 1417–31. In 1440–41, the date in question, the Pope was Eugenius IV (1431–47). Sousa, in his *Hist. Gen.*, Proof I. p. 442, tells us that the Bull issued by Eugenius IV in 1445 confirmed those grants that had been made to King Duarte and King Affonso in favour of Prince Henry, as well as the Grand Mastership of the Order of Christ. In the same volume (Vol. I. pp. 444–5) we also note the grant of the jurisdiction of the various islands (1449 and 1454) by King Affonso to Prince Henry, and in p. 446 that this was confirmed by Nicholas V (1447–55), and again by Calixtus III (1455–8). Further, the Bull dated January 8, 1450, and issued by Nicholas V, ceded to King Affonso the sovereignty of all lands discovered by Prince Henry.

[2] Barros, *Decada*, I. 1, 7, and Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XV.

England, was ignored by them in their later appearance as explorers in this new World.

When Antão Gonçalves returned again from Africa, after visiting the gulf that had already been named the Rio d'Ouro because there he had found gold-dust, he brought with him also a number of negro slaves, and as a great curiosity, a quantity of ostrich eggs "which appeared one day at the Prince's table . . . as fresh, and as savoury as if they had been of domestic birds."[1] These tangible objects, especially the gold and the slaves, put an effectual stop to all further ridicule of Prince Henry's expeditions. "Constrained by necessity, they confessed their former foolishness, deeming themselves ignorant of things that they had before refused to consider seriously, and manifestly saying that the Prince could be no other than a second Alexander. From thence onward, therefore, their enthusiasm grew more and more, seeing, as they did, the houses of others full of slaves, and their estates on the increase."[2]

It is obvious, looking back, that from this moment, the constitution of the national character became fundamentally changed. The introduction of gold[3] and the influx of slave-labour started the work of disintegration. Such are the penalties of success, the punishments of avarice. All the old fighting instincts that had led to this transitory Glory were speedily destined to be almost obliterated, or at any rate altered, by this new national character—a fatal change which Prince Henry, all unknowing, bending over

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XVI.

[2] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XVIII. and Barros, *Decada*, I. 1, 8, where we find: "For as a result of the recent Wars against Castile, as well as the expeditions to Ceuta and Tangier and elsewhere, there was such a lack of people, that the Country could scarcely support itself."

[3] Gaspar Fructuoso in his *Saudades da terra* tells us the following of Prince Henry's tomb—

"Prince Henry's tomb is gilded with letters almost obliterated now; and it is said that this gilding was because it was through his means that the mine from which Portugal derived and derives so much gold was discovered" (p. 9, Azevedo's edition). "The discovery of this mine was after the Prince's death, but not the finding of gold-dust, which was discovered in his lifetime, along the shores near Arguin."

his maps to forget the torture of Tangier; started when he introduced to his Country and People the fatal taint of Ethiopian blood.

Since the capture of Ceuta, less than a quarter of a century before, Lagos had gradually developed into a centre of active trade with the opposite coast. The people of the Algarve had always supplied the country with men and ships in these wars with the Moors;[1] and in no part of the kingdom, therefore, were the Prince's praises more loudly sung, now that they saw the positive results of his expeditions and the plunder of the Rio d'Ouro. It seemed their special privilege then to stimulate the new impulses towards exploration, so that the country might derive the greatest possible benefit from their workings. It was obvious to the people that these new thoughts that had given them such great successes ought to possess new institutions for their development. For, while the public spirit had been content to conquer countries by mediæval methods, and the formulas of the ancient grants still in force in the islands of the Atlantic had sufficed to consolidate the workings of Faith and Chivalry; yet now, if they wished to establish a more stable Empire, it was obvious that this undeveloped spirit must be improved upon, since, in itself, it was only capable of disturbing the Imperial equilibrium, sacking the African coasts, beginning the slave-trade, and plundering the deserts for gold. History would thus merely repeat itself; and the vessels and varinels from Lagos would be sailing, as in remoter ages the galleys of the Carthaginians had sailed, south along the Atlantic shores of Africa to bring back slaves, and north, to return with lead ore from Cassiterides.

Guilds of merchant adventurers, therefore, were formed at Lagos; and as these maritime excursions resulted in the extension of the rule of this City, holding the Sceptre of Navigation, so did Portugal, later, acquire, by these excursions along the African coast dominion over that

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XLIX.

enigmatical World " Africa portentosas " as the Romans named it.

Starting, without doubt, from the combined excursions of fishermen, these navigating and commercial guilds, formed at Lagos, proved themselves such intrepid instruments for exploring the precarious dangers of unknown regions that other countries soon followed their example. The Dutch were the first to seize upon the idea. It changed their nation into a federation of Oriental shipping companies, altering their entire history. But it was in England that the most profound alteration took place—for there is no doubt that it is to her guilds of merchant venturers that the great colonial Empire which she holds to-day is due. Such were the unexpected consequences of this first colonising company established at Lagos by the Prince to acquire the plunder of the Rio d'Ouro.

Sovereignty over these regions having been conferred on Portugal by the Pope, the Portuguese King granted to Prince Henry the fifth part of all the products brought to the Kingdom by the explorers from these newly discovered lands, and no one was allowed, therefore, to approach with an armed vessel, without special permission from the Prince. The Sea was looked upon as his own dominion, it was his " Mare clausum." The founders of the company in Lagos were Lançarote, the " almoxarife " or receiver of customs to the Crown, and an old squire of the Prince, Gil Eannes, the ancient salt who had doubled Cape Bojador, Estevam Affonso, a nobleman who died in the Canaries, Rodrigo Alvares, João Bernaldes, and João Dias. Each of these six commanded his own vessel, fully armed for battle. It was a new portent in history. Before, such vessels had been merely glorified fishing-boats.

For the first time also, in history, these explorers of Lagos regularly practised a traffic in slaves. Sailing southwards along the coast as far as Cape Blanco, the theatre of their exploits became that coast-line having as its southern extremity " Cabo do Resgate " (The Cape of Plunder), and the Bay of St. John, and as its northern,

Arguin with its two islands, Naar and Tidra, or Tider Island. Along this coast-line, the explorers fell upon the unfortunate natives. After landing, seeing that the Moors retreated with their women and children, "the mariners called on Santiago and St. Georgè for Portugal, and fell upon them with as much slaughter as they could." Unfortunate mothers strove to shield their children. Their husbands, in turn, strove to shield them, each trying to protect the other. Some rushed into the Sea and were drowned; others, with the animal instincts of sheep, sought to hide themselves within their huts, or concealed their children under sea-wrack and sand. "And at last, Our Lord God, who always rewards the upright, wishing that day to recompense them (the Portuguese) for all the labour that they had given in His service, and to reward them and pay them for their expenses, suffered them to capture men, women, and youths to the number of 165, besides those that were slain."[1] This happened in the Island of Naar, and was repeated at the capture of Tider Island, so that they returned to Lagos with a total of 235 captives, the fifth part of whom were to belong to Prince Henry.[2]

The landing at Lagos of these slaves was a new event in Portuguese history—an event that takes one's imagination back to those remote times. Historically, the slave-trade is looked upon mainly as the offspring of War, chiefly because its other origins have been condemned by the philosophic thought of the Middle Ages, as well as the Christian teaching of more modern times; and for these reasons, therefore, the Portuguese of the fifteenth century chose to regard their booty as captured enemies, to excuse their own barbarity. Recognising, however, the fact that one's fellowmen may legally be reduced to this miserable status, the exploitation of the slave-trade yielded, for the time being, a rapid solution to the depopulation which had been such a source of alarm in the Kingdom, stimulating intensely also at the same time the economical prosperity of the new colonies. Thus to the enterprise of navigation

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XIX. [2] *Ibid.*, XIX., XX.

now became added that of a new trade—the sale of slaves, another of the series of new social phenomena spontaneously created by the energies of this one man, in whose mind was reincarnated the commercial ability of a Hanno, combined with the military capacities of a Hannibal.

On the beach at Lagos, Prince Henry, on horseback presided over the landing and division of his plunder; and the surrounding fields became crowded with people who had come to witness this strange spectacle, as the wind, carrying the cries of distress of the unfortunate captives, collected them with eager curious eyes. The slaves were landed from the boats; and, once ashore, they huddled together in dazed attitudes of apprehension, like herds of cattle at market. "Among them there were some more white than others, handsome and of promising aspect. Others were less white—almost brown. Others again were as black as ebony and as hideous as Ethiopians both in face and body, contrasting strangely with those that guarded them and looking as if they had come from another world."[1] They were almost Arabs, for only the north of Africa had been explored, and there the whiter races, already crossed with the Nubian, produced the negroid type of Senegambia, which further south melts gradually into the full Black that characterises Guinea. "Some were overburdened with grief, and their faces were wet with tears; others cried loudly in their affliction, gazing towards the skies, shouting as if imploring Nature to come to their aid; others covered their faces with their hands, and threw themselves prostrate on the ground; while others again voiced their tribulation in weird chants."[2] Drawn up on the beach, Prince Henry rode by their ranks as if to review them. To him the sight acted as a balm that soothed away all memory of Tangier for ever. If he had been defeated by man, he now felt himself the conqueror of Nature; for his herd of human bipeds did not appear to him other than savage animals. Their colour seemed to him to belie the thought that they had

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, xxv. [2] *Ibid.*

been created in the image of God. Their souls seemed to his eyes as black as their skins. To him they were as the cattle on the hills; and he was as unmoved by their grief as the shepherd watching his sheep bleating enough to move a heart of stone. But since his heart was of bronze, the Prince went on ordering the selection of his herd of negroes. "He began to portion them with the idea of equalising the commerical value of each lot; and when he thought it expedient to separate fathers and sons, wives and husbands, brothers and sisters, he respected no family ties or bonds of friendship: they were grouped merely according to the laws of his discretion."[1] He even exchanged captives from one lot for those of another, so as not to discontent the owners of the lots, doing it with a callous cruelty that often victimised the unfortunates, and seldom consoled them for other losses. And thus it would often happen that subdued grief would suddenly assume the proportions of an explosive chorus of despair, when they saw that "the father was taken to Lagos, the mother was dragged to Lisbon, and the sons to other parts."[2]

The historian tells us with characteristic mediæval piety: "The forty-six captives that were the fifth part allotted to the Prince he chose quickly. We see what was the reward that the Prince deserved at the hands of Our Lord for having thus given them the chance of Salvation, and not only them but many others whom he afterwards acquired."[3]

There was no hypocrisy in this. It was the genuine spirit of the Age. Proselytising zeal burnt fiercely then, and both Portuguese and, later, Spanish pioneers made an invariable rule of baptising their prisoners and victims, firmly convinced that thereby they were saving them from eternal damnation. So, while they took away their Earthly goods, even their freedom, they were naïvely satisfied in their own minds that they had put them in the way of

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XXV.
[2] *Ibid.*, XXVI. [3] *Ibid.*, XXVI.

laying up for themselves treasures in Heaven—and surely, when they realised this, as they must later, they would be eternally grateful.

At any rate, this new trade, incomparably more remunerative than any other, soon stimulated the avarice of the people of the Algarve to recklessness. Any one who could get command of a ship, it was thought, would make a fortune. One such person was Gonçalo de Cintra. He was sent with his ship in 1445 to explore, discovered the bay that is now named after him, hastily went ashore hoping to seize some prisoners in an ebbing tide, got stranded, were surrounded by the natives, and he and seven of his men paid the penalty with their lives.[2] These were the first Europeans killed in this new land. That same year, Antão Gonçalves, Gomes Pires, and Diogo Affonso sailed out to the Rio d'Ouro as a punitive party. Later Nuno Tristão, and finally Diniz Dias followed, getting as far south as Cape Verde. It is evident that the fervour for discovery coupled with the hope of gain had been steadily growing since 1440, the date of Antão Gonçalves' first voyage. With this period too, in which the thirst for exploring the African coast gained momentum, came the realisation of Prince Henry's ambitions. Every one believed in him now. No one scoffed at his dreams as impracticable. He devoted himself still more to his far-reaching schemes of conquest, treating as negligible the struggle between Prince Peter and the Count of Barcellos over the Regency, brought on by King Duarte's death, until the result of the tragic battle at Alfarrobeira sealed his brother's fate. No doubt the struggles between the Count of Barcellos' ambitious avarice, and Prince Peter's orderly and just attempts at Government, must have seemed to Prince Henry as things unworthy of his consideration. His small country was insignificant beside the wide expanse that awaited his pioneer ships. From his country he wanted only vessels, men, and money to carry out his expeditions; and these he could best obtain from a shy

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XXVII.

boy-king who was ruled by his avaricious noblemen, men whose influence would be of no avail against his own ambitious personality. Prince Peter was the stumbling-block. He felt he could carry out his plans more easily if the discreet and wise Regent were not in power. We can see, therefore, why he left him to his tragic fate.

Arising out of these new enterprises, rather unexpectedly, but quite naturally, there rapidly sprang into existence a new aristocracy—that of the merchant venturers, who quickly outshone in wealth the older nobility, and soon began to get absorbed amongst them by intermarriage. One of the first of these was Lançarote, a squire of the Infante's household, brought up at Lagos. It was he who organised and carried out the successful slave-raid described in the preceding pages, and on account of this success he had been knighted on his return. The Prince held him in high favour, the merchants of Lagos looked upon him as their natural leader, and his position was made absolutely secure by his marriage with the daughter of Soeiro da Costa, alcaide of Lagos, a great nobleman who had fought in his fiery youth all over Europe, in Italy, France, Spain, and at Ceuta with King John. He was accordingly the most important personage in the Algarve, with his years and battles, and great honours resting upon him; and therefore, in his daughter's marriage, the traditions of his great family became united, as it were to that of the nobility of navigation and commerce, represented by Lançarote the restless adventurer, linking up the old feudal nobility with the new.

In was in 1447 that the first great Armada, intended to avenge the death of De Cintra as well as to continue the work of exploring, was formed, with Lançarote at the head of the syndicate that also hoped to make profit out of it. Everybody in Lagos seemed to belong to this syndicate: Soeiro da Costa, Alvaro de Freitas, commendador of Aljezur, of the Order of Santiago, Gomes Pires,

Rodrigueannes de Travassos of Prince Peter's household, and many others. Their request to Prince Henry for permission to adventure was made through Lançarote himself, supported by the judges, alcaides and officials of the town.[1] Lagos had already evolved the tactics that were later adopted in London and Amsterdam, when the English and the Dutch, following their example, armed their fleets to acquire new colonies.

The Lagos fleet, sailing on the 10th of August, was the largest that up to then had ever been collected for such a purpose. It consisted of fourteen caravels, which were to be joined at Tider Island by twelve others that had been equipped in Lisbon and in the Island of Madeira. Diniz Dias and Nuno Tristão, who in 1443 had been the first to double Cape Blanco and to discover Arguin, the centre from which Senegal and Gambia were explored, commanded their own caravels. Alvaro Gonçalves de Athayde commanded another. John Gonçalves Zarco, the discoverer of Madeira, commanded a fourth. There were in all twenty-six vessels. The Prince gave Lançarote the Crusader's flag, under which all those who met their death "were absolved of all sin and fault by the authority of the Holy Father"[2]—Christian piety in this way imitating its more primitive cousin Islam.

Protected by Cape Branco, Arguin was a convenient centre from which the neighbouring extensive shores could be explored. It served as a depot such as the Genoese and Venetians, in bygone days, had founded along the remote eastern confines of the Mediterranean; and the Portuguese now consolidated their claims to all land in Africa discovered prior to 1448 by fortifying it.[3] Thus to the original character of these enterprises, to the maritime commerce carried on by these companies, and to the traffic in slaves, became added the system of marking out exclusive claims by fortifications. Gradually the

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, XLIX., LI. [2] *Ibid.*, LV.
[3] *Naveg. de Cadomosto*, in the national collection, Lisbon, X.

methods of colonisation were becoming more and more complete.

The main feature that jumps to the eye as the result of these preliminary enterprises, and the birth of these institutions or companies of navigation that followed, is the system of monopoly in colonial commerce that was introduced. Having first made Arguin the seat of administration, Prince Henry next made it the centre of all his African trade; no one, except his men, was allowed to enter the Bay of Arguin to trade with the natives; the merchants, under the shelter of these fortified headquarters, were thus able to trade securely in cloth, textures, silver, carpets, and above all slaves;[1] and the first contract made in Arguin was naturally given to Lançarote, the organiser of this company of traders of Lagos.

After Prince Henry's death, the right of granting these coveted concessions passed to the Crown; and in 1469 Affonso V bestowed them on Fernão Gomes, for a period of five years, with the obligation of exploring 500 leagues of coast southward. The rent was 200,000 reis (about £40) per annum; he had to sell all ivory at 500 reals (£14) per quintal (100 lbs.) through the Crown, which had contracted for its sale to Martin Annes Boaviagem. Further, each year the King was entitled to the musk of one civet-cat.[2]

The contract of 1469 excluded the Islands of Cape Verde, for they belonged to Prince Fernando (to whom Prince Henry had left them in his Will), and the plunder of Arguin itself, since it belonged to Prince John (also left to him by Prince Henry). But Fernão Gomes succeeded in

[1] "The events that followed were not conditioned by so much labour and strength of forces as in the past, for after that year and onward, all trade was obtained by the exchange of imported goods, instead of by strength and right of power."—Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, LXV.

[2] The musk of the civet-cat (viverra), named "zabad" by the Arabs, and "Zibette" by the Indians, from which the French derive their word "civette," was one of the most luxurious perfumes. The animal possesses a gland that secretes a fatty, odorous, sebaceous substance, which when freshly extracted is white in colour but darkens with keeping. Cf. Pietro Della Valle, *Viaggi*, I. 375.

obtaining the annuity of 100,000 reals,[1] for it was the fact of his having discovered gold in the site "we now call Mina" (Mine), when exploring the coast as far as St. Catharine's Point, that helped to stimulate the thirst for exploration so much.[2] Most of the African Continent was now visibly looming out of the darkness of the Atlantic; and, succeeding this first Epoch in the annals of navigation, the discovery of the Gulf of Guinea, with its islands and coast running southwards to reach the end of this vast Continent, almost completed the task. The new nobility was further strengthened by the triumphs of Fernão Gomes, who after fighting under Affonso V in Alcazer and Tangier, where he received his martial education, was made a nobleman. He took as his title the name of "Mina,"[3] and "an escutcheon with a field of silver, bearing the heads of three negroes, each with a gold nose-ring, ear-rings, and neckband." This new nobility gloried in its trade, without scruple. It was looked upon as something much more adventurous and meritorious than mere humdrum barter, for these slave-drivers deemed themselves as worthy of respect as the noblemen of the preceding century who had captured Portugal by merely slaughtering Moors.

Yet jealousy, excited throughout the Kingdom by the riches gathered by this trade with Africa, was becoming more and more widespread and menacing towards these slave-masters; for there was

> "Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
> To council strolling, and embroiling creeds,
> Banditti Saints, disturbing distant lands."
>
> JAMES THOMSON, *Liberty*, IV. 84.

Thus we find that at the Cortes of 1473, in Coimbra,

[1] Barros, *Decada*, 1, 2. The rent of the commercial monopoly of Africa, during the second half of the fifteenth century, attained a considerable sum: 300,000 reals—6½*d.* was the value of the real in Affonso V's reign. The quintal—100 lbs.—of ivory was accordingly worth about £196. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Cape Verde and Mina were enriching the treasury by £60,000 per annum.

[2] Barros, *ibid.* [3] Barros, *ibid.*

one year before the expiration of Fernão Gomes' contract, the people clamoured loudly, asking that the trade of Guinea should be drawn in lots, so that every one might benefit by it. Moreover, in the matter of the export of molasses, they demanded free-trade in sugar with Madeira,[1] and asked that slaves from Guinea should not be taken out of the country without consent of the Cortes.[2]

Portugal was being transformed indeed into a new Carthage; and no force was now capable of diverting it from its epoch-making colonising policy.

During the decline of his life, Prince Henry enjoyed a happy old age. He went with his nephew to Alcazer, and assisted in the capture of Tangier. His cup overflowed with contentment, for many of his dreams had been accomplished even in his lifetime, especially after the installation of his headquarters at Arguin, and the floating of his transmarine companies. Adventurers arrived from abroad to offer him their services, for his fame was now world-wide; and these he accepted gladly, his own countrymen and the foreigner being equally useful to him in his enterprises.

It was when he was already seventy years of age, and was beginning to feel that he had had his day, that, on August 8, 1454, there anchored at St. Vincent a galley

[1] The history of the sugar contract with the Island of Madeira is noted in Azevedo's edition of *Saudades da terra:*

It began with the agreement of December 1452, drawn up and signed at Albufeira, between Prince Henry and Diogo de Peive, a nobleman of his household, and deals with the construction of "water-machines" that could yield "dispatch to all the cane-fields," the third part of which was to belong to the Prince "without paying anything," p. 665. At the same time, the first charter of the island stipulated that one-half of all the sugar-cane that was not converted into sugar should belong to the Prince. These "presses" thus came into general use, and a duty, of 90 kilos. of sugar per month, was demanded from farmers who manufactured their sugar independently of these "presses" or mills. The industry apparently was able to bear this heavy burden; but when Prince Fernando, who inherited the duties of these islands after Prince Henry's death, demanded, in 1461, a tax of one-third part of all the sugar manufactured in both "press" and "water-machine," the farmers complained, and left off manufacturng sugar.

[2] Santarem, *Mem. para a hist. das Cortes*, II. 2, 39.

of Marco Zeno's, the Venetian, bringing Alvisi Cadamosto, a nobleman of Venice whose voyages in his service were afterwards to become world-famous. When he inquired eagerly if he might be permitted to trade under his flag, Prince Henry sent him his secretary Antonio Gonçalves and the Venetian consul, Patricio di Conti, with samples of products from Africa. The terms offered were that if a caravel were armed at the explorer's expense, on its return the Prince should claim one quarter of the proceeds; but if the Prince armed it at his expense he should claim one half. The Venetian accepted this second proposal, and Prince Henry accordingly ordered a caravel of ninety tons to be armed, and appointed Vicente Dias to act as captain. They sailed on March 22, 1455, arriving three days later at Porto Santo.[1] In this first voyage they went as far as the rivers Senegal and Gambia, discovering on their return voyage the Islands of Cape Verde. The Senegal had already been reached by Lançarote, eight years before this, when he believed that he was entering some part of the Nile, or the Niger, which was supposed to be the western portion of the true Nile by both natives and earlier geographers.[2] From the Senegal, Lançarote had coasted as far as Cape Verde, while João Gonçalves Zarco, dragging his anchor, had drifted as far as Goree.[3] Finally, ten or twelve years after Cadamosto's voyage, and nine years after the Prince's death, Pedro de Cintra and Soeiro da Costa, two navigators belonging to Lançarote's syndicate and the last two of the contractors of this mixed commercial and discovering propaganda, charted the coast as far as Sierra Leone, in accordance with the agreement stipulating that 500 leagues extra should be explored. It was, therefore, the same

[1] *Naveg. de Cadamosto*, in the collection of the Academy II. Major's *Life of Prince Henry* gives this date as 1455, while Goes in his *Chron. do Pr. D. João*, VIII. gives us 1445.

[2] The Nile was supposed to rise in the Mountains of the Moon in the centre of Africa. One-half flowed north and east, through Egypt to the Mediterranean, the other west and south (the Niger) to the Atlantic.

[3] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, LVI., LVIII., LXXV.

Soeiro da Costa, who by doubling Cape Palmas succeeded in getting beyond the huge elbow of the African Continent. It was he also who named the river that runs near Cape Three Points after himself, and gave the explorers access to Mina—the mine that enriched Fernão Gomes' family.[1] Such were the successive waves in the expansion of the Portuguese possessions in Africa, that made such a revolution in the annals of geography.[2]

Whilst all this exploring was going on in Africa, however, the western ocean had not been neglected, and the Azores were seen for the first time, surging out of the Atlantic, in 1435, after Madeira had been discovered and populated. The finding of the islands was gradual. First of all, Prince Henry ordered Gonçalo Cabral to set out westward to try to authenticate the islands shown on the Florentine chart of 1351. In this voyage only the Formiga Islands were

[1] Barros, *Decada*, I. 2, 3.

[2] The following is not an epitome of all the Navigators' voyages, but merely a summary of their progress:

I. Uninhabited Regions:

26° 6′ N.	Cape Bojador . . .	1434, Gil Eannes.
24° 50′	Angra dos Ruivos . .	1435, „ & Baldaya.
24° 30′	Angra dos Cavallos . .	1436, Baldaya.
23° 45′	Rio d'Ouro	1436, Antão Gonçalves.
23° 9′	Porto do Cavalleiro . .	1440, „ „ & Nuno Tristão.

II. Region of the Arabs:

20° 48′ N.	Cape Blanco .	1442, Nuno Tristão.
„ „	Arguin . .	Arguin Bay — 1445, Lançarote, with the 1st Co. of Lagos.
„ „	Tider Island .	

III. Region of Negroids:

16° 10′ N.	Estuary of the Senegal .	1447, Lançarote and his 2nd Co.
13° 30′	Estuary of the Gambia .	1455, Cadamosto in his 1st voyage.
14° 48′	Cape Verde . . .	1454, Diniz Dias.
	„ „ Islands . .	1456, Cadamosto in his 2nd voyage.
12° 30′	Estuary of the Casamansa	1455, Cadamosto in his 1st voyage.
11° 50′	Estuary of the Rio Grande	1461, Pedro de Cintra.
8° 30′	Sierra Leone . . .	1465, „ „ „ & Soeiro da Costa.

V. Region of Negroes:

4° 0′ N.	Cape Palmas . . .	1469, Soeiro da Costa.
„ „	River Soeiro da Costa .	
„ „	Three Point Cape . .	
„ „	San Jorge da Mina . .	1469, Fernão Gomes.

discovered; but in the following year, on his return, he found in addition Santa Maria, from which he could see yet another island, which Prince Peter the Regent ordered to be populated, naming it "San Miguel" "on account of the singular devotion that he always entertained for this Saint."[1]

Later, in 1446, the Prince began to turn his attention towards the Canary Islands, the fifth part of which was granted to him by the Regent "authorising him the fifth part of all that was to be seen therein." Circumstances, however, did not permit this arrangement to turn out as successfully as some of the others. The Canary Islands were not destined to become the nation's property by this grant of the Regent, whose unfortunate rule (1439–46) coincided with the period in which these companies of Lagos were floated for the purpose of plundering Arguin, and exploiting the slave-trade.

Nothing can more forcibly demonstrate the detachment of mind possessed by those dominated by one all-absorbing idea than the behaviour of Prince Henry at this period. He had already allowed one brother to be sacrificed to his ambition. Incidentally, he had thus helped to kill another. Now, all the while the country was in the throes of civil conflict, when Prince Peter was doing his utmost to thwart the rapacity of a bandit nobility, he stood aside, detached, uninterested, caring nothing, wrapped up in his dreams, enslaved by his thirst for fresh discoveries—careless of all else.

[1] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, LXXXIII. In 1507, S. Miguel was leased for 160,000 lbs. of sugar: *Arch. nac. Liv. das Ilhas*, 126.

Vide also *Arch. dos Azores*, 151, which contains various documentary papers relating to the Government and property of these islands—(1) the Regal Charter of July 2, 1439, dealing with the population of the Azores; (2) of April 5, 1443, exempting the inhabitants from one-tenth of the cost of export; (3) of April 20, 1447, establishing the same exemption for S. Miguel; (4) of March 10, 1449, dealing with the population of the seven islands; (5) of January 20, 1453, granting Corvo Island to the Duke of Braganza; (6) of September 2, 1460, wherein Prince Henry grants Jesus Christo and Graciosa to his heir Prince Fernando; and (7) of December 3, 1460, transferring the grant of the islands of Madeira and Azores by the death of Prince Henry to Prince Fernando.

At the very time when things had come to a climax, and his brother was forced by fate to give up his life at Alfarrobeira (1449), he was busy planning fresh expeditions. Even then Soeiro da Costa and his son-in-law Lançarote were searching the seas with a fleet of twenty-six caravels.

He appeared to be unconscious of everything around him that did not seem to him to bear upon his great obsession. But he cannot have been quite unconscious. As soon as his brother had been slain, he suddenly woke up. As soon as the Duke of Braganza managed to usurp the throne, under the pseudonym of Affonso V, he saw the value of the new changes likely to accrue to his ambitions.

His knowledge of the power of a strong hand behind the throne acquired in the days of his father's dotage, and in his brother Duarte's feeble term of Government, came back to him. He emerged from his hermitage in Sagres and revived his plans for the invasion of Morocco. Now there was no one to oppose him. The King was a mere infant. The Cortes was composed mainly of thieves in disguise, occupied only with their own petty quarrels and ambitions. He felt that, at last, his day had come.

At this time the awful news resounded throughout Europe that Constantinople had fallen into the hands of Mahomet II (1453); and in terror-stricken Italy, the Pope, seeing himself threatened, along with all Christendom, thereupon feverishly ordered all Christian monarchs to start another Crusade.[1]

This was Prince Henry's opportunity. He was still thinking of Ceuta, the city that had given him the bitterest moments of his life; and in spite of his seventy years and his white hairs, still wiry in body and as tenacious in mind as ever, he asked permission to set out to defend this threatened bulwark of Portugal. This, however, his nephew would not permit.[2]

Nevertheless, twenty-one years after Tangier, and five after the fall of Byzantium, Prince Henry took his nephew

[1] Pina, *Chron. de Affonso V*, CXXVIII.
[2] Azurara, *Conquista de Guiné*, V.

to Alcacerguiber (1458). Following the fearful catastrophe of Constantinople, when the Turks were devouring Greece and threatening Hungary, the Pope kept appealing to all Christian monarchs, and in 1457 he sent an ambassador to Portugal with the Bull for a Crusade. The young King was thus fired with religious piety, and offered to set out with 12,000 men, ordering at the same time the new Crusading coinage to be issued from his mint.[1] But the brotherhood of Christian monarchs only wished to fight the Turks; and he could get no aid in his proposed attempt on Morocco outside his own kingdom. Nevertheless, his own enthusiastic courage, educated as he had been in the long crisis of the Regency, and the stimulus of the young generation that surrounded him and urged him on, proved sufficient. They found themselves capable of working the miracle of quickly starting an expedition, and of falling as suddenly on the Moor. In the autumn of 1458, on the dawn of October 3, there arrived at Sagres the fleet that three days before had sailed from Lisbon; and Prince Henry, bowed down by the weight of seventy-five years, boarded his ship to take command of the fleet that captured Alcazer,[2] a success that was the prologue to others at Tangier and Arzilla (1471), victories that gave him the cognomen of "Africano" for all time.

Thus before he died, Prince Henry had the happiness of seeing both his great ambitions apparently on the point of realisation, and feeling his conscience freed from the guilt of the evils he had wrought at the command of the restless spirit of adventure in his earlier days. He had actually dragged the dark continent of Africa up from the bed of the Ocean; and it was already evident he had started a new line of inquiry promising in the near future to yield a rich harvest of results—a new sea-way to India. He had the supreme satisfaction of feeling that his successes at Alcazer and Arzilla had wiped out the memory of the

[1] Aragão, *Descr. Geral.*, I. 230, citing Pina's *Chron. de D. Affonso V.*

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXXXVIII., where we find that Prince Henry captured Alcazer on October 16, 1458.

disaster he had experienced at Tangier. He saw in his mind's eye Morocco eventually converted into a new Portugal across the Sea; and though he was mistaken on this last point, the fact that he lived his remaining days nourishing this dream, never to be realised, must certainly have sweetened his old age immeasurably. Neither the discovery of India, nor his new Empire beyond the Ocean, were capable of giving him command of all Africa, for the vague military strategy of his times omitted to consider the north-eastern portion of this continent; and Portugal was not as successful in carrying out the second part of his programme as she was in the first, because as a country she was too small and did not possess the necessary men and resources to complete the task. Thus, Prince Peter's keener political foresight was confirmed by the subsequent history of his country, and perhaps also by the subsequent history of Europe. It was one thing to subject the Ocean and establish fortifications along the shores of countries inhabited by more or less divided and ineffective populations—this was what a mere handful of Portuguese tried to accomplish in the East. It was quite another thing to establish a stable Empire in these regions, to populate them with vigorous thrifty people, and to bless them with a living proselytising Faith that would check the Turk, whose taking of Constantinople had shaken the foundations of all Christendom. To suppress the Arab or Moor, to usurp their dominions, the Portuguese required a larger and more thickly populated fatherland. To dominate and exterminate this black wave was an impossibility. To attempt to capture the Oriental markets proved as futile as remaining on board the invading fleet; for the markets of Africa for ever remained as an immovable craft, anchored in and constantly buffeted by the tempestuous seas of Islam. The loss of trade and isolation that fell to the lot of Ceuta after it passed into Christian hands, a fate that was afterwards shared by Alcazer, Tangier, Arzilla and Azamor, demonstrated this effectually. They simply became expensive burdens, until

at last John III wisely abandoned them, following the almost forgotten advice of Prince Peter.

History thus brought its revenge. The Prince had been known to say that not even the Kings of Spain would suffice to conquer and subject the Mussulmen of Africa; and this, in fact, eventually was proved when Portugal had given up the idea of ruling the Arab, and Spain did try. Her united power was able to accomplish even less than her small neighbour; for the two sieges of Oran by Cardinal Jimenes (1509–10) proved as fruitless as the ill-fated attack on Argel by Carlos V (1541). Only in modern history, after the steady fall of the Mohammedan power, has France, with all her enormous resources, succeeded, after much expense and bloodshed, in establishing a stable centre of colonisation at Argel, which is still perpetually attacked by the Arab, although waning in power, integrity and vitality. Morocco remained Mohammedan; and if the same thing happened then that was later to happen at Argel, it was for the same reasons —the lack of things essential and unobtainable even in this Golden Age of the Portuguese people.

It was, indeed, fortunate that Prince Henry died in 1460 at Sagres,[1] firm in the belief that Morocco was destined to belong to his country. His life work was over. The cause to which he had devoted his whole soul was flowering to success. It seemed as if by his own efforts he had been able to force the hand of Fate. He felt like a conqueror; and he died before the results of his world-colonising policy began to be criticised. His two brothers, Duarte and Fernando had fallen at the hands of destiny; and we shall see how Prince Peter was sacrificed at the altar of reason. He, on the other hand, expired in the full flush of success. Such was the end of the House of Aviz; and such was the Autumn of its genealogical tree. Its leaves fell brown and withered upon the Earth that rots all things, leaving only a memory—a great memory it is true, but still a memory, of high-soaring kingly dreams.

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXLIV.

The World's appreciation of Prince Henry is confined chiefly to his character as a man of action. His creative instinct initiated a new form of Imperial expansion, based on the old classical ideas of conquest. A modern Alexander, he originated and inspired the historical epoch of navigation, dowering Portugal, the forerunner, with the benefits of his discoveries. In addition he gave a practical turn to the transcendental idea that the Church of Rome possessed a mystic sovereignty over the whole world, by petitioning it for the rights of ownership over the newly discovered territories he had found, and by utilising in his ventures the Bull of Crusaders, which had been promulgated really to enact the religious and chivalrous ventures of more ancient times.[1] His acquisitions being sanctioned by these proclamations, and by the ancient rights of conquest, he made the Order of Christ, of which he was the Grand Master, an instrument for his commercial and colonising enterprise, applying the rents of his new lands for the building and equipment of his vessels.

He thus turned crusading into a profession, and the Order of Christ into a company of navigators. The ancient military and monastic institutions, the old ideas of warfare and of Religion, were quickly transformed in their essence, without any alteration in their aspect.[2] The

[1] This claim of the Pope, arrogating to himself the right of apportioning new lands as he might think fit, was afterwards vehemently repudiated by the Protestant nations, particularly England and Holland, and was a fruitful source of irritation to Elizabethan mariners.

[2] The Grants made by the Pope were transferred by the Prince to the Order of Christ: *vide* the Grant of June 7, 1454, in which Affonso V passed on the jurisdiction of Gazalla, Guinea, Nubia and Ethiopia; also that of December 26, 1458, drawn up by the Prince while at Sagres, stating that the Order of Christ should receive the twentieth part, instead of the tenth part of all the imports from Guinea, whether slaves, gold, or ivory, and the rest was to go to the nobility. Cf. also that dated September 18, 1460, transferring the Island of Madeira to the same Order: Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, Proof 1. 454. Further, from 1485, after the death of the Prince, there is the decree issued by Estevam Gomes, Curate, serving as Archbishop at Lisbon, confirming these grants to the Order of Christ, as per the Bulls issued by Sixto IV, by Nicolau V, and by Calixtus III, above cited, *ibid.*, 55. Prince Henry, in 1451, made his nephew Prince Fernando his heir, thus keeping his oath to his sister-in-law (cf. the document in Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, 562), and by the grant of 1460 he also transferred Madeira to the Crown, while King Affonso V passed this on to Prince Fernando, *ibid.*, 562.

monk found himself doing duty as pilot; the knight became a merchant; and Portugal rapidly took the appearance of a modern Carthage. Later, in the hands of the Inquisitor, the chosen deity became Moloch, the fire-breathing dragon that consumed his victims; and a rural, warlike and pious nation, turned into a company of wealthy merchants, became stimulated to fiendish acts by the cruelty of a fanaticism which was obsessed by the delusion that it was thus carrying out the will of God, The Merciful, The Compassionate.

Undoubtedly the moral tone degenerated, because the spirit of Gain, developed under the combined stimulus of Religion and adventure, produced men of a less noble type than those the source of whose activity was that of a proselytising war, when courageous action, pious abnegation, and sacrifice went hand in hand.

With truth-loving accuracy, the writer of the times confesses that "events following the earlier adventures were not endowed with so much sacrificing labour or fortitude, because deeds were conditioned by trade and agreements, and not so much by valour and strength of arms." But since the younger generation was born with the Renascence, in a new age of Humanity, it was necessarily commercial; and so its materialistic instincts rapidly usurped the former rule of transcendental thought and feeling. What characterises not only the Prince as a man, but Portugal as a People, is the hybrid alliance between these two extremes, an acme of Faith and an equally tenacious lust for gold. It is this that gave the nation during its Golden Days a semi-Punic character, and developed in its apostles a Religion as bloody and destructive as the ancient rites of the Phœnicians, in spite of the mystic piety given to the very same Religion by Xavier.[1] It was this that ultimately ruined her colonial Empire, when Portugal found herself competing with other nations—nations that were inspired only by

[1] Cf. *Portuguese Discoveries and Dependencies*, by A. J. D'Orsey, London, 1893, p. 116.

a desire for trade, and had no proselytising zeal at all.[1]

The Punic character, acquired by the traffic of these navigators, stimulated the fertility of the Prince's mind from a business point of view, and led him to devise new, or revive old, methods by which these colonies could be exploited. Thus the companies of commercial Navigators were evolved, and the slave-trade, and the Greek and Phœnician system of colonial defence and growth resuscitated. Most of these methods of acquiring wealth were consciously or unconsciously resurrections of History, because formerly round the Mediterranean and along the Spanish coasts, in remoter centuries, there had been some form of slave-trade, farms and mines had been worked by slaves, and companies of navigators and of commerce had sailed from fortified centres. In these things, therefore, there was little that was new, although most of them long before this had disappeared; nevertheless, it must be conceded that in more than one item, more particularly in the case of the uninhabited Atlantic islands, the fertile imagination of the Prince did propound something quite fresh, something which was an entirely new thought.

The problem in question was that of populating the new-found countries; and in his idea of emigration was its apparent solution. His, therefore, was the initiative that served as a type to other nations, who later entered on the same colonial husbandry. As they copied the example of his primitive colonial and defensive centres, and his markets of slaves, so they also followed his example of populating their colonies. The Azores and Madeira

[1] *Portuguese Discoveries and Dependencies*, p. 30: "Da Gama encountered, on October 3, a large vessel belonging to the Sultan of Egypt, crowded with pilgrims returning from Mecca. The Arabs, seeing resistance hopeless, offered an enormous ransom, which the admiral accepted, and yet ordered the vessel to be fired. The poor wretches succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but the merciless da Gama ordered his men to rekindle them. An eye-witness relates that the women held up their children towards da Gama, and that in this scene of horror, 'l'intérieur du bâtiment offrait une représentation visible de l'enfer.' . . . This terrible episode in the second voyage of Vasco da Gama shows the spirit with which he was animated in his voyage to Malabar."

islands are examples of this to-day. They flourish, offspring of the Fatherland founded in the Ocean, free from the complications produced by attempting at the same time to provide for the welfare of a previous native population.

Thus, from Prince Henry's creative mind, too hard, too merciless, too disdainful to be altogether human, came all our modern ideas of colonisation—a Minerva giving birth to a Jupiter! And if to Portugal belongs two centuries of greatness, it is mainly due to him—his country's Hercules. He quickened the dormant energies of the whole Nation; he became the interpreter of its destiny; and he succeeded in doing this mainly by the force of his hard, tenacious, yet heroic character. To realise this conquest, this success, he was compelled to break, not his own heaat, because his mind had no use for sentiment, but the happiness, the peace, and even the very lives of his three brothers, who died, more or less sacrificed to his ambition, one overburdened with grief, another in torturing captivity, and the third slain in the confusion of a civil war which he did nothing to avert. Alone, in moments of weariness, it is possible he may have regretted some, or all, of these events; but, knowing his character as we do, seeing it in the perspective of history, we must feel that, had the circumstances recurred, he would have acted similarly, again and yet again.

CHAPTER IX

THE REGENCY

We must now turn back a page in the Book of History to consider the events that followed immediately upon King Duarte's death, in order that we may be able to grasp more fully the significance of subsequent happenings.

Prince Peter only was with the mourning Queen when his brother died. Prince Henry was, as usual, in Sagres, Prince John was again ill with "fever" at Alcacer do Sal, and the Count of Barcellos was away on his northern estates.

Opening the King's Will, it was found that Prince Peter had been appointed Regent. But, as in life so in death, the wishes of this unfortunate monarch were disregarded; and, when the Council assembled, they decided to exclude the three eldest Princes, Peter, Henry, and John, from the Government: "So that the Queen might not find herself obliged to leave the Government in their hands, and be moved by greater forces."

This foolish sentiment, no doubt prompted secretly by the Queen, led speedily to disaster, touching as it did the pride of the Count of Barcellos, who was thus tacitly ignored, though he was the oldest of the late King's immediate relatives.

He had journeyed southward with all haste, hoping to gain what he considered his rightful share of influence and power; for having lived all his days nursing the bitterness of his common birth, now, with the experience of his sixty years, and his fabulous wealth, he thought he saw at last the opportunity of wiping out for ever this inferiority.

For years, he had been carefully reminded of how his step-brothers had distinguished themselves at Ceuta, how they had, in consequence, been created Dukes at Tavira, and how, in King Duarte's reign, they had enjoyed as much power as the King himself. Lands, money, and vassals he had in plenty, for he had inherited enough from the Constable, his father-in-law; but yet, he lacked that position of undisputed eminence, that rank of nobility, which his doubtful parentage deprived him of. He, also, wished to be a Prince, to voice his wishes beside the Throne; and for this reason, he hurried to Court, in all haste, tired and mud-stained, after his forced journey.

From the South, and unfortunately equally preoccupied with other ambitions, arrived Prince Henry.

King Duarte's death was gathering the actors for the Drama that was soon to be enacted.

The prologue of this Drama, it will be remembered, has already told us of Queen Leonora's antipathy for Prince Peter, how it originated in his marriage to the Count of Urgel's daughter, how later it was rendered more active by Prince Henry's move, when he influenced her to persuade the late King to oppose Prince Peter and to undertake the disastrous expedition against Tangier, how it rose to a climax when the rumour got about that it was due entirely to her influence that her husband fell into the error that eventually led to such destruction and sacrifice. Nor did Prince Peter's increasing popularity, when she was thus daily becoming more unpopular, amend matters. It would seem that Queen Leonora was one of those small-minded women who are ruled by their likes and dislikes, and, accordingly, are at the mercy of their emotions. Soon, therefore, passive dislike grew into active hatred, for the Prince, on the one hand, was beginning to discern the limits of her capabilities, and the Queen, on the other, kept unavoidably wounding his pride by reminding him of the simple fact that she was the new King's mother.

At first, however, during the early days of her grief, she put herself unreservedly into the hands of her two brothers-

in-law, Prince Peter and Prince Henry, beseeching them to stay near for her immediate help, leaving all the main business to the Cortes which was to meet at Torres Novas. To crown the infant was obviously the most urgent matter. This Prince Peter did, after instructing Mestre Guedelha, the Court Physician and Astrologer, to arrange the ceremony according to the influence of the stars, fixing upon the most promising hour so as to avoid the incidents that had, it will be remembered, cast such a gloom over both King and subjects at the last Coronation. And this he did, although he himself had little faith in such omens, feeling that it was the better course to pursue, because he would thus consider the superstitions of the public.

It was a seemingly insignificant incident, and yet it showed the mistakes he was liable to fall into as a result of his unapproachable superiority. As a philosopher, he was determined to steer the vessel of State with a loyal steady hand; but, on the other hand, his impulsive mind —pessimistic, but nevertheless obedient to the dictates of reason—proved inadequate to circumstances. Every one knew he had no belief in such omens, and, had he flatly refused to consider them, would have understood. His taking cognizance of them, therefore, made people suspicious of over subtlety and possible bad faith on his part towards the infant King.

It is difficult for the average man to appreciate this state of mind, a mind in which loyalty, absolutely genuine in its intentions, is far from appearing genuine in its actions, because, though such a person has no aim but that which is the right one, yet he is continually misunderstood, since, instead of explaining his intentions frankly, he keeps his hopes and fears to himself, and thus his motives ever appear dark and sinister. In this dual personality we see both the Philosopher and the Politician, and such we know must necessarily court trouble, for the bulk of the poeple, in their crude simplicity, usually misinterpret the apparent contradictions of such men, being unable to follow any thought above the simple

average of life. Thus it was that, later, the Count of Barcellos and his son the Count of Ourem were able to poison the King's and the Nation's mind against Prince Peter, and this to such a point that he was driven from power, labelled a traitor, and, it was whispered, even a murderer.

However, we must not anticipate matters.

Possessed with the thought that the Prince wished to usurp the Crown from the infant King, seeing in this ambition not only a danger to her dearest one's position, but also to his life, the Queen was therefore dumbfounded when Prince Peter asked her to name as heir apparent the new King's brother, Prince Fernando, an infant of yet more tender years. Fully persuaded that he wished himself to be King, or at least an everlasting Regent, she was so startled by this proposal that with feminine subtlety, more acutely active no doubt because her posthumous daughter, Donna Joanna, had not yet been born, she immediately countered by suggesting a marriage between the King and Prince Peter's daughter Isabel, thus hoping to minimise the Prince's supposed designs on her son's life; and it was not until after this had been settled that she chose her son Prince Fernando as heir apparent to the Crown.[1]

It was about this juncture that the Count of Barcellos arrived, calculating that with the Queen's known antipathy towards Prince Peter he might readily further his own ambitions. He was quite alive to the fact that the rights of monarchy had originally risen from the more absolute

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, II.–VI.

In the nine years of her married life, Leonora gave birth to eight children, three of whom were still-born: Prince John (1429) the eldest, Princess Maria (1432), and Prince Duarte (1435). King Duarte was thus survived by five children: Princess Filippa (1430), who died at the age of nine, King Affonso V (1432–81); Prince Fernando, adopted by his uncle, who left him the Dukedom of Vizeu (1433–70); Princess Leonora, who married the Emperor of Germany (1434–67); and Princess Catharina (1436–63). Then there was Princess Joanna (1439–75), the posthumous daughter, who afterwards became Queen of Castile. Besides these legitimate children, King Duarte left a son, Dom John Manuel, who became Bishop of Guarda, and died in 1476.

Roman ideas, and that family unions had now come to play a most important part in the polity of a nation. Guileful and crafty, as a man usually is who has had to curb his jealousy for seventy years, he, therefore, entered the Court in all apparent good-will, and sympathetically suggested that the King should marry his own granddaughter, the other Princess Isabel, Prince John's daughter. This would obviously give him great power at Court, his family would rise to the Throne, and Prince Peter's day would be over. But her suspicions of Prince Peter and her fear for her son's life proved too strong for this. The young monarch was, therefore, later on married to the Regent's daughter, and the first move of the Count of Barcellos thus met with an effectual check.

Leaving the Court secretly, therefore, he next went to visit Dom Pedro, Archbishop of Lisbon, Prince Peter's traditional enemy, and one in great favour with the Queen. In him he found a willing confidant; and, as a result, nearly all the nobility, under the leadership of one Vasco Fernandes Coutinho—afterwards Count of Marialva, became secretly leagued together against the Regent. On the day before the meeting of the Cortes, therefore, these conspirators assembled quietly in a church at Torres Novas; and all of them, dissatisfied with the favours that the Regent had granted them, took an oath to stand together against Prince Peter. The oath was in document form, but unfortunately the document has been lost. We can, however, guess what its objects were. It aimed at overthrowing Prince Peter, because it was known that he was just in action, intent on working for the good of the people, and bent on curbing the excessive power of the nobility. In truth, the aristocracy had, for some time past, been falling from their high estate; the country was being reduced to a state of quietude by a regular organised military force, intended primarily for defence, but acting also as a most efficient curb on their hereditary lawlessness; and they, therefore, desired eagerly to get back to their ancient chaos and disorder. The greatest obstacle

to their cause was obviously a Monarchy that considered the interests of the public, and those of the public alone—not the nobility, not the merchant classes, not the peasants, but the public as a whole. Society had changed. During the Middle Ages, the motive spirit had been one of selfish interest; but now, in this morning of the Renascence, Civilisation had raised its ideal cupola, segment by segment, forming a composite edifice of unity, strength, and harmony, under the guidance of the Sovereign. In the Princes' minds, the State had become an architectural structure, a living creation, animated by the breath of social utility. This conception, sketched by John I, had by now taken a definite shape under Prince Peter's guidance. The Drama, that now begins, opens with a Revolution in the dawn of the Renascence in Portugal. It shows us how the Count of Barcellos, taking the rôle of "le Duc de Guise," adopting the latter's motto "A chacun son tour," became the leader of a rebel aristrocacy, and how there were others ready to welcome and to support his revolutionary sentiments.

We know that the assembly of conspirators wished the Queen to be Regent. To enable them to realise their ambitions, the last thing they desired was Prince Peter's wise rule over them. Moreover, they frankly admitted that they preferred the Queen, because being a "foreigner and a woman, she will leave us the use and fruits of the Kingdom." Certain of winning the Count's applause, they hoped to gain also the support of Prince Henry. But it is unlikely that they did so; for the Prince, as we know, attached little importance to the internal administration of the country, in spite of the fact that at his mother's deathbed he had vowed to look after the welfare of the nation and to maintain the chivalrous traditions of the aristocracy. In any case his indifference was in their favour.

The situation was already sufficiently serious; but the climax came when the Queen was informed of the plot, no doubt directly or indirectly through the Count of

Barcellos or the Archbishop, and seized with sudden ambitions, earnestly took upon herself the rôle of leader of the party.[1] Prince Henry must have been above this conspiracy, for, impatient and perhaps exasperated at the loss of time incurred by these intrigues, he did everything possible to bring about a reconciliation, using all his influence over the Queen to induce her to agree to give Prince Peter the title of "Defender of the Kingdom," and leave him the supervision of the Courts of Justice, while she, herself, looked after the Government and the education of her children. Moreover, he opposed the suggestion of the Count of Barcellos concerning the King's marriage; and, further, we learn, disagreed with those who strove to convince the Queen that she should not yield any part of the Government either to him or to Prince Peter[2]—all of which points to his innocence of conspiracy. Meanwhile the unfortunate Queen, possessing no will of her own, soon found herself compelled to follow the wishes of the majority.

It was in this atmosphere, then, that the Cortes assembled; and it is not surprising, therefore, to note the misfortunes that followed—for pomp and reality ever yield different fruits. Worn-out warriors, grey-haired Bishops, and grave Public Procurators unrolled their parchments, cleared their throats, and made their conventional speeches, summarising the situation, without getting nearer to any practical result. Some impartially wished either the Queen or Prince Peter to act as Regent; others, again, advised that they should divide the Government between them; while a third voted solidly for the exclusive Regency of the Queen. We know who these were! Yet, again, the Public Procurators clamoured for Prince Peter.

As there was no predominant mind to lead them, the result that usually follows such debates occurred. Nothing was decided. Prince Henry, impatient to return to Sagres to carry out work that was of more importance to him than these political squabbles, proposed an amendment,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, VIII.-X. [2] *Ibid.*, XII.-XIII.

the main points of which were that the Queen should attend to the education of her sons and to the administration of the Crown estates and offices, that the administration of the Courts of Justice should be handed over to the Count of Arrayolos, that Prince Peter should be proclaimed "Defender of the Kingdom" (without, be it marked, any means to defend it), and that the Cortes should sit permanently, meeting once a year. It was evident that this amendment, as is frequently the case, "amended" nothing; and we can only explain its weakness by remembering the little importance Prince Henry ever attached to the practical Government of his country, and his impatience to return to Sagres; for had he wished to have done otherwise, a man of his strength of character could hardly have failed to get his own way.

"Let it be as my brother wishes"—was Prince Peter's reply, when he heard the amendment.

It was an answer compatible with the character of the speaker. If he had not been so critical, he would have been more self-confident. Had he not possessed so complex a mind, had he been simpler, he would have answered:

"It is a destructive error that will bring no good."

But philosophy and self-criticism have the vice, as well as the virtue, of checking our impulses; and some lofty minds, by a process of over-subtle reasoning, will often overlook or reject as fatal many a recognised solution of a problem such as would instantly commend itself to less complex minds. If he had been ambitious, Prince Peter would perhaps have even welcomed civil war. Had he been thinking of himself and of his plans, and not of the public and of his country, he would have pushed himself more forward, been more keen in action, worked for his ends with a more discerning eye. But since he was neither ambitious for himself nor for his schemes, he ran straight into the very disasters he wished to avoid. Having passed this amendment, the document was duly signed before notaries; and, to lend more solemnity to the occasion, this was done in church upon the altar. But the oath

and signatures were accompanied by such reserved and cautious phraseology that it was evident those swearing intended breaking their word as soon as the opportunity arose; for fetichism, superstition and falsification were still the seasonings in vogue at such gatherings, and most of them wished to lie without perjury. The Archbishop of Lisbon—more honour to him—was the only one among them who firmly refused to sign the document, chiefly because he was obstinately opposed to Prince Peter.[1]

The Cortes dissolved, and Prince Henry returned to Sagres.

The die was cast. Nothing but trouble awaited the new reign, in spite of the precautions of the Royal Astrologer.

. . . . . .

The Count of Barcellos, like the conventional villain, in delighted anticipation, rubbed his tremulous aged hands, with the childish joy of an old man already counting up his winnings. He smiled contemptuously at the simple straightforwardness of the "Defender of the Kingdom." He gloated over Prince Henry's wild schemes; for as long as the latter was thus preoccupied he had little to fear from him. Both these sons of the English Princess, each in his own particular way, must have seemed to him creatures of a singular eccentricity. His own ambitions were diametrically opposed to theirs; the baser instincts of the Nation, and the plundering habits of the aristocracy —the two elements that went to mould his character— made him yearn for nothing nobler than power and wealth. After having curbed his ambitions for so many years, he now allowed his feelings full play. At last his day had come; for he knew he could easily influence the weak Aragonese widow of that extraordinary creature, the late King Duarte, who had whiled away his days and his unfortunate reign in composing dissertations.

Following on his success at the Cortes in setting aside King Duarte's wishes for the Regency, and brooding over his plans, he thought he saw a favourable opportunity for

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XIV., XV.

again attempting to bring about a family alliance between the King and his own granddaughter. He wanted a King possessed of more autocratic ideas than those which had been introduced from England with Philippa, and had no sympathy for these doctrines of the people's rights that had almost demented his father, and inculcated ideas into his step-brothers' minds such as threatened to curb the bandit habits he so dearly loved. He realised that he must stop the infant King's marriage to Prince Peter's daughter, for then, the country would be ruled by a father-in-law, whom he regarded as a rhapsodist, dominated by absurd ideas of Justice and chimerical dreams of public welfare. His own idea of Justice was the sword, and his notion of public welfare the people's faithful submission to the sceptre of the ruler. The enthusiastic awakening of the Nation, under the new liberal thought, had almost destroyed his hopes; but now there seemed at last a chance of crushing any more such aspirations. Therefore, he approached the Queen, bent on instilling distrust into her mind about her son's wedding, hinting that Prince Peter did not wish to abide by the late King's Will. Queen Leonora was frightened. She wanted to act and yet she dared not, for there was still some sort of respect left for documentary injunctions, and disobeying the word of the dead meant nothing less than invoking the curse of every shade in both Olympus and Tartarus. And so she hesitated. She hated and mistrusted Prince Peter. She felt herself ill at ease before his discerning gaze; and yet, haunted by the fear of disobeying her husband's last wish, she could not fall in with the Count of Barcellos' ideas.

"I leave it all to you. You arrange it yourself!"—she said finally at the end of the interview; and the Count, swollen with a feeling of his own importance, thereupon approached Prince Peter, and repeated his suggestions as to the marriage. We can imagine the attitude of the "Defender of the Kingdom." With princely contempt, with a bitter satirical smile, Prince Peter answered that

he could blame somebody but that he would not. Then, opening a casket, he took out the written amendment that had been signed at the recent meeting of the Cortes, tore it to shreds, and calmly handed him the pieces.[1]

Certainly he was no diplomat. The true politician ignores, or pretends to ignore, the immediate, and adopts an attitude of dissimulation often to the point of losing his dignity. Love of Philosophy is a mistake when dealing with politics. Prince Peter, with his knowledge of the World and Mankind, was not equal to the occasion. The Count of Barcellos was; but, fortunately, he had not the necessary imagination for the rôle. His confused ambitions were only capable of groping blindly. He did not aspire to the Sceptre. This thought had no place in his mind; its seeds, undeveloped as yet, were only to germinate in his descendants. Putting the torn pieces of the document into his pocket, he left infuriated, conscious of having taken a false step, and yet surprised at his step-brother's simplicity. For this, and for this alone he had made his long journey.

But, again, opposition met him where he least expected to find it. The Court had moved to the capital, and shortly afterwards Prince John, now convalescent from his "fever," arrived upon the scene. He was thirty-nine, and the youngest of the Princes remaining now that Prince Fernando was in captivity in Fez. The Count of Barcellos, old enough to be his father, and actually his father-in-law, did not dream of opposition from this quarter. He was all the more surprised then, when Prince John, who entertained a filial respect for his brother, and had absolute trust in his discretion, openly told the Queen that the resolution of the meeting of Torres Novas was a mistake, and that Prince Peter should act alone as Regent, otherwise things would go from bad to worse. Already grave fault was being found with the Government; for Queen Leonora, on account of the proximity of her daughter's birth, was unable to discharge the duties she had undertaken. Dis-

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XVI.

content was rife; and the citizens of the Capital, hearing Prince John's opinions, openly grumbled, demanding that the Queen should give up her impossible task, and allow Prince Peter to govern alone.[1]

In August, 1439—almost a year after King Duarte's death, Princess Joanna, who afterwards married King Henry VI of Castile, was born. But not even after the birth of the Princess did matters amend themselves. The public clamoured for Prince Peter to intervene immediately; but he, being devoid of ambition, and somewhat contemptuous of the pleasures of power that others strove for so vehemently, was becoming more and more inclined rather to give up even the little he had in the Government than to seek more, wishing instead to betake himself to the peace and quiet of his estates.

Our worthy friend Sir Alvaro, who saw the tragic humour of Prince Peter's philosophy, agreed with him.

"Your Highness should either retire from office," he advised, with a smile, "or else take things more seriously, and assume all the Government yourself. Your scruples are compromising, and will benefit no one."

With the indecision that had characterised his brother the late King, Prince Peter next consulted Prince John, for Prince Henry, again a stranger to Court, was in his dream-retreat at Sagres.

"For my part," Prince John answered, "if it were not for the fact that I have two brothers like yourself and Henry, I would take the Regency myself; and if they did not give it to me, I should perish in the attempt! We will not question the Queen's virtues—they probably are numerous—but we cannot allow ourselves to be ruled by a woman, and much less by one who is a foreigner. It would be a disgrace and an outrage!"

It will be noticed that he was against his own daughter ever sitting on the throne as consort, for, in truth, the generous blood of Aviz flowed in his veins; and so he opposed the scheme that might lead to the Count of

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XVII., XIX.

Barcellos ruling through a helpless puppet King, intensely to the astonishment of the Count, who, on his part, would not believe this son-in-law of his could be so stupid where his own personal interests were concerned.

Prince Peter had good reasons to fear a revolution: his philosophy was able at least to warn him of this.

"Civil war is certain," continued Prince John, with conviction, "because those who advise the Queen do so, not for love of their country, but from love of themselves. Their chief aim is to bolster up the power of the nobles at the expense of the people and the Royal Inheritance."

Dwelling on this, he reminded Prince Peter how King Duarte's wise legislation had curbed those vampires who had been ever ready to suck the Nation's strength, eager to destroy the sense of freedom that had been growing since the War of Independence with Castile. They were still dangerous from within. But now, in addition, there was another danger, from without. This was the power of the Princes of Aragon, Queen Leonora's brothers, who having climbed to the Castilian throne beside their other sister, still ever restless, ever in search of adventure, would now doubtless try to insinuate themselves into the troubles of Portugal as well. He, therefore, went on to urge him to take heart of grace, exercise a wise precaution, and keep the Government stable in his own hands, saying that this was the only means of avoiding war, and that if he did not care to take the responsibility alone, he ought to recall and consult with his brother Henry from Sagres. Finally, he drew a more hopeful picture for the future, prophesying a peaceful Government at the next session of the Cortes, if only his brother would take a firmer grip on the affairs of State. Thus he persuaded Prince Peter to agree to wait for the Cortes, convincing him that it would be wrong to resign the Government, and suggesting that perhaps the Queen herself would propose some more acceptable arrangement,[1] for often the most arduous and intricate problems are thus unexpectedly solved.

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXI., XXII.

But the Queen was at Sacavem, entangled in a web of intrigue; and while Lisbon was rejoicing, because Prince Peter was to continue his rule, she, for the same reason, was vengefully expelling from Court all those ladies-in-waiting who sympathised with Prince Peter. With this fresh manifestation of temper, she reopened hostilities, committing, at the same time, an error that led her headlong into disaster and resulted in her complete estrangement from public favour. It happened in this wise: returning to Lisbon, she gave the Governor, Nuno Martins da Silva, the right of collecting the trade taxes which the merchants of the City were obliged to pay every seven years. This roused the citizens, who, collecting rapidly, surrounded and besieged the Government buildings during the meeting when the two procurators, Bartholomew Gomes and Alvaro Affonso, were presenting the Carta Regia. The mob, finding that the Queen had read and signed this Carta Regia without consulting the Regent, rushed into the room, seized Alvaro Affonso and threw him out of the window. The unfortunate man escaped with his life by falling on an adjacent roof, and Bartholomew Gomes owed his to his own Herculean strength.[1]

All the while the mob were thus demonstrating their hostility towards the Queen, they kept cheering for Prince Peter. In vain the Count of Arrayolos, to whom the Cortes of Torres Novas had entrusted the administration of Justice, hurried to Lisbon to pacify them. The rioting only became worse on his arrival. Those who were for the Queen secretly fanned the conflagration in the belief that Arrayolos had come to punish the ringleaders. It was prophesied that rivers would run with blood. A general massacre was threatened as the only means of settling the entanglement. Fugitives began to leave the City. The public lost all respect for the clergy, even when upholding the Government. Friar Vasco da Alagoa, while preaching in S. Domingos, was dragged from the pulpit and mobbed out of his church. The

[1] Pina, *Chron de D. Affonso V*, XXIV.

Count of Arrayolos, who had come to quell the insurrection, had to seek shelter from a crowd that threatened to tear him limb from limb.[1] Lisbon, in fact, was out in full rebellion.

Such was the situation when Prince Peter arrived at the Capital from Camarate, and succeeded after considerable difficulty in restoring order. The Cortes told him bluntly that the cause of the upheaval was that there were too many Regents; and that either he should reign alone, or else the Queen should do so by herself.

Nevertheless the Queen, in spite of the advices of Prince Peter and the Count of Arrayolos, insisted that her noblemen should attend the next session, each followed by their vassals and bodyguard[2]—the foolish lady evidently wishing the Assembly to take the form of an open battle.

As far as Prince Peter was concerned, events had taken such a turn that he found himself compelled to set aside his feeling of detachment, turning from the pose of a philosopher to that of a man of action. Feeling the need of counsel he longed, therefore, to have beside him his brother, Prince John, whose simple straightforward mind was able to see more clearly in a crisis than his own oversubtle intellect. But Prince John lay at Alcochete, again the victim of his "fever," and Prince Peter, therefore, went there to consult him.

At the invalid's bedside he found his nephew, the Count of Ourem. Prince John's advice was the same. Again he recommended him to proclaim himself sole Regent, saying that then he should have nothing to fear, that thus he could meet all his enemies—the Aragonese princes, or any one else who might come to defend the Queen. Ourem, his nephew, nodded approvingly, saying that he and many others were ready to help him to defend the kingdom.

It was excellent advice, but Prince Peter, with the procrastinating weakness of a diplomatist, hesitated.

"We will wait for the Cortes," he said. "It is dan-

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXV. [2] *Ibid.*, XXVII.

gerous to precipitate matters. The Cortes will decide for us in due time!"

And in this he remained firm, although Prince John objected that by following such a course he ran the risk of not taking advantage of the proper moment when public feeling was favourable.

"Let it be as God wishes," replied the Regent; "I will not act without the Cortes. The Queen writes to her noblemen, ordering them all to attend with their troops, whilst I, as Defender of the Kingdom, must similarly warn my districts to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency."[1]

All this took less than one month, and September had just arrived when the Prince, before going to his house at Coimbra to prepare himself in solitude for the impending crisis, decided to present himself at Sacavem on the way. The little King of seven ran up to his uncle and allowed him to kiss his hand; but the Queen-mother received him coldly, and treated his courteous advances with scornful suspicion, so much so that on his departure he was goaded to exclaim:

"What I have done I have done for the best. The only reward I have received has been hatred and malevolence. So far you have found me as you wished: from henceforth take me as you find me!"[2]

And with these words he left her, pleased with himself for having for once spoken out his true thoughts. Nevertheless, it was a grave tactical error, for if he wished for the Queen's friendly co-operation, he had now lost it for ever, fatally wounding her pride; and if Civil War was threatening before, it was certain now. The man to command coming events must have discretion as well as fortitude.

On the other hand, the Count of Barcellos, with the cunning of an old fox, was a better politician. It is true his illusive hopes seemed to be receding, and, to his incredulous eyes, his own sons appeared obedient and loyal

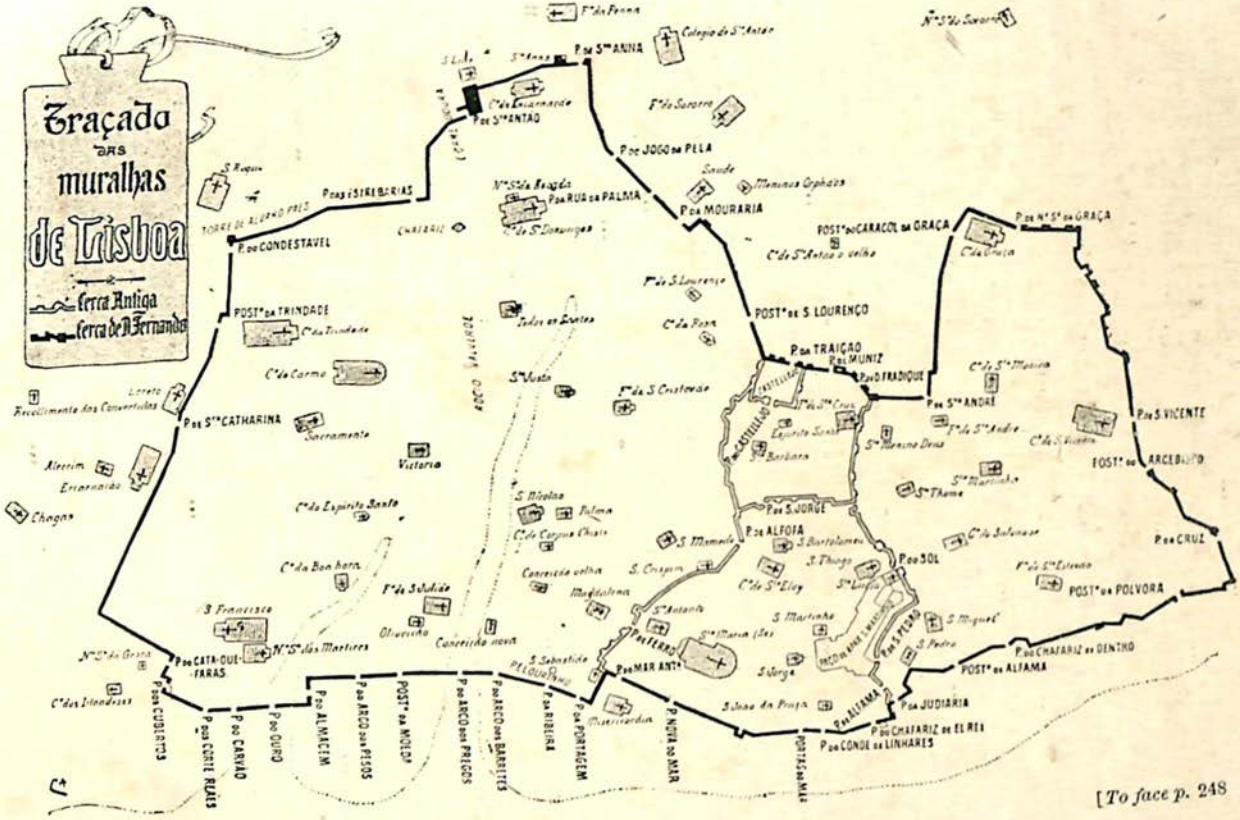
[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXVIII. [2] *Ibid.*, XXX.

to Prince Peter; yet none the less he was beginning to find the solution of his problem; and so he craftily remained in the background, allowing himself time to find cover, cautious of taking any false step that might seriously compromise him.

Meanwhile, Prince Peter had returned to Lisbon on his way to Coimbra, and for the first time began to exercise his power as Defender of the Kingdom. With this title, his father, before him, had established the country's independence, and finding the throne vacant, made himself King. The memory of the Revolution of 1383 must have been fresh in the mind of this son of John I. Again Lisbon was calling—calling him, as it had called his father—not now as then to seize the Crown, since philosophy made him immune to such ambitions, but rather to avert the disasters that were threatening that Crown, through the nobility's covetous anarchy and the Queen's jealous folly. Indeed, recognising its origin from the ancient Roman tribune, he was scrupulously conscious that the Office of Defender of the Kingdom was one with sacred duties; and, moreover, reason told him that these duties were the attributes of sovereignty, and that the King should be the true Defender of the people against the power of the aristocracy.

With these thoughts, and with a firm hand, he wrote his warning proclamations to the various districts, commanding them to be prepared for further orders;[1] and having dispatched them, so that they all should be delivered on the same day at their destinations, he set out to Coimbra. Meanwhile, at Lisbon, an excited multitude gathered all through the day at the Cathedral doors to read the copies intended for the City; and at night they still kept coming with torches and lanthorns because the day was not long enough. With widespread alarm, at the dangers hinted at, and yet with extreme confidence that with their help he could avert them, the populace acclaimed the Prince as their Defender, blaming the Queen, who they believed

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXXIX.


Traçado das muralhas de Lisboa
Cerca Antiga
Cerca de D. Fernando
P.ta de JOGO DA PELA
P.ta da MOURARIA
P.ta do CONDESTAVEL
P.ta de S.ta CATHARINA
P.ta de S.ta ANNA
P.ta de S.ta APOLLONIA
P.ta de S.ta ANDRE
P.ta de S.ta LUZIA
P.ta de S.ta MARTHA
P.ta de S.ta THOMÉ
P.ta de S.ta CLARA
P.ta de S.ta MARIA
P.ta de S.ta BARBARA
P.ta de S.ta CRUZ
P.ta de S.ta ESTEVÃO
P.ta de S.ta VICENTE
P.ta de S.ta JORGE
P.ta de ALFOFA
P.ta do SOL
P.ta da CRUZ
P.ta da TRAIÇÃO
P.ta do MUNIZ
P.ta do FRADIQUE
P.ta de S.ta LUZIA
P.ta de S.ta MARTINHO
P.ta de S.ta PEDRO
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P.ta de S.ta CLARA
P.ta de S.ta BARBARA

would welcome foreign intervention and the help of the Aragonese Princes to crush them. Hurrahs, shouts of joy, and cheers resounded as each line of Prince Peter's message was read out to a public that felt itself secure under the protection of this one Prince whom they all loved.

All the towns in the Kingdom answered that they would hold themselves in readiness, and Oporto that the Prince, and he alone, "was to be Regent."[1]

Trembling with fear, the Queen sought refuge and escaped to Alemquer,—for, while the Defender remained at Coimbra waiting for his Cortes to assemble, Lisbon had declared itself in rebellion. It had given itself up to Sir Alvaro Vaz de Almada, Prince Peter's "fidus Achates," who had made himself Lord-lieutenant and General of the City, taking the oath to abide by the wishes of the citizens as he solemnly accepted the City's banner. Under his friend's rule the City was all for Prince Peter: in S. Domingos, in the ancient "forum" of the Mediæval city, the various representatives assembled and decided that only Prince Peter was to act as their Regent and Defender, promising to support him at the meeting of the Cortes and "to die for him should the necessity arise."

However, even in the City itself things did not run altogether smoothly for the Regent, for opposing him was his old enemy, the Archbishop Dom Pedro, the only person, it will be remembered, who had refused to swear allegiance to the new Government and sign the resolution at Torres Novas, a quarrelsome person and one so deep in debt that no honest prudent Government, however willing, could relieve him. He started converting his Cathedral into an arsenal, fortifying it against the City authorities, in spite of all warnings, until such mobs of citizens assembled to support the authorities that he was compelled to sacrifice staff and sword to save himself, and take flight to Castile, remembering the fate that had befallen his predecessor (on the day that Count Andeiro was beheaded)

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXXIX.

too well to run a similar risk himself. As soon, however, as he arrived at Castile, he felt himself at a safe enough distance to write a threatening letter to the Municipality, saying that he would raise an army and march against the City. The authorities answered by depriving him of his Episcopal rents in the City, giving half of these to his successor, and the other half to his creditors![1] The humour and political subtlety of this came from no other than Sir Alvaro—for it was after this answer had been given that Prince John returned from Alcochete and took command of the City himself.[2]

Meanwhile, the Queen answered Prince Peter's manifesto with yet another of her own, commanding the people to adhere to the resolution of Torres Novas, and proclaiming herself Regent. But these notices were all torn down and destroyed, and at Lisbon the Writer to the Chancery barely escaped with his life, as he posted them on the Cathedral doors.[3] At the same time, the Queen did her best to prejudice Prince John, now in charge of the City, against the Regent. Recalling him to Alemquer, she tried to win him over from his brother, bribing him with the offer of the Regency for himself, and the Crown for his daughter, trying, in fact, in her despair, to tempt him with everything she possessed.

But Prince John was immovable.

"This can never be God's wish," he answered firmly; "nor can He desire that among the sons of John I, who have all been brought up in such peaceful concord and love, there should now be sown the seeds of discord. If I agreed to your proposals, I should live in worldly shame, and in fear of God, not so much for accepting the Regency, but merely at the thought of doing so when I have two such brothers as Prince Peter and Prince Henry, older and more fitted for the duty than I can ever hope to be.

[1] Royal Charter of Dec. 8, 1439, in the *Annals of the Municipality of Lisbon.*

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXXI.-XXXIV. and XL.

[3] *Ibid.*, XXXV.

The King's wedding to my own daughter, if things were otherwise, would certainly be the greatest honour and the greatest blessing that I could desire. But as things are, I would rather see her in public disgrace, than wedded thus at the expense of my brother's honour and wishes, for then I would have to go against the last request of King Duarte, whom may Heaven hold in peace."[1]

Thus prompted by the spirit of chivalry and honour, the Prince spoke out his answer, leaving the Queen incapable of further argument. She could not understand how such loyalty and brotherly affection could overcome personal ambition and paternal love. But, in her obstinacy, she would not admit herself defeated. So she changed her tactics. She next recalled Prince Henry. She wrote to him, perhaps misadvised by those who shared her ambitions, convinced that it was better to rouse this dreamer by putting fear and surprise into his soul, and informed him that the worst had come to pass, that Prince Peter wished to keep all power in his own hands, and that he was plotting for their mutual destruction.

When Prince Henry—who was at Sagres—read this letter, he could not resist smiling as he looked at the messenger; but, nevertheless, he made a hasty journey to Coimbra, to find out for himself the real state of matters.

"See, brother!" he laughed, as alighting from his horse he met Prince Peter; "see how great my fear is! I am here, hale and hearty."

After greeting him, he went on to tell of the Queen's message.

"I am not surprised," answered Prince Peter, with deep-rooted melancholy, "such times, and such designs are ever yielding a rich harvest of unexpected fruits!"[2] And he went on to relate what had happened in his absence, unfolding the story as he led the other through the Palace courtyards, into the Duchess of Coimbra's presence, where he found the whole family assembled to welcome him. Here also he found the Count of Bar-

[1] Pina, *Chron de D. Affonso V*, XLIX. [2] *Ibid.*, XLIII.

cellos, a little uneasy as one who finds himself in the background. The three brothers greeted each other, and then retired to discuss the situation. Finally it was decided that Barcellos, being more friendly with the Queen than any of them, should endeavour to persuade her to attend the Cortes, which was to meet at Lisbon in a month's time.

The Count, therefore, took horse for Alemquer, where he met his son, the Count of Arrayolos, just returned from the capital. There was no doubt the storm was gathering; and Prince Peter seemed more in public favour than ever. Alemquer had been transformed into a veritable fortress, surrounded by sentinels and outposts, whose constant watchfulness betrayed the apprehension of the authorities. The Count, frowning and biting his lip, delivered his message to the Queen, explaining that the peace of the nation, and Prince Fernando's freedom (the unfortunate martyr was almost forgotten during this comedy) demanded an immediate meeting of the Cortes, and that the Princes wished her to attend the meeting. The Queen, in her vanity, seeing a probable capitulation in this request, answered that she would go if the Municipal and Urban authorities repealed the acts passed during Prince Peter's Regency; and with this answer the old Count returned to Coimbra, quite convinced that the Queen's last day had come. For this reason, when the two brothers separated, one for Sagres, the other for Guimarães, Barcellos, who owned the whole Minho district and most of that of Traz-os-Montes, with an eagerness that was proportional to his desire to neutralise the false steps he had taken, did everything he could to convince the Queen's party of the mistake that she would fall into by attending the meeting of the Cortes.[1] Apparently the Count had delivered his message very much against his will; and now he tried to undo what he had done. He pointed out that nothing could be gained by her presence there, that she could leave others to settle their own squabbles, and that then

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XLIV.

she and her party could join the winning side. The Count, no doubt, at this time must have been finding himself very much alone. Prince Peter, surrounded by his family, was absorbed in study and his books, while in the peaceful oblivion of the tomb, King Duarte rested in his eternal sleep. At Sagres, Prince Henry armed his fleets to conquer Africa and thought of nothing else. In his cell, at Fez, Prince Fernando groaned under the whip of the Moor; and in Lisbon, Prince John was holding the city for his brother against all comers.

To lead a Revolution is a mere figure of speech, for Revolutions are never led: their chieftains are always serfs. The Revolution was taking shape at Lisbon. To await the Cortes, as Prince Peter wished, was to run a grave risk. Oporto precipitated matters somewhat by declaring, once and for all, its final wishes in the matter. The Commission of S. Domingos soon followed this example. They felt that something had to be done during this momentous crisis. Moreover, Prince John's remarks made them see that a prompt decision was imperative; and it looked as if Prince Peter was now determined to cross the Rubicon. In Lopo Fernandes, a great friend of Prince John, they had one "to whom the people looked for support." To their assistance also came Diogo Affonso Mangancha "who was learned, brave and restless." The latter was a fine swordsman and an astute scholar, one who saw his own fortunes bound up in this Revolution. He, therefore, concentrated all his energies in the cause. Even in King Duarte's reign he had already the reputation of a learned judge; and he was also very popular, for it was known that he had bequeathed all he had to a noble purpose—the founding of the University of Coimbra.[1] In his Will, dated January 4, 1448, we find the following regulations for the college: "In it shall be received ten pauper scholars and four servitors without alms, or beasts,

[1] *The Loyal Counsellor*, LVIII.: This Judge Mangancha founded his country's most famous University. In his lifetime, he started its first college in his own house, instituting a library in which, as was customary in those days, the books were fastened with chains to the walls.

receiving instead two "tavolas" per diem, without other rations, or bedding, or other articles of maintenance without survey, or else receiving one "tavola" and night rations . . . that there shall be ten apartments, and in these shall be built ten wooden bedsteads, and studies . . . and here shall be received: firstly, ten scholars already tutored, and these ten must be over sixteen years of age; secondly, if they be in the Faculty of Divinity, they shall be admitted although not tutored . . . of these ten, one shall act as Rector of the college . . . and each new scholar of this or other Faculty may stay ten years, and those that enter already tutored may remain only seven years, and those learned in Logic, five years and no more. . . . The College shall not admit rich noblemen, coxcombs, drunkards, rovers, stammerers, nor any addicted to vice, nor any crooked-nosed, nor fat-faced person, nor any with the complexion of rosemary, even though they be virtuous."[1] Such was the Will, and such the character of this new champion of the people, who openly siding with Prince Peter and the citizens of Lisbon, defying the authorities made public his opinions with all the rhetoric of a trained advocate. His views were popular, and he was listened to eagerly. The laws of Portugal, he maintained, were derived from the ancient codes of the Sicilian Franks, which from the very beginning had excluded women from the throne. Therefore, he told his willing hearers, the Queen had no right to rule; and accordingly, he urged them to submit to the governance of none other then Prince Peter. It was a popular view, backed by the seeming logic of the law, and so the citizens came in crowds to support and cheer him.

The Queen, the Princes, and the various muncipalities were informed of this. It looked as if the cause of the Regent was rising in the full flood of fortune. Lisbon as the capital opened the way by accepting the new movement. Oporto followed her example; and Prince

[1] We find this extraordinary document copied verbatim in J. P. Ribeiro's *Diss. Chron.*, II. 260.

Peter, stimulated by the fervour of his friends, agreed to undertake the task of looking after the country's welfare. But Prince Henry, on the other hand, was not so carried away. He looked upon these happenings as revolutionary, for we must remember the actual meaning of these events was that the resolution of the Cortes of Torres Novas had now been absolutely repudiated. Therefore, he remained coldly neutral; and the populace, who were unable to distinguish things in the same light as the educated nobility, soon began to grumble against him, so much so that Prince John had to intervene, putting fear into them by threatening that he would communicate with Sagres.

When the Count of Barcellos, at Guimarães, learnt of the new move, he was overcome with senile anger, realising that his step-brother was now almost certain of power. It is true he had advised the Queen not to attend the Cortes. But he had done so against his will. His object was to keep the various interests suspicious of one another. He neither wished Queen Leonora nor Prince Peter to have anything to do with the Government. Only disorder and disagreement could benefit his cause, and he realised this. A strong Government would obviously be antagonistic to his plans, and it was clear that, in the hands of Prince Peter, the Aragonese widow would be no easy victim to his own cunning. Pina[1] tells us that "according to the public and individual wisdom that followed, the Count's disappointment was in keeping with his own interests."

Everywhere, and especially in Lisbon, things were going against him. Reports of his political attitude had reached the capital, where Prince John was provisionally Governor, and Sir Alvaro in command of the troops. The Queen, sheltered in her castle and protected by its garrison, tried to resist the provisional Government; but Sir Alvaro laid siege to it, and more by threats than by actual violence, compelled it to surrender.

[1] *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XXXV., XXXIX. and XLI.

These happenings in the capital obliged Prince Peter to leave Coimbra. He marched to the capital, accompanied by an escort of 4000 men. It was given out that he was making for Alemquer to accompany the infant King there; for he had taken the main road that leads from Coimbra, through Redinha and Leiria to Batalha and Alcobaça. The Queen hearing of this, and feeling uneasy, sent a messenger to intercept him at Afazeirão. The messenger encountered the Prince and his troops on this main road, where he was told that they were not bound for Alemquer. Eventually the escort arrived at the gates of Lisbon, outside which the Prince pitched his camp. It was the beginning of the winter of 1439. The citizens came out in crowds to meet him, beseeching him to be their Regent; but they were told to wait for the Cortes' decision.

Some little time after, accompanied by his brothers, Prince Henry and Prince John, he entered the city to attend the meeting of the Assembly, which consisted of the representatives of the three districts of the Kingdom.

At this meeting the Queen opposed everything, refusing to give up the Regency, to leave Alemquer, or even to allow the young King to enter his own capital. Prince Henry was able eventually, however, to convince her that the young monarch should be present at the next meeting of the Cortes. But this was not in keeping with the Count of Barcellos' plans. He objected strongly—indeed with such vehemence, that his cause was prejudiced thereby; and so his later attempt to reinstate his friend the Archbishop of Lisbon also proved futile,[1] a defeat that served but to increase his hatred for Prince Peter.

Next, one of the procurators from Oporto took it upon himself to propose that the Queen and the infant King should be separated, because, he said, "educated by a woman he will grow effeminate, and will be brought up to hate the Regent—and perhaps us as well."

"We cannot support you in this," interrupted Prince Peter, seeing that the Assembly were on the point of

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XLV.-XLIX.

agreeing with the procurator. "If the King were to die, every one would then say that it was I who had killed him. The responsibility is too great for me!"

But, on the Cortes insisting on discussing the point, he called upon his two brothers to express their opinion, only to find that they, somewhat to his surprise, agreed with the Assembly, holding that the King should remain in the Regent's charge. To get out of the difficulty, therefore, he proposed that he should accompany the boy-king and the Queen-mother on a progress throughout the Kingdom. But here another difficulty arose. The Queen would not agree to this, thinking that it would look humiliating to travel thus, attached as it were to the Prince's Court.

The Regent's star was obviously in the ascendant; and it was clear the Queen would have to yield to the inevitable. It was then that an exceedingly clever move occurred to her. She acted on it instantly, giving up not only the King to Prince Peter, but also all her other children, four in number, the youngest of whom was only a few months old. Leaving her entire family thus with Prince Peter, she departed theatrically alone, unaccompanied to Cintra, reckoning that by appearing forcibly bereft, she would provoke civil war, and induce her own brothers, once they had settled their affairs at home, quickly to come to her defence. No sooner, however, had she reached Cintra than she set out again in a fever of hysterical excitement for Alemquer, feeling that there she was nearer the frontier, and closer, therefore, to the help she anticipated from Aragon—all Prince Peter's advice, arguments, and supplications proving in vain, although, with the idea of calming her, he had brought the King and his Court to Santarem, so that they could be near her, across the Tagus.

At Almeirim, all was almost open conspiracy; and here the Count of Barcellos was in his element. He tried to induce the Queen to betake herself to Crato, reminding her that the Prior of the Hospitallers could be depended upon, and that his castle was strong enough to withstand any attack that might come before her brothers from Aragon arrived

to avenge her. He went so far, indeed, as to give colour to the rumours that he was privy to certain agreements between the Queen and the Aragonese Princes to invade the country—rumours which caused Prince John, the Count of Ourem, Prince Henry, and eventually the Regent himself, to upbraid him for his folly. Contemporaries explain the Count of Ourem's partiality for Prince Peter, by assuming that "it was a better and safer policy for the father to belong to one party and the son to the other."

By this time, the Queen was in a fever of doubt, indecision, and fear, not knowing how to act, so much so that for safety she sent her jewellery and money to her sister. It was impossible to distinguish friend from foe; every one was suspicious of every one else; and the Prior of Crato, in this atmosphere of uncertainty, sent his own son, first to Santarem, to pay homage to the Regent, then to Almeirim, to wait on Leonora during her vacillating journeys.

The crisis was reached one cold October night (1440), when the Queen, with a small band of attendants, looking like a family of wandering gypsies, fled from Almeirim across the broad plains south of the Tagus, to Crato. Almeirim had noisily espoused her cause; and when the news of this flight spread throughout the town every one was panic-stricken, the people, in alarm, leaving their beds and shouting:

"Run for your lives! Run! Prince Peter is coming to imprison us all!"

The fear was as widespread as it was ridiculous. Half-dressed, collecting their goods as best they could, the frightened populace hurried across the moors, like a flock of frightened sheep. In their panic, many were firmly convinced that their only safety now was in Castile. The wife and son of an old and lame warrior, the Squire of Cascaes, pulled the decrepit old man out of bed, dragging him along the floor in their anxiety, urging him in the name of all the saints to bestir himself and save himself.

"Let me die in my own country!" he protested feebly;

"in the country of my birth. I never have been, nor ever shall be a traitor. Do not expel me, when I am guiltless! My body will find no other soil for its burial than here!" [1]

They carried him forcibly, his feeble resistance and protests adding a humorous though pathetic note to the grotesque disorder that lasted throughout the night; and when the morning pierced the black veil of night, the town was mute and deserted throughout, save here and there, where some dishevelled, half-clothed, lost creature was left as a sign that a feverish multitude had hurriedly left the Court of the Queen, who by now was fortifying herself in her stronghold at Crato.

Their terror, in a way, was justified, for hostilities with Castile were threatening. Coming of age, King John II of Castile had placed the Government in the hands of his favourite, Don Alvaro de Luna, he who had already befriended Prince Peter when the latter visited Valladolid on his way to the East. This Don Alvaro, who had been brought up from early childhood in the Castilian Court, where he first went as a page in 1408, was the envy of all the men, and the idol of all the women. He and Prince Peter constantly corresponded. Musician, poet, and writer, his verses to his lady-loves in his work *Virtuous and Beauteous Damoiselles*, referring to them as the "Crowned Glories of Creation," are known to all students. It was to this celebrated personage that John II, when he ascended the throne, surrendered the reins of Government entirely.[2] The gentlemen of the Court looked upon the bard with jaundiced eyes, seeing him exalted to the title of Count de San Esteban, given six cities and seventy castles. They showed their jealousy by opposing, in

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, L.–LXV.

[2] *Vide* Ticknor, *History of Span. Lit.*, edit. by Gayangos, I. 208. The anonymous chronicles of Alvaro de Luna, printed for the first time in Milan, 1546, is a celebrated Castilian classic. Amador de los Rios in his *Hist. Crit. Litt. Esp.*, VI. 224–9, attributes the work to Don Alvaro himself. For an analysis of Don Alvaro's works and mention of *Virtuous and Beauteous Damoiselles*, vide *ibid.*, 63–5, and 271–7.

every way the ambitions of the King's cousins—the Princes of Aragon, who in 1418, by one of them marrying Queen Leonora of Portugal's sister, became thus related. Their widowed mother then took up her abode at the Castilian Court, beside her daughter-in-law, with her two other sons, who in search of fortune allied themselves at first with the popular Don Alvaro, and eventually succeeded in insinuating themselves above the other noblemen, beside the weak King. From that moment Castile became divided into two camps, ever wrangling with one another for the King's favours; and thus the Aragonese Princes, belonging to Don Alvaro's party, and occupied with their own ambitions, had little opportunity of giving much support to the Portuguese Queen against Prince Peter, the friend of their most powerful ally, Don Alvaro.

All this was no concern of Portugal; but as soon as the Queen escaped from Cintra to Almeirim, Prince Peter saw that it was necessary to prevent the Aragonese Princes coming to her assistance; and so, with the help of his brothers, and the Count of Barcellos, who now kept a foot in both camps for safety, he ranged himself on the side of Don Alvaro; and to make doubly sure, at the same time, befriended also the Master of Alcantara, the Pretender Don Guitierres, sending him auxiliaries against the Aragonese Princes, who were practically holding the King of Castile as their prisoner.[1] In this way, any active Castilian intervention was baulked, for while Don Alvaro was King John's trusted favourite, the Aragonese Princes would have plenty to occupy them at home. All they could do to help Queen Leonora, therefore, was to send an Ambassador in the autumn of 1440, claiming the Regency for their sister; but even this diplomatic move was checkmated by the King of Castile, who, with Luna's consent, sent a secret message to Prince Peter, giving him permission to ignore the Ambassador, so that he was sent back eventually merely with the usual empty courtesies, after Queen Leonora had gone to Crato.[2]

[1] Pina, *Chron de D. Affonso V*, LV. and LVI. [2] *Ibid.*, LXIII. and LXVI.

The Regency was by now a settled affair. Prince Peter was head of the Government; he had the King in his charge; and any enactments promulgated by this child of eight were of necessity those suggested by his uncle.

From the heights of a throne, where circumstances had compelled him to rise, Prince Peter was able to see the lie of the surrounding political landscape, for from such an elevation one can see far over the horizon of futurity. And the conclusion he came to was the old conclusion of Solomon, for pessimism sat on the throne beside him. Two characteristic examples of this temperament of his may here be recalled. Once when, accompanied by Prince Henry, he was entering the gate of S. Bento that leads across the River Mondego, they both stopped their horses to gaze at the city's coat-of-arms over the entrance. It represented the figure of a crowned woman standing upon a calyx; on one of the woman's breasts was a lion rampant, and on the other the figure of a serpent.

Prince Henry laughed grimly, pointing to the coat-of-arms.

"We may well compare," he said, "this figure with your own life, brother; for truly your breast is burdened, on the one side by the lion of Castile, and on the other by the serpent of our country's ills."

"You speak well," the other answered, frowning; "but I see also therein an evil omen. The calyx signifieth blood, and this doubtless will be my final reward." [1]

On another occasion, the people of Lisbon wished to erect a statue to him, in recognition of the relief he had brought them by abolishing the mediæval custom which compelled them to lodge the Court when it was in Lisbon, and also all ambassadors from foreign countries, supplying them with food, bedding, and similar necessaries.[2] The extravagant demands of the courtiers, and the frequent arrival of these ambassadors before the days when permanent legations were established, had made this service extremely heavy; and the people were, therefore,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LII. [2] Viterbo, *Elucid V.*

very grateful when, in 1439, Prince Peter abolished this custom and reserved the Palace of "Os Estãos" for the reception of these ambassadors.[1]

When, however, he was told of the public's wishes, he forbade it.

"If my image were placed there," he said, his features heavy with thought and pain, "the day would, nevertheless, come when in recompense for any good that I may have done, and for any more that, by the grace of God, I may yet do, your sons would pull it down, or mutilate it with stones. For this reason, therefore, I do not wish it. God will give me His own reward, in His own time. I do not expect anything from your hands other than that I have told you of; unless, peradventure, ye do something yet more evil towards me."

Shakespeare, the magic-mind, who has portrayed for us the men of the Renascence, depicts in his Hamlet a character not unlike Prince Peter. It was characteristic of the Portuguese Hamlet to see in the calyx of the city of Coimbra his own Fate symbolically anticipated. It is beyond doubt that he was not ambitious, for he had plenty of opportunities to satiate such a desire. Instead he was a pessimist, a philosopher who sat upon a throne; and his pessimism gave him a longer foreknowledge, a more prophetic mind than that possessed by his famous brother, Prince Henry, who could not, would not, believe that his own ambitions would meet with the same Fate, the same destruction, and almost the same oblivion, that Philosophy taught the other to anticipate.

After the Queen's escape there was a foretaste of civil war. Prince Peter sent manifestoes to the Urban authorities throughout the Kingdom, manifestos that were read

[1] "Os Estãos" was an edifice in the Rocio at Lisbon in 1484. It was repaired in the time of the Inquisition, and was reconstructed after the Great Earthquake of 1775. In 1820 the Inquisition having ceased, it became the Regent's Palace; in 1826 it served as a municipal building; in 1833 it was the Exchequer; and finally it was burnt down in 1836. At the present day, its site is occupied by the Theatre of D. Maria II.

out after Mass on All Saint's Day. To these the Queen replied with others of her own; and they, in turn, brought about more hostile preparations. Prince Henry was dispatched off to Beira, Prince John to the district between the Guadiana and the Tagus. A special envoy was hurriedly sent to Oporto; and orders were sent to Alemtejo forbidding them to supply the castle with more provisions than were necessary for the Queen and twenty other persons.

The Castle of Crato was one of those ancient strongholds that had been erected in the middle of a wilderness, now desolate after centuries of perpetual warfare. Fire and sword had wrought much destruction in the district; the plains had been barren for years; and the garrison, therefore, semi-isolated, could only get their stores from afar. The Prince's orders accordingly amounted to a siege; so that already, before any troops had marched against them, they were threatened with starvation from within. The wretched Queen, therefore, besought Prince John to come to her aid; but to her appeal he merely answered by asking her to quit her stronghold. When, however, it was known that she was seeking help from Castile, it was felt that something more had to be done; and so, on December 17, the Prince's troops entered Belver, and an edict was issued forthwith recalling all the Prior's vassals, imposing the penalty of death on such as failed to obey.

The actual siege now commenced; and fear and hunger soon held sway within. Grave prognostications were whispered. The minds of the besieged, frightened by their guilt, saw nothing but impending disaster. The air was full of omens; and it was with eager, anxious eyes, therefore, that, one day, the garrison watched an eagle flying round the battlements. As they gazed, they saw it circle the walls three times and then suddenly pounce upon a stork's-nest built on the tower of the Priory, carrying away the mother-stork and her two young ones in its talons. To their mediæval minds this was a deadly

portent; and in their nervous fear, they connected it with their own fate. The eagle was the Prince, the stork and her two little ones the Queen and her children. Yet another omen pointed against them. The besiegers' first shot struck an escutcheon, showing the castle's arms, and without breaking it made it fall from the hands of two stone angels that held it, so that only when it reached the ground did it fall to pieces. The second shot killed a man; and the third crushed his body which had, by now, been placed in a coffin. The besiegers were tightening their circle. In the immediate vicinity there was some resistance; but in other parts of the Kingdom the Queen's forces were strangely inactive. At length, however, a meagre array of less than a thousand Castilian troops, bribed with the money and jewels that the Queen had sent them, arrived; and now, having no alternative, the Regent, together with Prince John and the Counts of Ourem and of Arrayolos, marched towards the scene of trouble. It was towards the end of December when they entered Aviz, and by this time the Queen was convinced that further resistance was useless; neither Barcellos, nor her Aragonese allies, nor her party of councillors from Torres Novas were coming to her aid; and so she abandoned the castle, and escorted by the Prior, the Squire of Cascaes, and others, crossed the frontier, leaving the garrison with its 800 Castilian auxiliaries to surrender.[1] Thus ended the first stage of the war.

Although the Count of Barcellos had not actually joined the Queen's party, and his sons belonged to that of the Regent, still his loyalty was not above suspicion. It was felt that he might be preparing some counterstroke in his retreat up in the north; and so Prince Peter and Prince Henry journeyed in company to Traz-os-Montes in February 1441, to see if they could either definitely attach him to their side, or force him to declare himself an open enemy. The Count, however, apparently expecting some such move on their part, had already crossed the

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LXVI. and LXXIV.

Douro, taking horse for Misão Frio, and was now in the rugged highlands of the north, a land of wild and barren mountains formed of craggy schists crowned by the granite of some past prehistoric eruption. These regions were inhabited by communities that had been isolated by nature from lowland civilisation for so long that they were almost independent of any authority, having been left over as it were from the convulsions of the Wars of the Middle Ages. Nominally the clans professed allegiance to some powerful nobleman or lord; but they were so tenacious of their freedom that they always insisted on choosing their own protector. Latterly this had been the Count of Barcellos; but he was now beginning to be unpopular because, for some time past, he had been attempting to restrict their freedom, to benefit his own interests.[1]

It was in these fastnesses that he now concealed himself, fearing that his step-brothers had come to punish him; and as a precaution against surprise he had ordered the ferries to be destroyed behind him. It was a futile move, as the Princes immediately had a pontoon thrown across the river, and followed after him. It was obvious they intended to force a meeting; and so the Count of Ourem, his son, who was in their company, asked permission to go ahead and talk matters over with his father. Apparently he was successful in bringing him to reason, for he presently returned with the Count, who greeted the two Princes as if nothing had happened. The meeting, to a casual observer, seemed all that could be desired; but the innermost feelings of these three brothers could only be guessed at. The Archbishop of Braga, Dom Fernando, a depraved, malicious black-coat, seeing this meeting, exclaimed, unofficially inspired: "Ecce quam jocundum habitare fratres in unum." Prince Peter, whose penetrating eye saw beyond these superficialities of affection, listened impassively to the verbose contradictions that came

[1] Fornellos, *Mem. Hist. econ. do concelho de Misão Frio.* Cf. J. P. Ribeiro, *Reflex. Hist.*, p. 1, n. 19.

from Barcellos, heard his protests, received his promises of obedience, and accepted his assurances of friendship and love. Barcellos now fervently affirmed that he would leave the Queen to her own devices. He even promised to take upon himself the task of bringing her back penitent. He agreed that the King should marry the Regent's daughter, making only one stipulation, that the exiled Archbishop of Lisbon should be reinstated. Prince Peter consented to this; and the brothers separated with their quarrel apparently patched up. The Regent went to his capital, Prince Henry to Vizeu on his way to Sagres, and the Count to Guimarães.[1]

Slowly the difficulties of the Regency were disappearing. The Cortes next met at Torres Vedras, to arrange the King's marriage, which took place at Obidos on Ascension Day, 1441.[2] Only one difficulty seemed immovable—Queen Leonora was still in Castile worrying her brothers to come and avenge her. The Count of Barcellos sent a messenger, who was unfortunate enough to arrive there at an awkward moment. The year before, the Queen of Castile had succeeded in arranging a marriage between her son, the Prince of Asturias, and his cousin, Princess Branca of Navarre, whose father was the lifelong enemy of Don Alvaro de Luna. This union Don Alvaro had failed to stop,[3] for he had to contend with his King's weakness, as well as with his own waning influence; and the Aragonese Princes having almost supplanted him were daily becoming more and more powerful. They had besieged Medina del Campo; they had again acquired more favours from the King; and they had routed de Luna's and the Master of Alcantara's forces. Queen Leonora was with her brothers, now powerful and influential at Medina, when the Count's messenger arrived. She apparently knew Barcellos only too well, and naturally enough preferred to rely on her brothers' help alone. She, therefore, refused to receive the messenger. Across the frontier the same tactics were being employed :

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LXXV.
[2] *Ibid.*, LXXV.
[3] Ch. Romey, *Hist. d'Esp.*, IX. 17.

the Regent refused to see the Castilian ambassadors, and called the Cortes at Evora. A rupture appeared imminent. The situation was critical, for whatever happened War seemed certain; and the Cortes, therefore, decided to prepare for it, entering enthusiastically into the preparations for raising a loan and getting ready the necessary armaments. Seeing this unanimity, however, the Castilians, on the other hand, were correspondingly impressed; and so they decided, in spite of Queen Leonora's and her brothers' supplications, that peace should be maintained with Portugal.[1]

Quiet thus crowned the year 1441, and the following year was passing in the same happy way, when in October, Prince John died at Alcacer do Sal, a victim to his pernicious "fever." Prince Peter thus lost in this brother his most faithful adviser. He was the second of King John's sons, now, beyond the grave, and was scarcely forty-two, in fact in the prime of life, when he died. His country lost in him one of its most able minds, and the Regent a brother who was his right hand in the Government. The Regent's sorrow was, therefore, proportional to his loss. He was at Coimbra when he received the news; and it affected him so deeply that he had to take to his chamber to conceal his grief.

It would seem as if Fortune in this world was made up of sorrows and joys, for like a pair of balance-scales, when one side rises, the other necessarily falls, an equilibrium that, no doubt, suggested the symbol of Justice with its even distribution of worldly goods. So when the Regent was mourning over his loss, the Count of Barcellos was rejoicing. His scale, lightened of disappointment, was on the rise. He, like his brothers, would come into a Dukedom. He was now the third remaining son of John I, and the wealthiest of the three, because his estates belonged to himself and not to the Crown. The star of his family was in the ascendant. In 1442, Dom Duarte, Duke of Braganza, died without leaving an heir; and as the Cortes was meeting at Evora, both father and son, Barcellos and

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LXXVII.–LXXX.

Ourem, unknown to one another, hurried thither to claim the title of the deceased, who was not even buried at the time. Ourem arrived first, however, and immediately claimed the honour and the castles and estates that went with it from the Regent. Barcellos arrived next, and made the same request, only to be told by the Regent that what he asked for had already been granted to his son. It was a bitter disappointment to the old man; for though he saw his family and himself thus rising in the scales of power, he wished none the less that the honour should have been his, and his disappointment made him desire, therefore, all the more vehemently the downfall of the Regent.[1]

In the following year, 1443, Prince Fernando succumbed to his tortures in Fez, making, now, the third son of John I that had died. The next year, Prince John's son also died; so that within a comparatively short time the two Masterships, those of Santiago and of Aviz, together with the title of Constable, became vacant. The Regent refused to make the Count of Ourem Constable, and gave the title to his own son. The Count of Ourem claimed it because he was Nun'alvares' grandson. The Regent opposed this claim on the grounds that the honour was not hereditary, and pointed out that on his father's death, which could not be very distant, he, Ourem, would be Duke of Braganza and thrice Count, and that he ought to remember this and have patience considering the small size and the poverty of the Kingdom.[2] Enraged, the Count of Ourem departed, vowing revenge. It was obvious that he had inherited the ambitious appetite of his father; and Prince Peter, looking on these events, was becoming aware that his apprehensions were likely to become realities.

In Castile, Queen Leonora was also lamenting her misfortunes, for her hopes were sinking after Don Alvaro's victory at Olmedo (1445), which freed the Castilian King from the influence of the Aragonese princes. She, there-

[1] Eventually, however, the matter was compromised: Barcellos took the title of Duke, and Ourem the estates.
Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LXXXII., LXXXIV.

fore, was compelled to go to Toledo, living there in poverty, supported only by the miserable dole she received from Portugal. Later on, however, things seemed to brighten for her, and negotiations were opened between her and the Count of Arrayolos. And then the unexpected happened. On February 19, 1445, she died, apparently poisoned. It was rumoured that Don Alvaro, the Aragonese princes' enemy, had poisoned her. It may or it may not have been true; but the fact remains that within fifteen days, equally unexpected, the Queen of Castile died also.[1] And it was stated that the Princes being conquered, Don Alvaro had thus rid himself of their sisters as well, and made himself thereby the sole power behind the throne. Immediately after, the Regent of Portugal sent him new reinforcements, under the command of his own son, the new Constable, who, then sixteen years of age, had been under arms for the first time at Olmedo.[2]

Looking back now, it seems an extraordinary move on the part of the Regent. Evidently he was determined to exterminate the Aragonese princes, one of whom, Prince Henry, eventually fell on the battlefield, and the other, defeated, was compelled to seek a hiding-place in the Pyrenees.

Politically, however, it was an exceedingly unfortunate move for Prince Peter, his reputation thereby receiving a severe blow, for his action in Castile practically made him Don Alvaro's accomplice in crime. The publicity of this, moreover, became more widespread by his arranging with Don Alvaro a marriage between Prince John's daughter and the widower King of Castile. Prince Peter thought

[1] Ch. Romey, *Hist. d'Esp.*, IX. 17.

[2] Prince Peter's son, Peter, was born in 1429. It was during this expedition to Castile that he became acquainted with Don Inigo Lopes de Mendonza, fighting beside him at Olmedo, where Mendonza earned the title of Marquis of Santillana. On his return to Portugal, the Constable, who had inherited his father's taste for literature, asked the Marquis for a collection of his *Canciones y dezires*—"Songs and Sayings"—which the other gave him together with the celebrated letter which is one of the chief literary documents of his day. Cf. Amador de los Rios, *Hist. Crit.*, VII. 80.

that by this action he was paying a debt to the memory of his beloved brother. Don Alvaro believed, on the other hand, that in this Portuguese Queen he was securing a docile accomplice to the carrying out of his own plans. He was greatly mistaken, however. The King, far from pre-occupying himself with his new bride, and thus overlooking other happenings, became aware of the fact that this favourite of his was taking too many liberties;[1] and Queen Isabel, obeying the instincts of her race, prejudiced her husband against Don Alvaro, to such a point that the once powerful Constable of Castile was imprisoned in 1453, and beheaded in the following year at Valladolid—truly a typical turn of the wheel of Fortune![2]

It was in 1447 that this marriage of his niece, the Princess Isabel, took place; and in the same year, his own daughter Isabel married the young King Affonso V, who was now fifteen. The two Isabels, therefore, had each risen almost simultaneously to a throne—one to that of Portugal, the other to that of Castile. It was in July, that, after the marriage, the young King at length received the reins of office, and Prince Peter was able to leave Coimbra and return to his family and his beloved books. His enemies, no doubt, rejoiced, but the Prince was satisfied to have avoided anarchy from within and war from without.

Conscious of the purity of his motives, of the sincerity of his actions for the benefit of the people he had been called to rule over, he was, nevertheless, crushed under the feeling that much that he had attempted had been unsuccessful. Clear and logical in his own mind, he tried to govern by the laws of reason, failing to see that men's minds are influenced not by logic but by prejudice, not by clear thinking but by emotion. Had he had more of the milk of Human Kindness he might have accomplished by persuasion, by arousing fealty, by winning popularity,

[1] E. Garibay, *Comp. Hist. de las cron. y univ. Hist. de todos los reynos de España* (Amberes 1571), II. 1133.

[2] Ch. Romey, *Hist. d'Esp.*, IX. 17. Amador de los Rios, *Hist. Crit.*, etc., VI. 185.

much that he wished to see done for the benefit of the nation.

He was respected, feared, but, save for a few intimates, never loved as his father John of Aviz had been loved. Consequently, he was continually being misunderstood. His cold and distant manner made enemies of many who might have been his friends. As a popular ruler he was a comparative failure. In his innermost soul, he was a disappointed man.

When he retired, he had many enemies; and, now that his power was gone, they rose in swarms against him, poisoning the minds of the people and even of his son-in-law, and nephew, the King towards him, accusing him of complicity in the crimes of the Constable of Castile, of being privy to the poisoning of the two Queens. Later on, after the events of 1444, which will be recounted later, they suggested that he was plotting against the King.

He was called ambitious by those whose souls were so full of the lust for power, and the greed for gain, that they could not understand how any one situated as he was could fail to feel the same.

His end should have been that of a philosopher, calm and untroubled. It came as he predicted—a cornucopia emptying itself in a sea of blood.

CHAPTER X

ALFARROBEIRA

By January 1446, the reign of the Regent was legally over. The king was then fourteen years of age, and it was considered that he was now old enough to govern by himself. The Regent and his party were distrustful of the outcome, for it was known that the young King's character was still lacking in energy, in spite of the tumultuous violence that had marked his tender youth. But, on the other hand, the aristocracy, who had been so sternly repressed by the Regent, openly rejoiced, and awaited his coming of age with an impatient eagerness, hungering to pounce, falcon-like, on the perquisites of his kingdom so long withheld from their hungry maws.

Nevertheless, for a time, these conspirators were balked. The Regent called the Cortes at Lisbon, ostensibly in order that the King might take the reins of Government. The session was opened by a speech from the Chief Justice Mangancha, who, at the end of the ceremony, knelt smiling before the young monarch and presented him with the rod of Justice.

The smile of the Chief Justice meant, however, that he knew it had been arranged that at the end of three days Affonso V would declare himself too young to take up the responsibilities of his office. And this was what eventually happened. The King did resign temporarily, after affirming that he had been legally married to his cousin, the Princess Isabel, a statement intended to quash effectually the rumour that the wedding at Obidos had been irregular.

It was a Machiavellian move, typical of Magancha; but the stratagem, as is often the case, recoiled on the head of its originator, for there arose such a storm of opposition from all the interested parties, that the young King, frightened into contradicting himself, presently repudiated both his statements, and promised, in the same breath, to assume the Government and remarry the Princess.

The second marriage ceremony, accordingly, took place early in 1447; and immediately afterwards the Regent handed over the reins of Government, and the King was left to his own devices, to do his best or his worst for his country and his people.

This was the time that the enemies of the Regent had been impatiently awaiting. The Count of Barcellos was at Chaves when this happened. Though seventy years of age, he was still active; and with the agility caused by this rejuvenescence of his hopes, he jumped on his horse, gathered his vassals together, and, as quick as lightning, galloped through Marão, and Tamego, until he reached Guimarães. From here he made for Ponte de Lima, and thence to Oporto, depriving the ex-Regent's men, on his way through the Minho district, of all the offices the young King had given them, expelling them as traitors, besieging the castles of all those that might still have some partiality for the ex-Regent in the province. It was evident he thought the Kingdom already belonged to him, and he felt that he could do as he liked.

While this was going on in the North, the Cortes was still sitting at Santarem. Here Prince Peter remained beside the King, leaving the Count of Ourem encamped at Torres Novas in command of the army.

Now there was in the King's entourage a certain secretary named Barredo, a man trained in all the subtleties of the Italian school. Secretly he was in the pay of the Regent's enemies, and he now set about gaining the confidence of the young King. This he succeeded in doing; and so, having progressed thus far, his next step was easy. Gradually, during the daily dispatch of business, he began slowly and

deliberately to poison the King's mind against Prince Peter, cunningly interlarding the treatment with fulsome flattery and protestations of affection, in order the more easily to disguise the villainy of the medicament.

When at length, then, he thought that the soil was sufficiently prepared, he began to cast doubts on the strength of the King's patriotism, in that he allowed himself to be made the tool of such a mentor, urging him to bestir himself, protesting his own unflinching loyalty to his cause, and apparently allowing it to be dragged out of him that he knew there was a plot on foot to depose the King in order that Prince Peter and his sons might seize the throne.

Finally he suggested there was yet time to thwart this nefarious scheme, if the King would only trust to his real friends; and to do this effectually he proposed that he should secretly hurry off to his army, waiting and loyal under the Count of Ourem, at Torres Novas.

All this tissue of lies the young King foolishly swallowed; and, acting immediately under the proffered advice, he sought an imaginary refuge under the care of the Count of Ourem. The Count, with a boiling hatred of Prince Peter, taunted him with allowing himself to be ruled by the ex-Regent. He reminded the boy that, though he was King, the actual ruler was the Prince at Santarem. He pointed out to him that he was no longer a child, and told him sneeringly that, if he wished to be deemed a man, he should look after the safety of his own Crown, not depute it to another.

This suggestion of weakness irritated the King beyond control. He felt young, inexperienced, and yet impetuously anxious to prove himself a man. Nevertheless, the affection and filial respect he had always had for the Regent, who had ever seemed his friend, made him pause. At the age of fifteen gratitude is capable of speaking with a loud voice.

"What am I to do? I cannot believe it!" said the boy, not knowing what to think, whom to trust.

"You may well doubt," replied the Count. "But now that you are free from your uncle's tyranny, you should expel him from Court."

"I cannot remain in doubt," generously protested the boy. "I will go and claim my Crown from him in person."

Ourem agreed, advising him to take with him his noblemen and vassals, armed and ready to meet resistance.

But when he returned, Prince Peter, aware of the situation, as soon as he and his troops entered Santarem, went to meet him; and to the boy's awkward but imperious demand he replied at once:

"Willingly do I surrender all authority. For ten long years I have neglected what is mine in your interests. Let me now, therefore, go in peace to my estates to look after them."

It was thus that he met these accusations, almost admitting himself in the wrong; and thus did he nonplus the King. It is the inevitable result when two combatants fight with unequal weapons, one of them using his own and turning the other's against him as well. The boy-king, pleased with the day's work, bade his uncle an effusive farewell, and left him; but immediately afterwards he felt heavy at heart, because he had the vague feeling that he had committed an ungracious act. And hearing that the Prince had taken the road to Coimbra, escorted by his troops on account of the Count of Ourem's hostility, relief and remorse wrestled within his inexperienced breast. It was the end of July, when Prince Peter, finding himself in Thomar, seeing that he had not actually been attacked as yet, dismissed his escort, and proceeded alone with his sons[1] to his estates, where we left him in the preceding chapter.

His resignation and his seclusion brought much joy to all the discontented, the avaricious, and those who hoped to make a good haul from out the troubled political waters. Those experienced in helping themselves during the disorders of a change of Government all therefore now began

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, LXXXIX.

casting their nets of intrigue into the disturbed waters of the nation. Slanderers were free to speak; villainy held the field; and ingratitude was yielding its fruits. The Regent was openly called a monster: he was spoken of as being unjust, ambitious, as having poisoned King Duarte, so as to succeed him, Prince John because he was jealous of him, and Queen Leonora, poor lady, after having obliged her to quit the country. The uncertain mind of the mob, veering completely round, now openly condemned the Regent for having been, as they thought, the author of these almost forgotten crimes. Stimulated by this fictitious wave of sympathy, they even deemed they also were among his victims—cheating themselves into the belief that they had been faithful followers of Queen Leonora, whom, now openly lamented, they wished to avenge. Moreover, there was a rich harvest to reap. The belongings of the Regent's followers would suffice for them. They would confiscate half the country, and plunder the other half! *Væ victis!* And they would be the victors! To such as these the Count of Ourem, and the Archbishop of Lisbon, who was again in power and favour at Court, were ready to promise anything.

The wave of popular sentiment thus started rose rapidly, threatening seriously to prejudice Prince Peter. It was now openly suggested that such crimes as his should not escape punishment. Some even demanded his head. So loud became the rumblings that they penetrated even to Sagres, although, in 1447, Prince Henry was absorbed with his expeditions and companies at Lagos, and with the second syndicate of Lançarote. Nevertheless, he tore himself away from his beloved schemes and came to Santarem to defend his brother—"but not with that fortitude that his brother deserved, nor that the World would expect:"[1] for he was ever dreaming of Africa—only this vast continent occupied his mind—and he felt that now, of all times, nothing must be allowed seriously to interfere with his enterprises, since they were promising

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XC.

so much. Indeed, with his nephew at length on the throne and the nobility more than preoccupied with themselves, he felt freer to follow his own plans; and now he was beginning again to see himself in Morocco, taking his revenge for Tangier, and imagining perhaps Lançarote's caravels doubling the Cape to discover Prester John and his Indian Empire.

At this time Sir Alvaro, Count d'Avranches and late Lord-lieutenant of Lisbon, returned from Ceuta, and presented himself at Court. Here, he speedily made himself popular with the young King. His character, however, had not changed in the least; for he delighted in saying outright any unpalatable or sarcastic truths that came to his mind, speaking freely of Prince Peter's innocence, of his friendship for him, and of his hatred for the Count of Ourem. He was absolutely fearless, careless of whom or to whom he spoke the truth, and ever ready to prove his words at the point of the sword. The King, who was only a boy and instinctively chivalrous, recognised from the depths of his heart the gratitude he should have had for his uncle, and warmed towards the Count d'Avranches, who shielded Prince Peter against the virulence of those wishing to expel him from Court. Nevertheless, those that wished well towards the Count advised him to be cautious, counselling him to curb his tongue so as not to lose favour with the King.

But to all such counsels he answered:

"My friends, for what I have done for my country I deserve castles and cities rather than dungeons and fetters. I cannot, therefore, show the white feather. I pray you believe, however, that I can look after myself. I put my trust in Providence; and I would rather my friends should visit my sepulchre than my prison cell. Therefore have no pity or fear for me."

With such words he left the Court. On the following day he attended the Council, attired, if possible, more carefully than ever, but taking also, as a precaution, his best blade with him. In the Council itself he spoke without

fear, berating those who slandered Prince Peter and demanded his head. Prince Henry, hearing him, applauded; and the young King, carried away by his eloquence, was apparently won over to the Regent's side, to the evident disgust of the others.[1] Thus, for the last time, Chivalry, personified by Sir Alvaro Vaz, gained a victory.

A little later he went in Prince Henry's suite to Coimbra to see Prince Peter, round whom many of his old party had gathered. There, however, they found that their success had been but momentary: for, when they got there, news had already arrived of the measures that the King had been induced to take at Santarem, which was then subject to the Count of Ourem. It was forbidden for any nobleman there to go near the Prince; edicts were issued to the effect that all Queen Leonora's servants, who had been deprived of their lands during the Regency, should come and reclaim them; and, last of all, it was announced that the ex-Regent had been expelled from Court, and prohibited from leaving his estates. There was thus a complete rupture, a complete reaction against Prince Peter, his life even having been declared forfeit should he disobey this last edict. Prince Henry, seeing things thus at a standstill, after having come all this way to quell, as he thought, more active hostilities, was completely taken aback. Now was the time he should have asserted himself; but instead he went back south to Soure, apparently oblivious of all danger, possessed only of a burning eagerness to know how it had fared with Lançarote, careless of all else.[2]

Meanwhile Ourem found the King, influenced by Barredo, an easy victim to his arguments, and readily convinced him of his uncle's felony, urging the necessity of making an end of him. His first stroke was to approach his father, Barcellos, and to get him, at the King's command, to go to Prince Peter, in the hopes that a quarrel would ensue, and thus give them some plausible excuse against the Regent. Prince Peter, however, disappointed

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XCI. [2] *Ibid.*, XCIII.

them. In his pessimism he refused to quarrel, and disdainfully refused to see the Count of Barcellos. Unable, then, to carry out this plan, they next devised another. They deprived Sir Alvaro of the castle of Lisbon, which he had held since 1439; and also took the office of Constable from Prince Peter's son, which, now for the second time, was claimed by Ourem. This latter move, however, was too rapid; and the King, apparently uneasy, would not go so far against his own family. He compromised, therefore, by making his cousin, Prince Fernando, Constable; and to make up for this, allowed himself to be influenced so far as to order Prince Peter to give up the troops he had retained in his service since the expedition against Castile in 1445. This demand, however, the Prince refused, on the ground that he needed them for his own personal defence, stating, nevertheless, that he was willing to give their value in money.[1]

The conflict was ripening. There seemed no way of unravelling these misunderstandings, or of bringing peace to the country. There would have been had the nobility been more patriotic and less selfish, more concerned for the country's good than their own aggrandisement and lust for personal revenge. It was these latter factors that were destined to drive Prince Peter to his doom. The Count of Arrayolos, to see if he could smooth matters, left Ceuta, where he had been for a year. He argued with his father and his brother. He tried to induce Prince Peter to return to Court.[2] The Prince's answer was a letter from Coimbra that gives us a true insight into his character. We therefore give some extracts from it:

"I will not recapitulate to you," he wrote, "the beginning of my rule, and how it progressed, because with all this you are well acquainted yourself, and it is unnecessary to recall it. I will remind you, however, that during my tenure of office many were ill-content: not a few because they were jealous, the rest because they could not circumvent justice. . . . They began by complaining to

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XCIII. and XCIV. [2] *Ibid.*, XCV.

the King, making him believe that I wished for a perpetual Regency. The truth is that certainly there were some who thus maliciously busied themselves; and, knowing it, I often used to say, while I was Regent, as I did once in your presence at Evora, that I would willingly abdicate when the King asked for it; but that I would not do so at that time while so many were planning and plotting to get rid of me for their own interests, and not for those of the State. It was this declaration my enemies took up, affirming that I had said that I would never surrender the Government, misconstruing my words to suit their own purpose, striving thus to make My Lord the King believe what they wished.

"So long did those who hated me continue this, that at length they succeeded in persuading My Lord the King to take the Government into his own hands; and it was finally agreed between us, that, on the month of October which has just passed and which was then yet to come, he should occupy the Palace with his wife, after which I should hand over the Government to him with all the solemnity proper to the occasion. My enemies objected to this sequence, however, maintaining that the Government should be given up in any fashion desired by the King, their reason being that they wished for a rupture, and hoped that the Regency would be given up before the wedding, so that they would have the better chance of preventing it altogether.

"Immediately I did resign, as if at a signal, the Count of Barcellos, my brother and your father became active. Escorted by his noblemen, as if on some historic progress, he left Chaves for Oporto, having already awaiting him there an army in hiding, expelling unscrupulously, on his arrival, those who were favourable to me, and treating them as miscreants. Continuing his progress, he ordered the same to be done at Guimarães, and Ponte de Lima, destroying, in the latter place, the house of Leonel da Lima, for being my faithful servant—as if that had been treachery. And while he expelled these he called them traitors,

sacking their villages and castles without reason as if they were enemies."

The letter goes on to describe how the King and the Count of Ourem met one another, and how Prince Peter afterwards secluded himself on his own estates. It transcribes the King's letter wherein he approved of all the Prince's actions while Regent.

"Seeing that the said acts (of aggression on the part of Barcellos) were the beginning of evil," it continued, "I warned my adherents of the day of my departure, so that they could accompany me; and in this guise and with this reward I departed from the Court of my Lord the King, until, arriving at Thomar, I dismissed my escort. Immediately afterwards, while proceeding on my journey almost alone, I received a letter informing me that your father, the Count of Barcellos, was passing with armed men through my lands, and that he commanded me, on a certain day, to meet him at Avellans. To this I replied by warning some of my men to come to me, because I wished to arrest his journey, meeting force with force. And then, the same day, I received another dispatch denying the first, so that I wrote at once to those that I had summoned, telling them not to come. But some received the summons without receiving the orders to remain."

He writes on, saying that while at Coimbra his enemies libelled him in all ways to the King, "making him lose all respect for me and mine, so that he had no other alternative than to deprive my men of the offices that they held at Court and in his Kingdom. My servants were, therefore, dismissed from Court, and others of mine deprived of Government offices throughout the Kingdom. But this was not all! They now began openly to malign me, asking if any one knew who had brewed me the potions that killed King Duarte, Prince John my brother, and Queen Leonora, each one whispering after the damned imagination of his own foul nature."

Witnesses were bribed, he states, his judges were his enemies, and, at the same time, all his acts during the

Regency were misrepresented. Crimes were invented against him, his friends forbidden to visit him, and he himself interdicted from appearing at Court. His disgrace was, in fact, complete.

"After this they sent me a kind of agreement between myself and the Duke your father, an agreement which my Lord the King signed and sealed, and which was brought to me by the Duke, who sought my displeasure.

"Believe me truly, this document was not drawn up with any good intention . . . but only because they wished to quarrel with me.

"In concocting it, my enemies found ready help in the persons of Dom Fernando and Dom Ruy Galoão, constant slanderers of mine; and as I knew this, I wrote My Lord the King praying him of his mercy never to send me any more such men, since, even though I were to do all the World's virtue, it would be interpreted as the opposite."

Continuing the narrative, he tells in his letter how the agreement having been handed to him he signed it, but at the same time ordered his villages and castles to prepare themselves for war.

"To disgrace me," he adds, "they even deprived the Count d'Avranches of the castle of Lisbon"; and then he continues to tell how the Count of Ourem attempted to again claim the office of Constable, which had belonged to Prince Peter's son.

"Much honoured Lord and Count," he then resumes, "what chiefly condemns these actions, is that they desire to have here in Portugal the 'Practice of Castile'—each one for himself—and the country, as you know, cannot support this; for if this 'Practice' were to take effect, as it is already beginning so to do, I believe that soon the King's service, as well as his Kingdom, will be of little worth."[1]

But the Count of Arrayolos' attempts at a reconciliation, after he had received this letter, were all in vain; and

[1] Extracted from a copy in Sousa's *Hist. Gen.*, Vol. V., p. 120–39. This letter is dated December 30, 1448.

apparently he soon abandoned any hopes of peace he may at any time have entertained, either because he was convinced that they were futile, or because the bearers of news brought alarming accounts of the safety of Ceuta, compelling his hurried departure, as the Chronicles tell us.[1] At any rate, he returned to Africa, leaving this ocean of intrigue, that was to drown Prince Peter, in full ebullition. Possibly he did not foresee the long years of anarchy that were coming. Certainly he cannot for a moment have dreamt that this storm would only terminate with the catastrophe of 1483—a catastrophe that led his own son to the scaffold of Evora. Indeed, it was not until King John II became the follower of Prince Peter's anti-feudal policy, as well as of Prince Henry's transmarine ambitions, that the heroic visions of the sons of John I once more held the field. He (John II) was the "Perfect Prince," who avenged Alfarrobeira (1449), destroying the tyranny revived during Affonso V's reign, when each man fought for his own hand and all sense of patriotism was temporarily dead.

In this long letter, in which the Prince tells us of his innocence, we also notice his resignation to the toils of Fate in which he found himself involved.

By now Oporto, which was the first city to proclaim him, had allowed itself to be influenced by the Duke of Braganza, mobbing the Regent's friends as though they were traitors. Lisbon, we shall see, which had so enthusiastically proclaimed him, later left and denied him. He was right, after all, when he refused to have his statue erected in front of "Os Estãos." At that time he possessed sufficient courage to be cynically contemptuous of popularity. Now, subdued by Fate, not in courage but in character, his philosophical detachment disappeared; and his hand shook as he penned his complaints to the Count of Arrayolos. Disappointment rose superior to philosophy; and we see in him a doomed man, lost, not by the dominating strength of his opponents, for often the conquered

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, XCV.

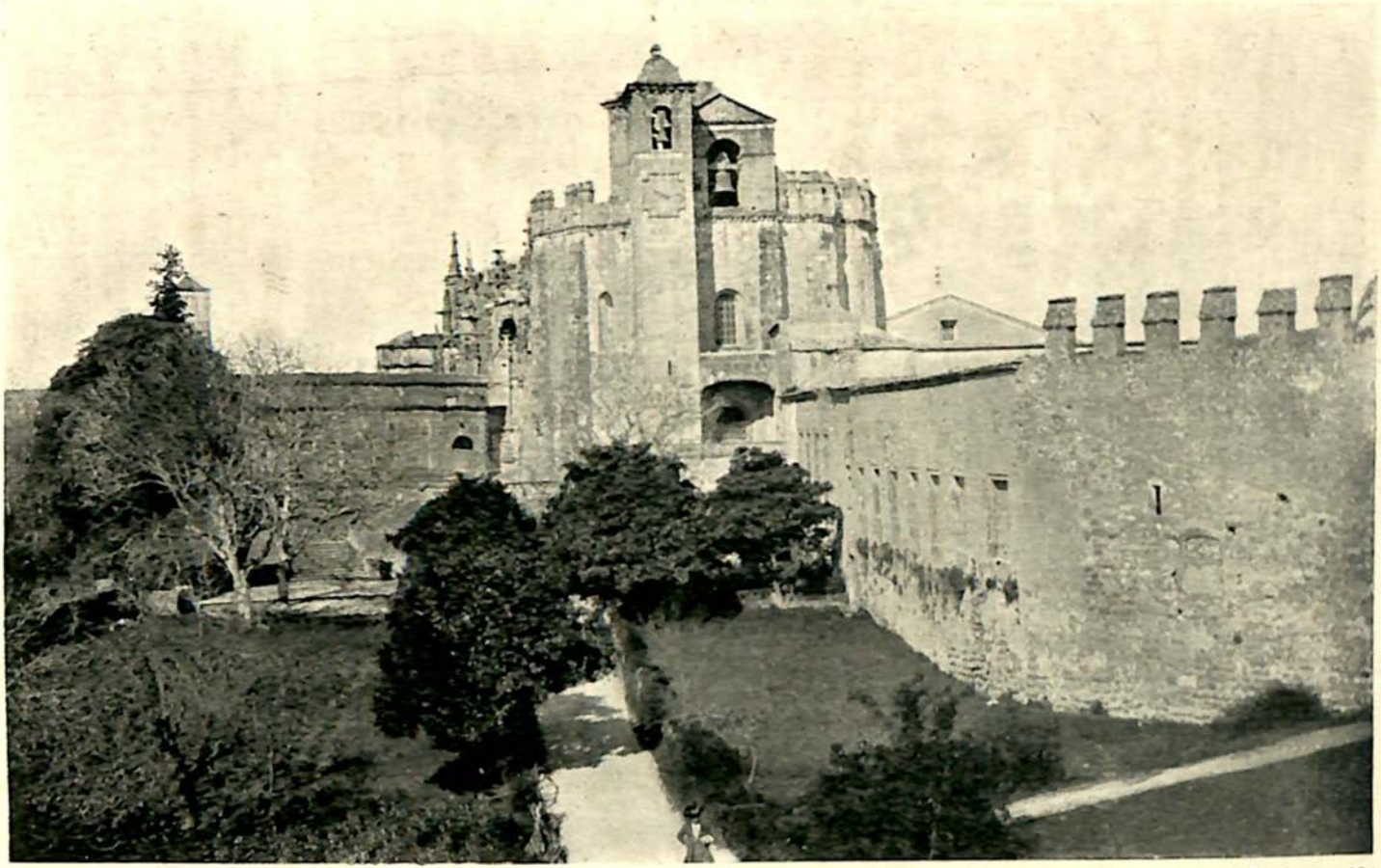
are the victors, but by the weakness that allowed the clamour of his enemies to fill his ears and stun his faculties.

In the meantime, dispatches kept arriving in Coimbra saying that the Duke of Braganza was crossing the river Mondego with an army and was descending the road that runs southward of the Estrella Mountains. The King had recalled him to Court, and the Count of Ourem had advised him to come with his troops. Having to cross Prince Peter's territory, it was certain the two armies would meet.

Supporting the Prince was Sir Alvaro. He missed, however, his brother Henry, the last of King John's sons that counted, felt that he wanted his advice, and so asked him to leave Thomar, where he was superintending the building of the Convent of Christ, and come to his assistance.[1] Prince Henry, however, answered evasively, proffering advice; recommending him to use discretion and prudence, saying that he would discuss matters with him when they met, but never stirring to come to him. Burdened with anxiety, under the weight of his isolation—the heaviest form of suffering—Prince Peter now applied eagerly to his friend and companion Sir Alvaro; and here he naturally received the very opposite advice—a quick, adventurous advance, the hazard of battle, war, and a happy ending.

They sent, therefore, a messenger to parley with the Duke of Braganza, who was now approaching Coja, descending the Alva Valley. April 1449 had just commenced, and Prince Peter was daily expecting the arrival of his brother, Prince Henry, hoping that he might possibly amend the situation. Between this forlorn hope and the Count d'Avranches' drastic advice, his mind was dis-

[1] The Mastership of the Order of Christ was transferred from Algarve to Thomar, many years before King John had given it to Prince Henry. It was, therefore, Prince Henry who erected this building at Thomar. Cf. *Escrip. de Ordem de Christo*, MS. by Pedro Alvares Secco, in the Nat. Lib., Lisbon. Cf. Rackzynski, *Les arts en Portugal*, 346.



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THOMAR, THE CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

tracted, his faith in justice had left him, his initiative became smothered in the gloom of doubt. The messenger returned with the following words from Braganza: "The Duke and the Prince have ever been fast friends. The Prince should then comply with the King's orders. Let him take the public road, and he might rest assured that no one would harm him."

"If the Duke does not change his proposition," replied Prince Peter, in irritation, "tell him that I will hinder his passage. I am not so stupid or so badly advised as to be lured by such dissimulation."

The messenger took this reply, and preparations for hostilities were in feverish progress, when another messenger came—this time from Santarem—from the King, recalling—at Ourem's suggestion—Prince Peter to the Crown's service. This unexpected move enraged Prince Peter, who, having curbed his temper for so long, now suddenly gave vent to his feelings. The temper of phlegmatic minds, in such circumstances, is closely akin to madness; and if we are to credit, as many refused to do at the time, the veracity of the messenger who returned back to the King, Prince Peter, beside himself, is said curtly to have refused, answering that he was no vassal of the Portuguese King, but a subject of the Castilian King. It was an answer that delighted the Count of Ourem; and, pleased with the course of events, he now fanned the conflagration, proceeding to publish broadcast the many reports that were gradually to be the end of Prince Peter. Meanwhile the Bishop of Ceuta arrived at Penella, where Prince Peter had assembled his troops, with a message asking him to allow the Duke and his troops to pass, as it was the King's command.

"I will let him," frowned Prince Peter, "but he must not pass with the sound of battle."

The Bishop returned; Prince Henry had already left Coimbra on his way to Santarem; and Prince Peter could not understand his brother's attitude in the circumstances, remembering Prince John's words when the Queen

wanted him to be Regent and wished to marry his daughter to her son :

" This can never be God's wish, nor can He desire that among the sons of John I, who have all been brought up in such peaceful concord and love, there should now be sown the seeds of discord."

He forgot that to Prince Henry the internal affairs of the country were of trivial importance. He forgot that Prince John had not had the cares of colonising Guinea, nor his mind wrapped in plans dealing with an invasion of the Moorish Empire. To Prince Peter his maritime brother was an enigma. Born and educated by the same mother, he now realised that Prince Henry was unaware that he was undergoing mental torture, his life was one long night, his mind shrouded in perpetual gloom. It seemed to him as if the very fields and trees moved against him, the doubtful shadows of his ideas danced before him so. He was like a man struggling in the grasp of an unending nightmare.

And then suddenly his exasperation abated, and he became steeped in an atmosphere of apathetic inertia, without knowing what end to expect. So he sat watching with dull eyes the horses of his nephew's messengers galloping towards him, arriving from Santarem, ordering him to return to Coimbra, forbidding him to leave Coimbra without permission, ordering him to allow the Duke to pass.

" Let him come ! But he must come in peace ! " he replied, opening his eyes, as one waking from the torpor of some evil dream, agitated and excited, without being able to associate his movements or ideas, now thinking of resistance, now of submission.

Instead of going to Coimbra, as the King had commanded, he made straight for Louzã. For the first time, he failed to reason out his movements. The Duke of Braganza remained at Coja. Prince Peter advanced from Louzã to Villarinho, half a league to the north-east, ascending by the tree-clad altitudes of the valley of Coura,

and climbing the precipitous peak of Mount Açor, the summit of the Estrella Mountains. At Coja, over Mount Alva, which slopes down gathering the trains of these elevations towards the basin of the river Mondego, the Duke had halted his troops, taking advantage of this naturally fortified site. Now, between the positions of the two armies, on either side of the river, there was merely a distance of five leagues as the crow flies, but more than this across the craggy ground and grim clefts by which this mountain range slopes up to its highest peaks. At the Villarinho side, where Prince Peter was, the Duke's progress was arrested, on the right, by the great watershed of the Mondego, and, on the left, by the gigantic cliffs of the mountains. A collision was thus certain, unless the Duke retired, going up the Mondego valley, taking the same way by which he was now advancing.

Prince Peter, on his charger, leading his squadrons, addressed his men. Tall, thin, saturnine, recent vicissitudes had left their mark on him, accentuating his fifty-seven years, whitening his temples and his full beard. His blue eyes, usually dreamy, were now fired as by an inward light. His expression was fixed, as though in somnambulism. His voice, addressing his men, had a spectral, hollow tone, and what he told them seemed like a death-bed confession. Affirming his loyalty to the King, he founded on this the basis of his disobedience. He reminded them of his ten years of Government, during which he had honestly defended the Crown and country from the greed of the aristocracy and foreign intervention. The King, he reminded them, was an infant and badly advised. The fury of his own enemies had arisen from his failure to satisfy their greed, and from him not allowing the King to grant what they wished—namely, the whole Kingdom. He had left the Regency as he had entered it. Chivalry, which was incarnated in this son of John I, was speaking on the eve of his death. His was a generous, heroic aspect of life, placing the principles of personal honour above the interests and necessities of the World.

The majority of the people were turning these doctrines into a religion that was founded on material jurisdiction; but the superior minds, either in sentiment like Nun'alvares, or in philosophy like Prince Peter himself, were establishing this religion of duty on an intimate acquaintance with the revelations of their higher thoughts.

Prince Peter's men listened in deathlike silence. Their gravity and silence were eloquent tributes to his views. Each unit felt himself marked off for a similar fate, little knowing, perhaps, that in the history of their country the moment had arrived that meant a collision between the old Barbaric World of the Middle Ages, and Chivalry its offspring, the ideal flower that blooms to fade. Reality will not allow the poetical intentions of the human mind to rise above its organic instincts and sentiments. To crush the turbulence of the mediæval character, it was necessary to have something more powerful than Chivalry; to convert the iron hand of tyranny into an adequate and practical system of Life something more than mere legends of traditions were needed. And this something was the Spirit of the Renascence.

Before his companies, with Sir Alvaro at his side, Prince Peter advanced about a distance of one league, because on the opposite side the Duke of Braganza had descended to Varzea—about three leagues. In the Coura Valley, Prince Peter in the hollow, the Duke on the height, were less than one league from one another. The Duke, with the burden of his seventy-two years, asked, in doubt, whether his men wished to fight or retreat.

"A retreat would be disastrous," volunteered Alvaro Pires de Tavera; "if they are our enemies we must fight."

On the other side, Sir Alvaro, who had been scouting in advance, returned eager for battle.

"Let us go for them!" he cried. "They must either retire or be annihilated!"

"No!" answered Prince Peter, obeying the little caution he yet possessed. "Our best plan is to remain on the defensive. Please God, they may retire without fighting."

In truth, the Duke of Braganza was uncertain of his men. Many of them were already murmuring. Sympathy alone is incapable of victory, but it offers this consolation: it makes the victors look upon the conquered with Platonic, though unconfessed, respect. And at times, as was going to happen now, sympathy may be strong enough to triumph. The Duke soon realised that his men's feelings were not with him. Many secretly were for Prince Peter; almost all believed that they were merely marching against friends. Others were frightened; and this weakness is common when guilt is about.

Since their march to Varzea, the Duke had found himself in a dilemma. He could not retire, because the peasants had destroyed the ferries across the Alva, which was now in full flood after the spring had melted the mountain snows. He could not even open the attack, because his troops held a weak position. Consequently he found himself at the mercy of the man whom he had set out to destroy. For this reason, in spite of his age, and in spite of his hatred for Prince Peter, he abandoned his men to save himself. With a handful of followers, he retreated at night, following the mountain passes, guided by wandering shepherds along the snow-covered altitudes, where the cold was intense and the atmosphere of the rarest. Leaving the snow-capped summits on his left, he finally reached Covilha; but his hardships were such that he felt their after-effects for the subsequent years of his life.

When his men found themselves thus abandoned they scattered, losing themselves in the mountains in their constant fear that Prince Peter was at their heels. All of them were making for Covilha, which belonged to Prince Henry. But their horses became snow-bound, and they found themselves compelled to abandon their baggage. At Albergaria, on the extreme heights, some even succumbed to the cold. Prince Peter's men wished to follow this retreat, but the Prince would not. Sir Alvaro particularly counselled him to follow the Duke and take him prisoner, saying "He who spares his enemy will die at his hand;"

but, even after this wise remark, he would not. The truth is that all acts of deliberation are sheer madness when they exceed the level medium of the occasion.

Prince Peter, confident in his faith, firmly believed that right would triumph. After this mistake in allowing the Duke to escape, he therefore disbanded his troops and again shut himself in his Palace at Coimbra with his family and his books. Meanwhile, the Duke of Braganza had collected the rest of his scattered army at Covilha, and presently appeared at Santarem at Court, proclaiming himself the conqueror of the rebel Prince, who had refused to obey the King's commands. In this he was supported by the evidence of the Count of Ourem, and by the story as told by his men. Not even Prince Henry was now capable of defending Prince Peter against these obvious accusations.

The aristocracy, now encouraged, were able to give vent to their hatred of Prince Peter. They clamoured round the throne for vengeance and for what they called "justice," their eyes fixed all the while on the spoils they now hoped to be allowed to divide amongst themselves. Things presently began to take a rapid course. The Duke's retreat had occurred just before Palm Sunday. On Good Friday, the King publicly proclaimed Prince Peter as a disloyal traitor, and ordered his own men to be ready for war. Thus in this Holy Week of 1449 there was another Passion—that of the innocent Prince—who dismissed the King's messenger curtly, telling him to go back to his master and revise his message.

The King, who was only seventeen, intensely angered, immediately prepared himself for battle, distributing at the same time the lands and offices that had belonged to Prince Peter amongst those who asked for them.[1]

And these arrived in queues!

Up to now the ex-Regent's son, Prince Peter, had not yet been deprived of the office of Constable which his father had given him with the grandmastership of Aviz. The

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CVI.-CVII.

lands between the Tagus and the Guadiana were still his, including Elvas and Marvão, and it was rumoured that through these the Castilians of Don Alvaro de Luna and the troops of the Master of Alcantara were coming to help Prince Peter. So loud were these rumours, that the King sent out the Count of Odemira with a force against the younger Prince Peter, who was obliged to retreat to Castile.[1] But even this move failed to bring about more active hostilities; and its failure further exasperated Prince Peter's enemies, who now descended so low as to use the young Queen as a decoy to draw her father. It was Queen Isabel who by letter told him that the Council had passed the choice of three sentences on him—death, imprisonment for life, or expulsion from the Kingdom; and further, that the King had left Santarem on May 5, with an army.

Prince Peter having read this letter, feeling already, as the Chronicles inform us, "that Death was knocking at the door of his life," crushed it in his hand nervously, and thought for a few moments in silence. Then he inquired courteously from the messenger after the King's and his daughter's health, sat down at table, ate his dinner quietly, and then, unable to control himself longer, broke down completely even in the presence of the messenger.

"My choice is death . . . no son of John I will remain unburied . . . " he declared brokenly, "to wander in my old age in foreign countries, or be imprisoned at fifty-seven! . . . to allow the fetters of Injustice to wound me!"

Afterwards he asked the advice of those round him. His own view was that he ought to confront the King on the 5th, the day that he was to leave for Santarem. There he would tell him the truth, thus crushing his enemies not with the strength of arms but with the force of evidence. He wished to make the King see his innocence while he himself was blinded with anxiety.

Quietly his companions left him, keeping their counsel

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CVIII.

for the following day, as the Prince wished, feeling that whatever course they suggested would be momentous in its consequences. Discussion ran far into the night. Some held that one was not justified in seeking death, that it was enough to meet it when the time came. They maintained that they ought to fortify themselves at Coimbra, Penella, and Montemor, and as a last resource, at Buarcos, where they would have the sea as another means of escape in the event of a siege. Others opposing this held that time might come to their aid; for the King was but a youth who would learn with experience and change his mind. Others again declared that it would be a dishonour for Knights of the Garter to wait merely for a siege; the best course to these seemed to be that the Prince should fortify himself in his castles and retreat across the River Douro, where he could get reinforcements with which he could cross over to Beira and march towards the Guadiana, where the lands of his son, the Constable, lay. This alone should be enough to make his enemies think before attacking them.

Sir Alvaro, however, had a different opinion to the others. He thought it better to die great and honoured, than to live in obscurity and misery. He advised that troops should be gathered to go to Santarem in force and compel the King to listen to his uncle's defence, so as to end these falsifications and misunderstandings once and for all. And, if the King were unwilling, then nought was left but to meet death nobly, and in a manner worthy of valiant gentlemen. Prince Peter fully agreed with Sir Alvaro.[1]

Two opposite minds thus came to the same conclusion by different routes. Chivalry dominated the actions of one, reason of the other; and both of them were thus led into error. Chivalry meant to Sir Alvaro absolute obedience and complete sacrifice, even unto death, to the practical necessities represented by feudal life and the brotherhood of warriors. To Prince Peter, it was an analogous obedience and sacrifice to the laws of Idealism,

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CIX.–CXI.

represented by absolute loyalty, by absolute faithfulness to the principles of his religion of the noble intellect of man. Each of them, one guided by determination, the other by reason, arrived thus at the same opinion in the crisis; and both were ready to grasp at one common act of madness.

Prince Peter, who prided himself on his political sense and critical judgment, lost both in this crisis. Sir Alvaro, whose humour had lightened his most dangerous steps, now failed to suggest anything but the desperate chance of a forlorn hope. Thus standing alone these two men swore to die fighting back to back.

"Sir Alvaro!" said Prince Peter, "dost know that I am already weary of Life, and that I would willingly leave it and all its sorrows and suffering? The hand of Destiny has been against me; and I am determined to make an end of it or perish in the attempt. Tell me, old friend, if on the day that I am fated to depart this Life, thou, who by my side wast deemed worthy of the Holy Order of the Garter, and who hast accompanied me throughout my worldly wanderings, wilt willingly accompany me at the last?" [1]

"Truly, my Lord, I will," answered Sir Alvaro; "I am willing to accompany you in Death even as I have in Life; and, if God ordains that your Soul is to depart from this World, He will not deny mine to follow; and if in Heaven one Soul be allowed to serve another, mine will always serve yours."

The following morning, therefore, they prepared themselves for all eventualities. They took Communion, swearing to perish together if need be, telling the priest who officiated that they wished to offend no one with this oath, but only to defend Justice and Honour with all reason. Prince Peter knelt confessing and asking

[1] The Prince, on April 22, 1427, was created a Knight of the Garter (an Order to which Sir Alvaro already belonged), and Duke of Exeter, which title was then vacant by the death of Thomas Beaufort. Major *Life of Prince Henry.*

forgiveness for his sins;[1] Sir Alvaro stood silently beside him, suppressing his emotion; while at the altar, the priest monotonously read his orisons and finally gave them his blessing.

Leaving them thus, let us turn for a moment to the Court at Santarem. The Queen, stunned by the tumult of these warlike preparations, frightened by the voices that clamoured for her father's head, pained and remorseful for having written to him a cruel letter, threw herself at her husband's feet, weeping and imploring him to have mercy on Prince Peter. She reminded him that after all he was her father, besought him to recollect that his execution would be a disgrace to her own, to his own children, and implored him to open his eyes to the real truth and not believe the malicious tongues of traitors.

"How can he expect mercy," returned the King, "if he remains disobedient? I recalled his troops, and he would not give them up. I commanded him to allow His Grace the Duke to pass, but he would not. Yet for your sake and for you alone, if he comes and asks my forgiveness I will grant it."

She got up, and immediately wrote to her father; but by that time it was too late to alter his decision, and instinctively she knew it. Prince Peter had decided to fight it out, declaring obstinately that he could not ask forgiveness for a wrong he had never done, and refusing to confess himself to a king after having made his peace with Heaven! "I would sooner have Death with all its terrors, than Life with all this shame!" he ended.

He was right. Because if Idealism is practical madness, it is dignity that determines the boundary line between the rational World and the World of necessity, marking clearly the limits where reality joins the conceptions of thought. To die for a point of honour is absurd, to die in the exigencies of honour is a happy ending to a dull existence.

Prince Peter, buffeted in these tempestuous oceans, was being drifted by a gale of madness. It is true that in a

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXII.

moment of weakness he wrote to his daughter asking for pardon. But he would seem to have done so merely to appear as if he were following the advice of his supporters, for obeying his conscience he added: "This, Madam, I do more to please your Majesty than because reason prompts me so to do." Such words naturally offended the King, making the situation, if possible, even worse than before. As a consequence he now totally refused to pardon him, listening more willingly to the poisonous accusations his courtiers had to make, and harkening to their insinuations that he was allowing himself to be influenced by a woman—for their one anxiety now was the Queen and the love the King had for her. They dreaded her influence, and for this reason began to plot how they might separate them, advising the King to leave the Palace and go hunting, telling him that his age and his wife were making anything but a man of him. His physicians remarked that he would always remain a woman; and moralists enlarged upon this, saying that his marriage was illegal and amounted to mere concubinage.

In spite of all these plots, however, the King remained unmoved. His advisers thereupon changed their tactics, and invented a story of unfaithfulness on the part of his consort, the supposed lover being one Alvaro de Castro, the King's Lord-of-the-Chamber. This plot, however, was too thin; de Castro was proved innocent; and, to conpensate for the imprisonment he had suffered, he had to be created Count of Monsanto.[1]

Nevertheless, in spite of this failure, the King was still encompassed in a network of lies, and every endeavour to bring about peace proved fruitless—indeed any one who had the temerity to attempt it suffered, as was the case with the Prior of Aveiro, whom on that account they deprived of his lands.[2]

When the 5th of May dawned, after a night which the

[1] Alvaro de Castro was he who married the daughter of John das Regras, the Chancellor, and was later created Marquis of Cascaes.

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXII.–CXV.

city had spent in festivity, Prince Peter left Coimbra. He was accompanied by his sons, 1000 horsemen, 4000 infantrymen, together with his transports of mules, oxen and wagons. Just before he set out, he addressed his men, telling them that, "he, a loyal subject was going to demand justice from his Lord the King." Making every possible excuse for him, it was a singular move. His army bore the legend "Loyalty" on the one side of its standards, and "Justice and Vengeance" on the other. It was, indeed, an original way of proclaiming loyalty, marching out in the guise of a rebel, asking for justice one moment and shouting vengeance the next.

Seeing this mad disguise, his enemies at Santarem were delighted. Had he remained at Coimbra as his advisers counselled even then all might have been well, because if the worse came to the worst, he was strong enough there to withstand a siege. When it was made known, however, that he was on his way along open fields, marching into the very jaws of the wolf, his enemies' joy knew no bounds, for it was now the easiest possible thing to make the King believe that the Prince was marching prepared for war.

Yet, truly, the Prince was marching in all good faith, for he still had hopes that his nephew would ultimately see the truth, and listen to his defence. But hope, loyalty, and anticipation of death, the love of life, together with princely anger and disdain for his enemies were all confusing a mind already incapable of conceiving lucid ideas.

On the 5th, his army spent the night at Ega. The next day, without entering Leiria, they halted at Batalha, where the monks had to quell the hostility of the populace. Prince Peter attended Mass in the Monastery, and having prepared his Soul, he visited the tombs of his parents.[1]

[1] "They are two great monuments, so close together that they seem but one. The marble, very white and flawless, is carved in relief all round with blackthorn branches and berries. The interspaces show the French legend: 'Il me plait, "pour bien."' Over the tombs are two reposing figures—one of the King, who is in full armour save for his visor, the other, on the right, of the Queen. The pillars of this tomb face the principal entrance of the Cathedral."—Friar Luiz de Sousa, *Hist. de S. Domingos*, Vols. IV. p. 15, and I. 625–626.

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THE CASTLE OF LEIRIA

From Batalha, they made for Alcobaça, where they were also welcomed by the monks. The King had by now sent out scouts. From Alcobaça, Prince Peter went straight to Rio Maior, leaving the main road to Lisbon. To discuss the route they should take he held a council of war at Rio Maior. Here the Prince found that his men were practically unanimous for a return to Coimbra, deeming their honour now saved, and that it was unnecessary therefore to proceed: The arguments used were that none would dare to attack them. They could not send a messenger to Santarem, nor could they trust such a mere boy as the King. To advance further, moreover, would be sheer rebellion; and besides, it would in any case be an error to pitch their camp in the olive groves on the outskirts of Santarem, for in the event of an attack they would have their retreat cut off. Finally to march to the capital would also be a mistake that might have a cruel result, for the capital was no longer partial to Prince Peter. Obviously, then, the only course was to retire to Coimbra.

It is evident that his advisers thought life was still sweet. But the Prince was of a different opinion.

"I already feel," he replied, "that it is inexpedient to tarry here, and unnecessary to advance towards Santarem for the reasons you have named, and because it would seem as if we were at war with the King. Nevertheless, I cannot retreat. We will, therefore, march to the capital. If I am not attacked we will return through Loures, Torres, Torres Vedras and Obidos, to Coimbra, where we will await whatever adventure may come,—perhaps Prince Henry's or my daughter's intervention."

It frequently happens that a man contemplating suicide in his despair, at the very moment that he takes the firm step, has a vague hope that something will stay his hand. Some such struggle was now happening in Prince Peter's mind. He vaguely hoped for a miracle, for his nephew to meet him suddenly, repentant and willing to receive him, for Lisbon to acclaim him as of yore, for Prince Henry to help him—in his extremity he hoped for the impossible.

And so he remained three days inactive at Rio Maior. But the King did not meet him in repentance, neither did he receive a message from Prince Henry, nor from his daughter the Queen. Nothing happened. Nothing but peace, silence, and inactivity, as if Death had already taken possession of all. And now the despair of phlegmatic characters, as powerful as the flames of hatred in the more passionate, made him more and more distraught.

Instead of going eastward, straight to Santarem, on the 16th, he cut obliquely northwards, making for Alcoentre, on his way to Lisbon, where the news of his approach caused a riot and bloodshed, two of his servants being seized on suspicion and immediately afterwards executed and quartered.

His small column was soon followed by the King's horsemen, scouts who had been sent out from Santarem. They hung about the column, showering abuse on him and his men. They called him hypocrite, highwayman, traitor and tyrant, and this seemed to put new mettle into his soldiers.

"Calm yourselves!" Prince Peter advised his men; "do not let your feelings get the better of you. Those same mouths that are now abusing me have often kissed my hand in gratitude!"

But even in the speaker, waves of angry indignation were rising—rising as if to choke him. A slight skirmish took place at the extreme end of his column, and this brought the Prince a few prisoners, amongst whom was an old servant of his brother Prince Henry's household.

"You ungrateful villain! You traitor!" roared Prince Peter, infuriated at the sight of him. "You liar and coward! It is enough to work evil with your hands, without using your tongue!"

He approached the man and with one blow struck him down. The soldiers fell upon him like a hungry pack of wolves, and made short work of him.

The sight of blood seemed to rouse a sudden fury in the Prince. He was no longer a phlegmatic Saxon, he

was now maddened into any cruelty; and in his uncontrollable fury, he ordered the other wretched prisoners to be hanged and quartered.

It was an impolitic act. The greater part of his infantry, either in sympathy for their murdered compatriots—enemies though they were, or more likely because they saw nothing but death confronting them, deserted the Prince and fled to the mountains. Only his cavalry remained solid, held as it were by their homage and loyalty to him. They were ready to meet their own death, as well as to cause that of their brethren. Such are the horrors of civil war! The greatest difficulty is to possess a heart hardened enough!

It was now rumoured that the King had set out from Santarem, with 70,000 men, so great was the apprehension of the Prince's enemies. In reality he was marching slowly along the shores of the Tagus, in order to give the Prince time to approach the hostile capital; for the nearer Lisbon they met the better it would be for the royal forces, since Prince Peter would then be hemmed in between two fires. In the meanwhile, Prince Peter was marching towards Alcoentre, always southward. The direction of the two armies was therefore converging. At length Prince Peter arrived at Castanheira, and there he encamped. But all the time his forces were decreasing, many men deserting, often abandoning even their baggage to make more speed. Finding himself running the risk of at length having no one beside him, save perhaps Sir Alvaro, who followed him like his own shadow, he again put his troops on the march, announcing that he was going to Lisbon. But after marching one and a half leagues, along the River of Alfarrobeira on its Alverca side, he halted again, for indeed he no longer had any thought of entering the capital, knowing that his own fate, and that of his followers was sealed. All that now remained to him was the hope that Prince Henry would arrive in time to help him.

It was on Tuesday, May 20, that the King and his

army appeared in sight, and Sir Alvaro was sent out to reconnoitre. Even he had lost hope by now; and when he saw the army assembled against him, he knew their last chance was gone.

At Alverca, the Tagus broadens out into a wide shallow basin stretching southwards along the flooded plains of rushes, salt-marshes, and partially submerged fields, where herds of wild black bulls graze. Little cover is here afforded by the small willows and other shrubs, which faintly curtain the blue horizon. On the other side of those plains, a more varied view meets the eye, bounded on the north by a line of rounded elevations—not rising sufficiently to deserve the name of hills—whose slopes of reddish clay are relieved by dark green patches of bramble bushes, forming spinneys of brushwood fringing the yellower plain. On these mounts, thus softly rising out of a plain whose soil is crusted and hardened by both tide and sun, white-washed villages stand out, nestling in the warm green foliage of pomegranates and fig-trees, varied by the melancholic steel-grey of the all-pervasive olive. Along the vales, holm-oaks, and aloes their thorny metallic leaves triumphantly crowned by scarlet tufts, soften the landscape in the tamer light that simmers down from the glorious azure sky and from the purple mountains far away.

The River of Alfarrobeira descends from the north, winding along the plain under cover of two rows of elms and poplars that almost hide it as it approaches the barer marshes of the Tagus. It was here, near the river, that Prince Peter had pitched his camp. By now he was surrounded by royal forces, and these, hoping to win a bloodless victory, attempted by repeated blasts of trumpets, and by threatening shouts, to detach the remainder of the Prince's meagre army from their allegiance. The reverse, however, occurred. Some of the royal troops deserted and took their stand beside the Prince.

In this state of indecision, some of the King's cross-bowmen took to the water, and under cover of the trees

poured a shower of arrows into the camp. There were soon casualities on both sides, the camp returning the attack. Prince Peter then ordered the bombards that he had with him to be fired, directing them to aim high. But his artillery lodged a shot near the King's tent, and immediately the Royalists answered with a precipitate charge, quickly scattering the rest of the Prince's infantry. It was obvious the end was near at hand, and the Prince, seeing the moment that his mind had yearned for and his instincts rebelled against, dismounted. He was lightly armoured: he wore a coat of mail, and over this a velvet jacket. Up to the last he had hoped for the intervention of Prince Henry. Little did he know that Prince Henry was there beside the King, and that it was his fate to die deserted by his favourite brother![1]

Tall, thin, pale, moving already like a spectre, Prince Peter stood holding his enemies at bay with the point of his sword. Near by, his sons, furtively watched him with the indecision of their tender years . . . when an arrow, either by chance or in good aim buried itself in his breast.[2]

[1] "Prince Henry was beside King Affonso V, his nephew, at the Battle of Alfarrobeira, where Prince Peter was slain, and his troops routed. Here also perished beside him the Count d'Avranches (Sir Alvaro), and if my understanding is enough, I can truly say that no human loyalty or fortitude can surpass or equal his."—Azurara, *Conq. de Guiné*, V.

[2] It is said that bets were made among the Royal troops as to who should slay the Prince. Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXXI.

"Et le duc [Prince Peter, Duke of Coimbra], quand il sentit venir le roy, se cloyt et fit un champ clos de fossez et d'artillerie, et mit ses gens en bonne ordonnance: et à ce que m'ont plusieurs nobles hommes portugalois (qui furent présents) certifié, le duc ne le faissait en autre intention sinon cuidant faire partir de son camp aucuns des plus notables, pour aller au roy en grande humilité, pour soy recommander en sa bonne grace, et sçavoir les causes pourquoy il estoit meslé avec sa royal magesté, soy escuser par humbles voyes, et lui raménte voyr les services qu'il entendait avoir faicts au roy en ses jeunes jours et a l'utilité du royaume en concluant qu'il lui offrait son serviçe. Mais il advint que les arbalestriers du roy de Portugal approcherent du camp en grands nombres et ce commença une escarmouche par meschans gens, d'un costé et autre, tellement que d'un trait d'arbaleste, le duc de Coimbre au milieu de ses gens fut atteint en la poitrine, dont il mourut en celle mesme heure, et n'ay point sceu q'un seul homme de nom fust blessé, ou atteint de celle escarmouche fors le duc seulement. . . . Ainsi fust le duc de Coïmbre occis."—The Chronicles of Burgundy, *Les Mem. des Mess. Olivier de la Marche*, 291.

Throwing up his arms, he fell back limply. It was a fatal wound. The Bishop of Coimbra seeing him fall, and knowing he was *in extremis*, hurried to his side, and there in the thick of the fight absolved him, receiving his last sigh in his arms. Turning quietly on his side, Prince Peter, Duke of Coimbra, Duke of Exeter, Knight of the Garter, expired quietly and simply as he had lived!

Meanwhile, Sir Alvaro, on horseback, galloped here, there and everywhere, doing terrible slaughter, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

"Sir Count, what shall we do?" shouted one of his attendants; "the Prince lies dead!"

"Silence, Sirrah!" roared the Count; "whisper not this to a single soul!"

Spurring his horse from the battlefield, he hastened back to his tent, and there, dismounting, asked for bread and wine. Then putting on his best armour, he set out on foot along the lines, now broken on all sides. Recognising him, the enemy fell upon him. But he resisted them stoutly. First he struck out with his lance, which was soon broken. Then, though streaming in blood, he used his sword to valiant purpose, not allowing them to approach while he stood there surrounded by the dead and dying victims of his fury.

At last, finding he could fight no more, he gasped:

"Oh, body of mine! I feel that you can do no more; and you my spirit, why should you tarry here?"

Falling to the ground, he shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Fight on, comrades! And you, you villains, do your worst!"

In an instant he was cut to pieces. One who had been his friend, now hacked off his head and took it to the King in hopes of reward.

Prince Peter's body remained on the battlefield for three days, before it was taken on a skiff to the church of Alverca.

Of King John's sons, there were now only two living: one was Prince Henry, who died as we have seen in 1460,

in his eyrie at Sagres, happy in the assurance that he was quitting this life in immortal fame, forgetting the brothers whom he had sacrificed on the altar of his schemes; the other was Dom Affonso, Count of Barcellos and Duke of Braganza, who died in 1461,[1] bending under the weight of his four and eighty years.[2] He died fabulously rich, all-powerful, in the full satisfaction of his great ambitions. He and Prince Henry were, in fact, the conquerors of Life; the others died conquered. Prince John, whilst almost a youth, succumbed to the "fever" which overcame this rare example of character, cutting short a noble life. Prince Fernando also perished in his youth, a true martyr to his country's cause. King Duarte died broken-hearted at the loss of his beloved brother, repenting in bitter tears the mistakes that his hypochondriacal character accused him of. Lastly, Prince Peter's death closes the lugubrious History of these lives—a story that for centuries has prompted the Tragic Muse to whisper numbers into the ear of many a nation's bard.

We mortals must wonder which is more laudable: to conquer or to die conquered? We ask ourselves the question: whether in this imperfect and incomplete World of ours—incomplete in all that is ideal in it—Goodness, Virtue, Nobleness, and our fluttering flight towards the Perfect, represented to our appreciative senses by the old Greek Icarian legends, are not, in truth, things that must wear the lasting monuments of grief—the Cross of past tragedies? Compounded of Irony, Reality seems to persecute those who seek to divine its laws, seems to punish those who would rend the veil that Nature keeps before the vengeful goddess of Mystery. Contradictory in the essence of its very being, the World crushes all those who attempt to conquer it and try to wrench from it its secrets. To live in peaceful happiness, it is necessary

[1] The same year his son, the marquis of Valença, Count of Ourem, died. He was the unmarried heir to the House of Braganza, which was, therefore, inherited by his brother the Count of Arrayolos. Cf. Sousa, *Hist. Gen.*, X. 515.

[2] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXLV.

to ignore the calls of this thirst for knowledge. Well, indeed, has the Old Testament handed down to us the story of the Expulsion of our first parents from Paradise.

In such a kaleidoscope of doubtful illusions, life runs swiftly and smoothly for those who do not attempt to penetrate the mysteries of its undercurrents; but it violently resents the ambitious, and finally consumes them in the fires that are fed by their idols. Temperament is the law that determines the sentence that Destiny decrees for Man; and, for this reason, happiness will never be other than a subjective experience, depending, above all, on the mental structure of the individual himself. Happiness reconciles some to the greatest calamities of the exterior World; to others their misfortunes do not even vanish with the richest gifts of Fate.

Of the unfortunate martyrs that are influenced by this thirst after the Ideal, some walk through Life stumbling without dispersing their doubts, others follow their visions, blinded and attracted by the mirages that, either over the extensive oceans, or over the vast deserts of Life, strike the quickened imaginations of the explorers. In the battle of Life, the World has its oceans and its wastes, its waters and its sands, both of which are misleading, placing the traveller at the mercy of its tempestuous passions.

Already, to-day, we, the inheritors of this Western Civilisation, have arrived at an Age that allows us to see more clearly the World's recesses; but, alas! only to appreciate how our happiness and moral liberty have sprung from the sacrifice of others, as they pursued their illusions!

And if History is a lesson on social development, so can we, in our analyses of characters and of the moral instincts that comprise them, find a whole volume on social psychology. A well-studied character is a whole planet explored. And if such characters are like those of the sons of John I, eminently strong and all divergingly different, then our study becomes almost a system on

human nature. Further, if they help to form, as these do, the foundations of the Renascence, such a study will give us a glimpse of the determining Force of our civilisation—the Force that is even more miraculous than the phenomena that many worship still as their all-powerful gods !

CHAPTER XI

THE DECREE OF DESTINY

LITTLE remains now, except to add, in the form of epilogue, a summary of subsequent events. We have seen what befell Prince Peter. Even after his death, misfortune still dogged his family. On the day following the battle of Alfarrobeira, as soon as the news of the disaster became known, his widow fled from Coimbra, with her two daughters, Dona Brites and Dona Philippa.

Of his sons, Prince Peter, the eldest, who was scarcely twenty, was at the time in exile in Castile; and Prince John and Prince Jayme, boys of fifteen and sixteen respectively, taken prisoners were "awaiting the cutlass."[1] Thus Queen Isabel, from her throne was left lamenting her father's murder and her own complete separation from her family.

The plunder of the Prince's estates took place immediately. The Duke of Braganza seized Guimarães, and would have taken Oporto had not its citizens vehemently objected.[2]

The Count of Ourem took Valença do Minho and its title.[3] Vasco Fernandes Coutinho, president of the league of 1439, became Count of Marialva.[4] And so on. Gifts were there for the asking. But the most eloquent proofs of the greedy injustice of such wholesale spoliation is that, though the Battle of Alfarrobeira was fought in May, it was not until December 10 that a Carta Regia was published, dated from Almeirim, declaring that the

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXXVI. [2] *Ibid.*, CXXIX.
[3] *Ibid.*, CXXXII. [4] *Ibid.*, VIII.

Prince and those who fought for him had been traitors and rebels, and, therefore, were deprived of all honours and estates.

This document coincided with the arrival of the ambassador sent by the Duke of Burgundy to inquire and report upon the Prince's death; for the news of the disaster had resounded throughout all Europe, in every capital and Court where the Prince was known and loved; and the Pope himself, Nicolas V, had been stirred by the calamity to issue a Bull in favour of Prince Peter.

The Duke of Burgundy's ambassador, the Dean of Vergy,[1] afterwards Bishop and Cardinal of Arras, was received by Affonso V, at Evora, on December 6.

It was evident that the Duke was deeply incensed both at the manner of the Prince's death and the subsequent calamities and spoliation to which his memory and his dependents had been subjected.

The ambassador, therefore, opened his formal indictment of the Portuguese Court in the Duke's name, in flowery mediæval fashion, with yet a marked undercurrent of reproach apparent in it, demanding that the aspersions cast upon his name and honour should be disavowed, and that to his rightful descendants should be restored the lands, titles and honours which were justly theirs. He added, pointedly, that he had instructions from the Duke of Burgundy to carry away with him the body of his beloved brother-in-law, if the Portuguese King persisted in refusing him the right that was due to him of burial in consecrated ground; and finished his set oration by dwelling on the dead Prince's piety, his classical pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and the high Christian Chivalry that marked his every action—all this in the ponderously ornate mediæval Latin of the time.

The young King listened in embarrassed silence. He probably saw now for the first time the light in which the cultured Courts of Europe viewed the actions he had sanctioned in his semi-barbaric followers, and was pro-

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXXIX.

portionally ashamed. At any rate, he answered nothing, merely handing a written reply to the ambassador, which was nothing more than a formal excuse for what had occurred; and, the audience ended, the ambassador had perforce to retire, his object unaccomplished.

A few days later, however, he demanded and received a second audience: for in the meantime the King, urged on by his greedy advisers, fearful of losing their spoils, had been induced to publish the Carta Regia already mentioned, in which he sanctioned the calumnies on his uncle. The ambassador, therefore, when he came again the second time, spoke in quite a different tone, opening his mind freely and straightforwardly, condemning the King's advisers as murderers, declaring that he must refuse to dispatch the royal answer to his master Philip the Good, rebuking Affonso V for his lack of conscience in condemning—nay, even justifying, what he now described as treacherous parricide, reminding him that Prince Peter had acted towards him as a second father, and accusing him of more than cowardice in thus staying the hand of Justice. After such plain speaking, he took his leave; but on January 12, he sought and was granted a final audience, in which he defended Prince Peter from the standpoint of his feudal rights.

Four days later, he departed, his mission a comparative failure, as was only to be expected, since the deeds done could not now be undone, and the spoils so greedily gathered not disgorged without completely condemning and punishing the whole victorious party. Nevertheless, it did bear some fruit, because they felt themselves compelled in very shame to mitigate somewhat their atrocities; and Prince Jayme, his brother Prince John, and his sister Princess Beatrice, therefore, were permitted to accompany the ambassador to Burgundy,[1] there to place themselves under the protection of their uncle Philip the Good.

All the while the ambassador was at the Court, the Queen aided him zealously in his forlorn attempt to

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXXIX.

rehabilitate the memory of her father and the fortunes of his family; but her aid unfortunately was of little avail, as what love the King had for her had been skilfully undermined by the enemies of her house.

When, however, she provided an heir to the throne in the person of Prince John, afterwards John II of famous memory, the fortunes of her house again began to improve. It was impossible to maintain the slur of unconsecrated burial on the grandfather of the heir presumptive; and Prince Peter's remains were, therefore, carried solemnly to their last resting-place at Batalha, where he now sleeps under the motto "Desire," the ambiguous expression of the character that was the direct cause of his almost suicidal exit from this world.

Had the Queen lived, the ameliorating effect of her increasing influence would now probably have resuscitated the fortunes of her family; but, like a plant that blooms once and then dies, she departed this life towards the end of 1455, leaving her infant son behind her, the son who was so amply to avenge on the aristocracy of Portugal and the House of Braganza the wrongs his grandfather's memory and estates had suffered at their hands.

After the birth of this her son her influence had so markedly increased that, when she died so unexpectedly, there was more than a suspicion that she had been poisoned. Indeed, after the tragedy of Alfarrobeira, she had expected nothing less; and the chronicles tell us that she had now lost all affection for her husband.[1]

She knew, besides, that the victorious traitors had done their best to separate her from the King, advising him to take another wife; but this, to Affonso's credit, he would not do, writing her a consoling letter from Lisbon, when she was in fear and agony at Santarem.[2]

But with her little son beside her, she felt that all was changed; the honour of her family was in his clinging little hands; and when she was taken ill, she knew that she

[1] Pina, *Chron. de D. Affonso V*, CXXVI. [2] *Ibid.*, CXXVIII.

could now leave the world with a mind easier than she had had for years. It was the beginning of the winter. The Court was at Evora at the time. She died as the chronicles relate of "a flooding of blood that was suspicious of poisoning."[1] And with her death the returning influence of Prince Peter's family again declined.

Nevertheless, the King was beginning to develop by this time that intense devotion to the pomp and circumstances of Chivalry, the glories of the jousting fields, the lust of adventurous crusades against the Moslem which now remains the outstanding feature of his reign; it was impossible for him to harbour jealousy and suspicion for long; and so, in 1453, he recalled his uncle's eldest son, Prince Peter, the Poet-Constable, from exile in Castile, and restored him to favour and the Grandmastership of the Order of St. Bennett of Aviz.[2]

Apparently the Prince remained a favourite at Court, and entered fully into the knightly exercises that were then so popular there. Perhaps, indeed, it was through absorbing this atmosphere too well that he was tempted to his death. It happened in this wise:

There was trouble over the succession in Aragon. Prince Charles, the heir, had been poisoned by his stepmother, in order that her own son Don Fernando, the future husband of Isabel of Castile, might succeed. Alarmed at this, the Catalans placed themselves under the protection of France, and afterwards under Henry V of Castile, both of whom, however, were bought off by Don Fernando. Searching round for some one to appeal to, therefore, they then remembered that Prince Peter, as the son of the eldest daughter of the Count of Urgel, had certain legitimate claims to the throne. To him, then, they appealed, in 1467. He was thirty-seven years of age at the time, and the prospect of a throne tempted him. He was not, however, destined to succeed; for, with the fiendish malignity of the time, he too was secretly poisoned, and

[1] Goes, *Chron. de Princip. D. João*, V.
[2] Sousa, *Hist. Gen.*, II. 84–8.

thus the second of Prince Peter's children perished at the hands of his enemies.[1]

Princess Philippa, who was twelve years old at the date of her father's death, had a better fate. She secluded herself for life in the cloister at Odivellos, although she never took the veil; and there she gave herself up to Religion, spending her days in her cell writing and translating religious works: *The Stations and Meditations of the Passion* is from her pen, as is also a translation from the French Bible, the *Solitary Life* of St. Lawrence, and various other spiritual works intended for the use of her niece Princess Joanna. In her continued the love for literature inherited from Prince Peter; and of all his children, she alone, in the protection of the cloister, met with a natural death in 1493, at the age of forty-four.[2]

The remaining children of Prince Peter, whose fates must briefly be mentioned, are those who took refuge in the Court of the Duke of Burgundy.

Princess Brites married Adolphus de Cleves, Lord of Ravensteyn. Contemporary chronicles speak of her as "apparently living upon Earth as a woman. Her birthplace was nevertheless Heaven." Her extraordinary humility made her walk through life as if her virtues were crimes. Below her dress of silk brocade she wore haircloth; and she habitually slept upon straw. So virtuous and saintly was she, that even her death was considered a miracle. It is written that two stars were seen in the sky the night she died, and that both were eclipsed as she expired. However, the truth is that she was poisoned by a certain John Constain.

Prince Jayme and Prince John, also in their uncle's care, went as children to Bruges, where the Duke acted as their father, fixing a pension on them,[3] since they had

[1] Zurita, *Ann. de Aragon*, XVIII. 147.

[2] Sousa, *Hist. Gen.*, II. 81, 84. (Friar Francisco Brandão: "Counsels and opinions of the Lady Donna Philippa, daughter of Prince Peter, regarding intercessions and wars of Castile, with brief notices concerning the princess, dedicated to King John IV, Lisbon, 1643.")

[3] Olivier de la Marche, *Mem.*, Book I., xx., xxiv., xxv. and xxviii.

been deprived of all. They were accompanied by a few of their father's adherents, who like themselves, were ruined.

Prince John chose the life of a soldier; and in 1452, we hear of him fighting at the siege of Ghent, in the cosmopolitan Burgundian army of Scotch, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians.[1]

As a reward for his services, the Duke knighted his nephew, enrolling him, in May 1456, in the Order of the Golden Fleece, in the Chapter that belonged to that Order at Haya. His excellent qualities and modesty were the charm of all the Court. He deemed himself, indeed, fortunate in his honours; and himself said that they were worth more to him than a Crown.[2] He was twenty years of age, life seemed very promising, and it looked as if he had broken the curse that surrounded his family.

Being, however, a Prince without a patrimony, it was necessary to find him an heiress who would still be of equal birth; and this his uncle, the Duke, found for him in the person of Charlotte de Lusignans, daughter of John II of Cyprus.

It is true Cyprus meant in those days the end of the World, far away from everything he had been accustomed to hold dear. Nevertheless it appealed strongly to his adventurous nature, for was it not the great bulwark of

[1] "Le 27 mai, 1452, se partirent les *nations* des marchands de la ville de Bruges, les quelles y allaient du sceu et volonte de ceux de Gand, pour trouver paix entre le duc de Bourgogne et les Gantois: icelles nations etoient, Espaigne, Arragon, Portugal, Escoce, Venissiens, Florentins, Millamois, Genevois, et Lucois."—Chastellain, *Chron.* (Bruxelles, 1863, II. 280). "Les *nations* de Bruges sont les marchands tenant tables de marchandise pour tout le monde."—Jacques Duclerc, II. 43. Cf. Chastellain, II. 305 and 369.

[2] "Entre ces cinq chevaliers nouveaux élus, moult fut belle chose, ce disoit-on, des maniéres et paroles de ce Prince Messire Jehan de Coymbre alors quant il reçut l'ordre en chapitre et qu'on lui requist le serment, car tout si noble et de royal sangue qu'il estoit, sy se reputoit-il un des moins dignes du monde d'estre venu à celuy honeur, encore si jeune qu'il estoit et qui riens n'avoit vu ne valu. Donc, s'il eust eté des meilliers du monde ce disoit, sy se tenoit-il assez à pare d'estre venu la, et disait que autant se tenoit à riche alors et plus joyeux que d'avoir couronne en teste." —Chastellain, *ibid.* (Bruxelles, 1864), III. 95.

Christianity, on the confines of the sea of Moslem infidelity? Distance was the price he had to pay for power; and he faced the adventure with eager heart, buoyed up with the promise of support from his uncle, dreaming that perhaps he might thereby lay the foundations of a great Empire for himself.

We read of his charm in the Chronicles that tell us of the tender parting from his uncle, his brother-in-law Adolphus de Cleves, his twin nephews of Toulongeon, and his friends.

Bravely he faced the fact that his destination was "the end of the Earth, among a people naturally perverse." Happily perhaps for him, he did not guess that he was to be a victim of this perversity.

His title as consort was Prince of Antioch; and, finding his wife's Kingdom in a state of anarchy, true son of his father, he set about reducing it to order. Like his father he raised many enemies against himself; and to complete the parallel, these enemies triumphed: in less than two years after his arrival at Cyprus he was dead, poisoned with five of his most trusted companions.[1] The Mausoleum that covers his remains in the convent of S. Domingos, was raised to his memory by his widow, who afterwards married the Duke of Savoy.[2] The Kingdom of Cyprus, which he had tried to govern, did not long survive him. It became involved in hostilities between Venice, Egypt, and Turkey, lost its independence in 1489,

[1] Henry Giblet, *Hist. de re Lusignans*, Venice, 1655. "Ceslui noble chevalier de l'ordre de la Toison d'or fut empoisonné d'aucuns gouverneurs du royaume de Cypre, lesquel, prenans dueil en sa maniere de gouverner qui estoit vertueuse et utile au dit royaume, conspirèrent contre lui et lui brassèrent la poison de sa mort que dommage fut le plus grand des crestiens. Car de mes yeux jus qu'a celuy jour n'avoir vu homme onques plus enclin á haute disposition, ne á haute vertu, et pour tant fortune envieuse d'un tel bien futur au monde envenima les cœurs d'aucuns mauvais pour lui avancier la mort . . . Furent empoisonnés aussy cinq gentils hommes avecques le Prince d'Antioche, messire Jehan de Coimbre, que tous moururent avec luy, en grant pleur et regret de la fille du roy que depuis se remaria au duc de Savoye."—Chastellain, *ibid.*, Vol. III. LXXVI. 386.

[2] *Itin. da Terra Sancta*, Pantaleão d'Aveiro, XIV.; 41, V. edit., 1596.

when Catharina Cornaro ceded all rights to Venice, and fell eventually into the hands of the Turks in 1570.[1]

His death makes the fourth of Prince Peter's children killed by poison: Prince Peter in Barcelona, Prince John in Cyprus, Princess Brites in Bruges, and Queen Isabel in Evora. Only Princess Philippa died a natural death in her cell at Onivellos; and only Queen Isabel left a successor to avenge this ill-fated family.

Prince Jayme's fate alone remains to be told. Dedicating himself to the service of the Church, he went from Bruges to Rome, where his uncle's influence served him in good stead, for shortly after his arrival a vacancy occurred in the See of Arras, and he was appointed Bishop by the Pope in 1453. From Arras he was translated to Lisbon as Archbishop. In 1456 he went to Rome in the service of Burgundy; and whilst there Callixtus III made him Bishop of Paphos, in Cyprus, where his brother should have been King. He became a Cardinal at the age of twenty-two; and it was said that in spite of his youth the honour was already late, considering his worth.[2]

His was an extraordinarily brilliant career, for, while little more than a boy, he had reached almost the highest eminence possible in the Church—in fact, nothing but the Vatican itself remained. Like his brother, Prince John, he thus seemed destined for a career of exceptional greatness and good fortune.

And then came the change. Dignitaries of the Church in those days frequently respected the vow of celibacy and chastity more in the breach than the observance. What happened to the Prince-Cardinal is not known. What unhappy love affair poisoned his happiness will never be discovered. All that is known is that, at the age of twenty-five, he died in Florence, because, it is said, "he did not wish to contaminate his chastity." Thus perished the last of the sons of Prince Peter, the Philosopher.

[1] Adrien de But, *Chron.* (Bruxelles), 1870, 394.

[2] ". . . ut quamvis juvenis adhuc tardius tamen opinione omnium ad eam dignitatem ascenderit."—Æneae Sylvii *Hist. de Europa*, LVIII. 461.

His ermine bore the legend "Malo mori quam fœdari,"[1] "Death before defilement." It may be taken, indeed, as the motto of the whole of this unfortunate family, the most noble branch of the House of Aviz—as noble in character as in intellect. Their common misfortunes—misfortunes that seemed as it were inherited—have dowered them in the eyes of the World with the martyr's crown—the highest consecration this world can give.

It has also been said that such protracted and cruel misfortunes were the "necessary preparations" for the greatness Portugal was about to enter upon—that but for them there would have been no John II. Born in these hours of supreme affliction, receiving in his mother's womb the impressions of these tragedies, his character was moulded by the still fresh memories of Prince Henry's lofty ambitions, by the newly expounded teachings of King Duarte's colonising doctrines; his strength was developed under the shadow of the tragedy of Alfarrobeira, where the aristocracy triumphed over the body of Prince Peter; and his skill in arms perfected by the spirit of knight-errantry, stimulated during the reign of his father Affonso V.

As soon as he ascended to the throne, King John II at once began to restore the material progress interrupted in his father's reign. With sword and dagger he avenged his grandfather's murder, crushing the aristocracy's anarchistic ideas. With the aid of Science, and his intrepid servants, he followed in Prince Henry's footsteps, wresting at length from Nature the secret of the open seaway to the East. Personifying the concrete idea of absolute monarchy, he took as his motto the words, "For the Law, for the Nation, for the World, and for Justice!"

In him Portugal saw her apotheosis, and the House of Aviz its culmination.

[1] *Gallia Christ.*, III. 344; Onuphre, *Epit. Pontif. Rom.*, Venice, 1557; 318–25. Cf. Sousa, *Hist. Gen.*, II. 91, 101.

APPENDIX

"THE Autoscript of Prince Peter, who travelled through the seven parts of the Earth, written by Gomes de Santo Estevam, who went in his company," was first published in 1544. It was subsequently re-edited in 1698, 1739, 1767, and 1882. We have arranged the following synopsis from the last-mentioned edition, giving the headings of the paragraphs into which it is divided:

1. *How the Infante Dom Pedro of Portugal started from the village of Barcellos to visit the Seven Parts of the Earth.*

He starts with twelve companions, in memory of the twelve Apostles, and arrives at the Court to receive the blessing of his father, the King, who gives him twelve thousand pieces of gold.

He goes to Valladolid. The King of Castile gives him twenty thousand pieces of gold and "the tongue of Ramires."

2. *How the Prince arrives at the City of Venice, and embarks there.*

We go to Venice overland, and there embark for Cyprus, visiting the Court at Nicosia, and the Queen whose husband was in the hands of the Turks.

3. *How we leave Cyprus to pay homage to the Great Turk in the City of Mandua.*

We go to Turkey, to Mandua, and from hence to Patras, where we see the Sultan. We pay two pieces of gold as tribute, and depart for Constantinople, then threatened by the Knights of Rhodes. From Constantinople, we cross the desert through the Land of the Greeks and Macedonians, sighting Jerusalem, and arriving at an Hermitage, where we see portrayed the bodies of both Kings and Princes. The Hermit tells us that we must not proceed westward as this leads to Norway, where the days are merely of four hours. We take dromedaries and journey through the desert.

4. *How we arrive at Babylonia, and make reverence to the Great Babylon.*

We go to Babylonia and see the Sultan's son, to whom we communicate our intentions of going to Prester John.

5. *How we depart from Babylonia to visit the Holy Land.*

We go through the Province of Centurius. Regarding Macrocephalia. We cross the Land of "the Alarves," and, arriving at the Jordan, pass Nazareth.

6. *How the Prince enters the Holy City of Jerusalem.*

We visit the Sanctuaries and Mount Tabor.

7. *How we leave Jerusalem to journey to the Mountains of Armenia, whereon rests Noah's Ark.*

Description of the mountains. We see Noah's Ark resting on the mountains.

8. *How the Prince pays homage to the King of Armenia, and visits the house of Saint Maria Egypciaca.*

We visit the King of Armenia and the sepulchre of Saint Maria over the Jordan.

9. *How we go to where dwells the Grand Sultan of Egypt in Babylonia.*

We visit Egypt, and deal with the Sultan who came from Villa Nueva de la Serena, and was once a captive from Granada given to the King of Fez. We assist at the supplication of a Moor, tied across a high-raised pole, for having assaulted a pilgrim. We now turn to Penora, Sabranza, Grand Cairo, Assuan, and Fantalion or Torna and Pasiban (?), where the River Frison is seen "coursing from the 'Terrestial Paradise.'"

10. *How the Prince pays homage to "The great Morate," and then travels to where dwells "The Supreme Tamerlan."*

We pass Cappadocia, where we received the bounty of "The Great Morate," and, crossing the Desert of Ninive, arrive at the City of "Samasa," where we are received by the "Great Tamerlan." We grovel thrice on the ground before him. Description of the Court and of the Religious ceremonies there. Across a desert we arrive at the City of Tarfo, fourteen leagues from Sodom and Gomorrha. Description.

11. *How we reach Arabia, and proceed to the Mountains of Gelboe, where Saul perished.*

12. *How we arrive at Mount Sinai. Description of the Sanctuary and of Saint Catharine's body.*

13. *How we go to the "Land of the Great Roban," and see the "House of Mecca."*

Roban sends us in charge of two Moors to Gudilfe, the Lord of the house of Mecca and King of Jerusalem, who keeps us prisoners for ten weeks. Liberated we see the sepulchre of Mafoma "suspended in mid-air between six loadstones, which are similar in size and of the brilliancy of gold; and as each has an equal attractive motive it is the case that this sepulchre is sustained in mid-air, the which these miserable fanatics consider a great marvel."

14. *How we go to the Land of the Amazons of the City of Sonterra. Customs of the Amazon Pigmies.*

15. *How we arrive at a Province of Jews that are subject to Prester John.*

"In this province the Jews do not cut their beards, for they have lost their Promised Land."

16. *How the Infante, Dom Pedro, passes through the land of Giants, and goes to the India of Prester John.*

We go to the Province of Giants, through which we proceed to India, stopping at the city of "Carçola" in the province aforesaid. We are informed here that we shall find Prester John in the city of "Carleo." We go to the city of "Alves," and there we find him. Description of the city, wherein we remain fourteen weeks. We see the body of St. Thomas.

17. *How Prester John is elected. Ritual of the Election.*

"Here is a land where the son is the sepulchre of the father, and the father is the sepulchre of the son, for they eat each other. We leave. We cross the City of Edicia and visit the 'Terrestrial Paradise.' We see the four rivers: the Tigris full of olive and cyprus trees; the Euphrates full of palms; the Gion full of human beings; the Pison full of parrots that build their nests on the waters."

We arrive at the Province of the Pigmies, "who are very small men, as small as infants of five; and they have great wars with the birds." We return to the Court of Prester John.

18. *The letter written by Prester John of India to the King of Castile.*

"Prester John of India, King of many realms, etc., wishes it to be known that we believe in God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Three Persons in One True God. To all those whom it may concern, know what there is in our realms. We inform you that we have sixty kings as our vassals, and the poor we maintain with their rents. Ye must know that our realms consist of three parts: India Major, Abexins, and India Minor, where the Apostle Saint Thomas is buried. Know that elephants are born in this land, camels, lions, and unicorns, the which have great strength, and are capable of lifting even a calf for their young ones to eat. These animals and many varieties of serpents infest the deserts; and the camels and dromedaries, when they are young, we subject and tame to plough the fields, and to carry. We have a people in one Province who possess only one eye; and other people who possess two in front and two behind, and when these die, they are eaten by their relatives. They are called Gostes and Mangostes, and live in the shelter of very lofty mountains. They say that they will not sally forth until the Anti-Christ

comes, and then they will sally forth in great fury. They are so numerous that not even the whole world can conquer them; but, no doubt, God who commands in Heaven will destroy them with Hell-fire for their cruelties. In another Province, there dwell a people who have round feet. These do not pillage, nor are they good farmers. And there is another generation, whose men and women are no bigger than children of five. These have no work until the harvest season; for then there comes a band of birds, and at that time their King sallies out to war and kills many birds. Near by there are others who are human from the navel upwards and horse from the navel down. These live on raw flesh, and die on the desert like wild beasts. We ordered some of these to be fetched to adorn our Court. We have also in these parts a hundred castles, very strong, and in each 4,000 men-at-arms, who guard the palaces and frontiers from that cruel nation of Got and Magot, who, if they left their mountains would undoubtedly destroy the whole world. When we bathe, we make them carry in front of us a Cross, because we wish to remember the Cross of Jesus Christ, and we also take ahead a gold casket full of earth.

"And know that none of our people, who have the Apostle Thomas with them, bear false witness, because we should be miraculously punished—just as in other parts we should be damned for the sins of disloyalty—for God asks us to love our neighbour in good faith, not to bear false witness, or commit adultery, for which sins the punishment is death. Each year we visit the sepulchres of the Holy Prophets, and go to Babylonia on castles built upon elephants (on account of the many serpents, dragons and bears, that infest the desert), to visit the sepulchre of the Prophet David.

"We have also subject to us the Province of Giants, who pay us tribute; and these men are as tall as lances, and if they were as bellicose as they are tall, they would conquer the world. But Our Lord has cursed them, and they wish for aught but work; and this is so because they wished to erect the Tower of Babel, saying that they would storm Heaven. Of these we have a few at our Court so that the strangers may see them.

"Our palaces are of the manner figured by the Apostle Saint Thomas for King Gudilfe; the doors are of Cedar of Lebanon and the windows are fashioned in crystal. In front of our palaces there are others where our youths dwell. In the apartments wherein we sleep we burn a balsam-lamp, because of its pleasing smell; and our couches are encastellated in sapphires thus made for the sake of chastity. In our house there are usually in attendance twelve kings, twelve archbishops,

twelve bishops, twelve patriarchs, and as many abbots in our chapel as there be days in the year. Each one of these says Mass on his day; and as soon as he has said Mass he goes to his Monastery, for reasons of honesty and humility. Know that on Christmas-Day, Easter Sunday, and Ascension-Day, we have great feasts, and we preach to the people; and there are other solemnities that last nigh all day; and at night we are so famished that we eat of all and every earthly viands.

"These miracles and marvels, and many others, doth God make among us, through the happy advent of Saint Thomas.

"I write of these things, so that all in other lands may know what happens in these parts of India."

It seems that most of this narrative has been falsified by the Castilian Editor, from whose version the later Portuguese text has been derived. Bearing in mind the credulity and the phantastic spirit of the Age, we are not surprised to find this narrative to be such a medley of fact and fiction.

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